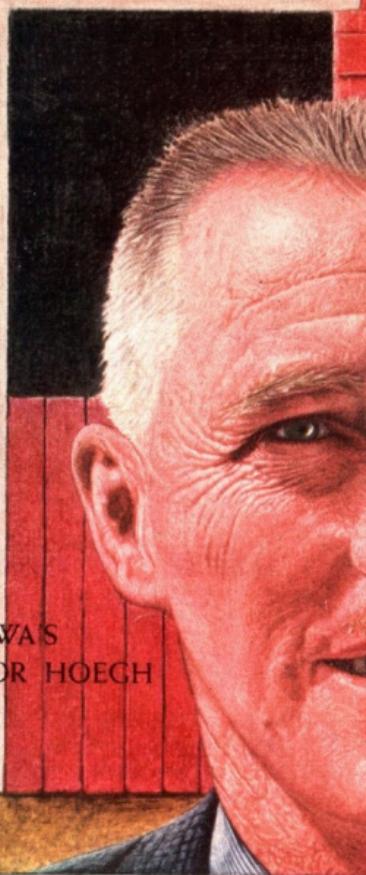


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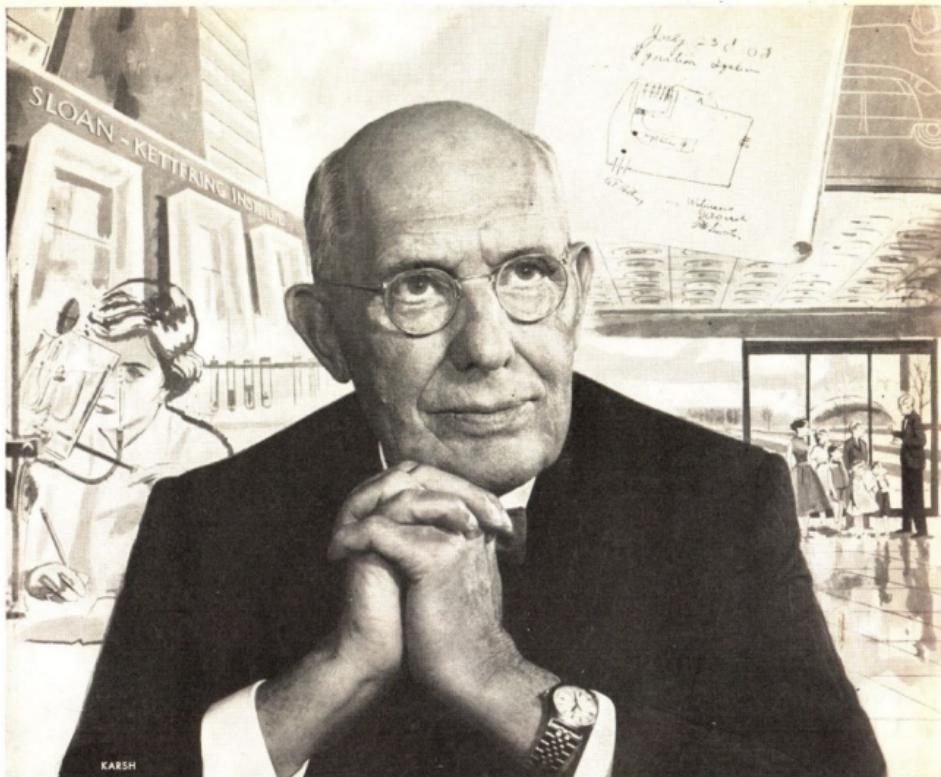
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"When a man's life has been a great and wondrous adventure, he often looks back in search of the turning point—that single moment which opened the door to his great adventure. For me that moment came more than 60 years ago, in a small Ohio school house, when an enthusiastic country school teacher awoke in me a burning interest in the fascinating world of science. He ignited a spark that led me to a wonderful and rewarding career in automotive engineering, in basic scientific research and now in the battle against cancer.

"As rich as my life has been, today's exciting era of rapid discovery and almost unbelievable technological progress offers young people with inquisitive minds—and a good education—scores of richly rewarding opportunities that were not even dreamt of in my youth. One Thomas Edison in a generation is no longer enough to sustain our kind of progress—today we literally need thousands of well-educated young people with the kind of vision, imagination and courage that took Edison on his lifelong conquest of the unknown.

"This is why I am constantly urging boys and girls to go on to as full an education as possible—not only in science and engineering, but in the arts, the social sciences,

the humanities or any other field that fits their talent.

"Right now, however, I am frankly trying to guide as many youngsters as possible toward science and engineering—not only because these fields have been so good to me—not only because present-day America offers such wonderful opportunities in these fields, but because a very real shortage of young scientists and engineers exists today.

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"This is why America's greatest need is also your greatest opportunity! We are looking to you and to every boy or girl who has ever dreamt of inventing a better automobile engine . . . of building a magic kitchen . . . of curing a dread disease . . . of harnessing a new source of power . . . or of searching for the riches lying under land and sea.

"But remember, only *you* can make these dreams come true! You must start right now—by working hard on your High School course in mathematics, chemistry, physics or biology—if you want to take your place as one of the admired and respected scientific leaders who will guide us all to a better tomorrow.

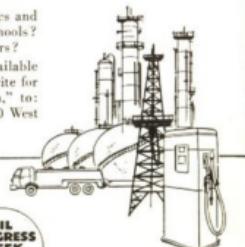
"Take it from an old engineer—making your country's progress your profession is an exciting and rewarding way to spend your life."



To America's Parents—Here's What You Can Do:

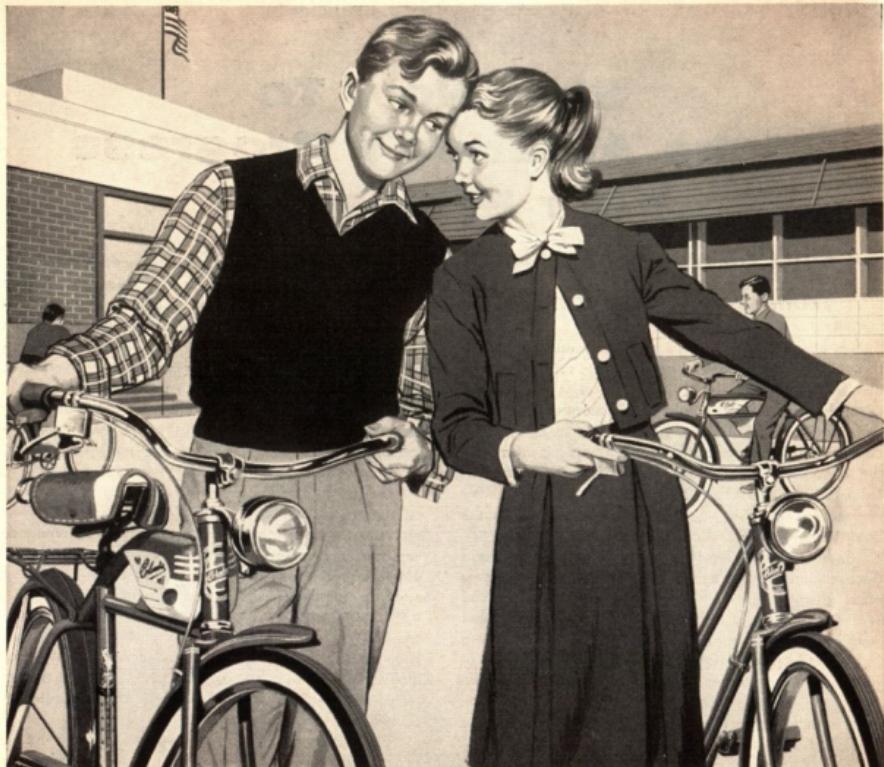
1. When you talk to your children about the future—stress the need for a higher education.
2. Because of the special need and opportunity for scientists and engineers, encourage your youngsters to take mathematics and science courses early. Encourage their interest in scientific hobbies.
3. At your PTA and other civic meetings, ask

these questions: Are adequate mathematics and science courses available in your local schools? Are there enough qualified science teachers? 4. To see what great opportunities are available in just one industry—the oil industry—write for the free booklet, "Careers in Petroleum," to: American Petroleum Institute, Box 15, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



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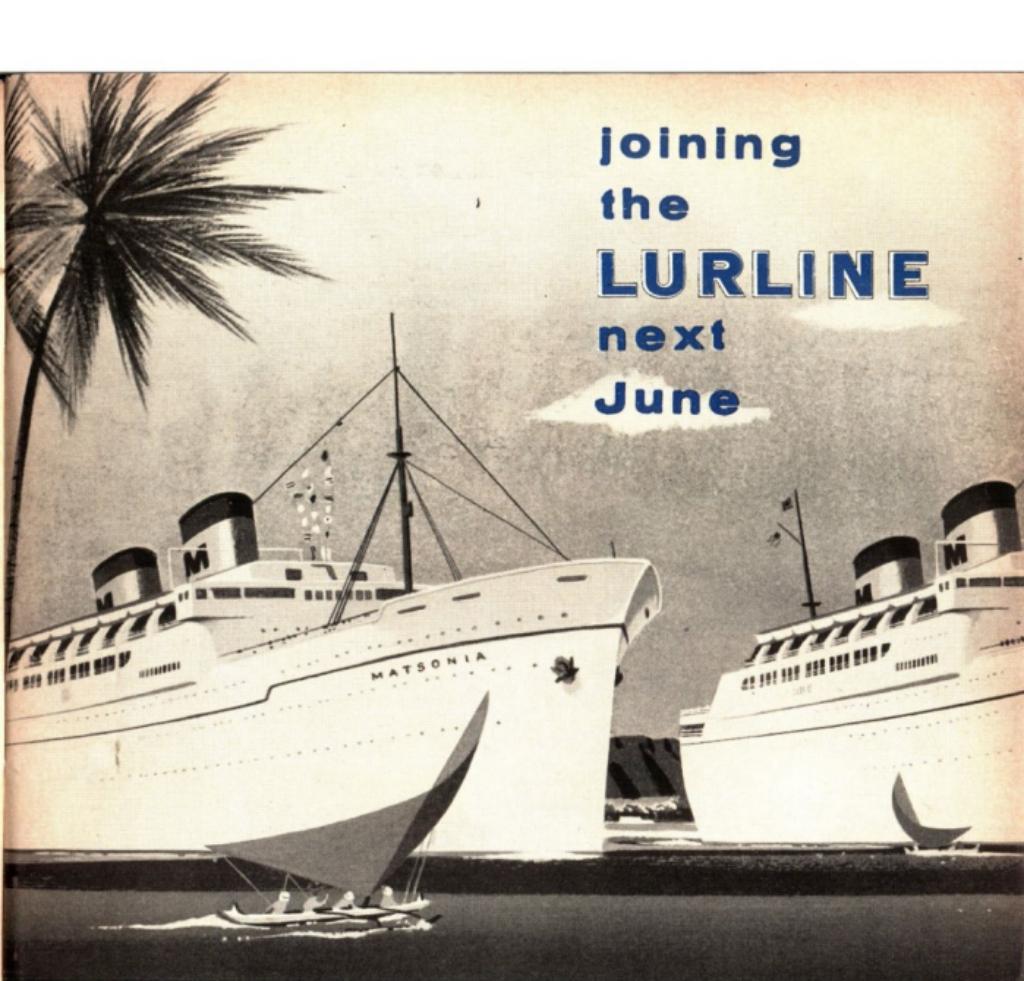
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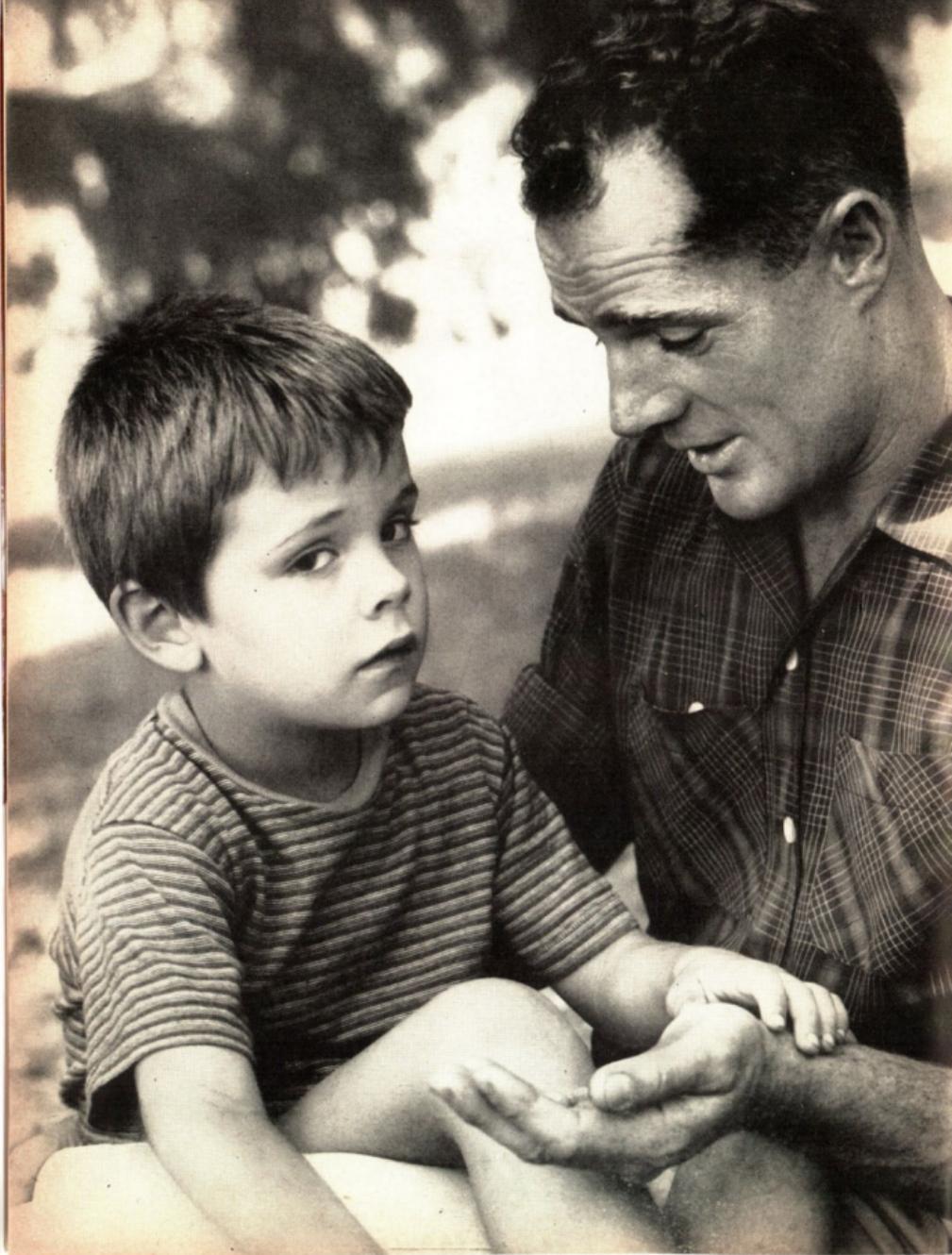
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Here's a policy that offers permanent life insurance in an "economy size package." Because the minimum amount is \$10,000, savings are possible which are passed along to you and make the premiums much lower than they would otherwise be. For a man of 35, for example, the annual premium for standard life insurance is only \$23.59 per \$1,000. And rates are correspondingly low for all ages.

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He'll tell you that's the moment the potent, eager excitement of days gone by springs suddenly to life for him. For the new "After Six" formals bring the era of swashbuckling heroes right up to date. They weave the splendor of a bygone century into fashions which have an elegance and refinement of style that is clearly meant for you.

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LETTERS

Minorities in the Majority

Sir:

I have just finished reading your story on Robert Wagner (Oct. 1). It was a fine piece of writing, and strikes one like a breath of fresh air in this year's humid political atmosphere.

MRS. WALTER HOSHAI

Toledo

Sir:

Not only will Javits carry the upset vote, but I am willing to wager that he will break the Democratic bloc of New York City. Javits sounds more like a Democrat than Wagner.

T. F. ZAMBOS

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

The picture of the St. Patrick's Day parade shows everybody out of step but the mayor.

H. W. CARROLL

Hammond, La.



International

Let Reader Carroll look again (see cut). The mayor (front) has one supporter, named Michael Anthony Murphy.—ED.

Sir:

The assumption that Jews voted for Bob Wagner Sr. in the 1932 election because they were fooled into believing that he was of Jewish descent is an insult to the intelligence of Jewish voters. It is a well-known fact that Wagner won handsomely in "Jewish" districts because of his liberalism in domestic and foreign affairs. Most Jews vote according to their traditional ideals. This is the "Jewish" vote.

RABBI HERSCHEL LEVIN

Flushing, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

The bit about Wagner Sr.'s Lutheran grandfather and his inked-in *yarmulke* is a nice piece of political "skulcapduggery."

HENRY L. KIRCHNER

Broken Arrow, Okla.

Sir:

Your Oct. 1 cover story, speaking of Jacob Javits, noted that "on Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement, Jewish ritual forbade his riding in a car," and he therefore "walked across a twelve-mile radius on Manhattan's Upper West Side to visit six synagogues." Your readers ought to know that the same Jewish ritual that forbids riding also forbids electioneering on Yom Kippur.

JACQUELINE BERNSTEIN

New York City

Sir:

You state that young Bob Wagner "won election medals for his delivery of 'Spartacus' to the Gladiators" and "How Rudy

Played." The latter title should be "How Rudy Played." It described a piano performance by Anton Rubinstein.

RUTH MARTIN FRY

Los Angeles

The Campaign

Sir:

Will the American people ever learn? In 1944 they elected a walking corpse President of the United States. Will they repeat that costly blunder in 1956?

JOE M. TEASDALE

Fargo, N. Dak.

Sir:

I'm a little weary of this Democratic talk about Republican rich men. How about the inherited wealth of Stevenson, Harriman,

TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

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Boys' Club Member at Hoover Dam, Nevada-Arizona

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A boy and Hoover Dam . . . Together, they stand for conservation — and each, in a particular way, helps to explain the greatness of America.

A massive monument to the conservation of natural resources, the dam tames the waters of the mighty Colorado to provide power, irrigation, flood control and one of the Southwest's most exciting tourist attractions, Lake Mead.

Unforgettably blue and 115 miles long, Lake Mead is the greatest man-made reservoir in the world. It offers swimming, fishing, boating, picnicking and camping in a highly scenic vacationland.

The boy, as a member of a Boys' Club, stands as a monument, too — to the conservation of *human* resources. His club is part of Boys' Clubs of America which this year celebrates its 50th Anniversary. Described by J. Edgar Hoover, a member of the National Board of Directors, as

"a vital institution in the life of our nation," the Boys' Club movement helps more than 400,000 boys to better citizenship through worthwhile activities.

Two monuments to conservation: one, over 700 feet high — the other, less than 5. The men who built the dam can stand back and look at it with pride and satisfaction. But the Boys' Club men who are building tomorrow's citizens can be prouder still — for their handiwork is the hope of America.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Lake Mead National Recreational Area, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your motor trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. — ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

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Roosevelt, Kennedy and Mesta? Have any of these Democrats ever felt the dirt of grimy labor on their hands like Eisenhower, Hoover and Wilson?

MRS. HENRY E. EATON
Granville, Ohio

Sir:

The campaign's biggest joke to date: Kefauver's asking what would happen to the country if Nixon became President.

RALPH E. NYE

Webster Groves, Mo.

Sir:

With apologies to the well-known radio jingle and reference to the stock market:

*You'll wonder where your profits went,
If Stevenson becomes President.*

ARTHUR F. HOGGARD

San Francisco

Family Talk

Sir:

If "Woman Voter" Monica Thomas, who wrote that embarrassing insult to American womanhood [Oct. 1], is so concerned with putting an appealing family group into the White House, I should like to suggest that next time she start the ball rolling early for the Gabor sisters.

LOUIS RONDER

New York City

Nun's Story

Sir:

Reader G. H. Lindsey's letter [Oct. 1] referring to *The Nun's Story* displays in a very few words the prejudice, bigotry and intolerance that he attributes to the cloister. He is certainly guilty of presumption in professing to "know" in what kind of world God meant Gabriele Van der Mal to live. I think she might be one of the first to object to his interpretation of her decision.

IDA M. BETZLER

Canton, Ohio

Sir:

Regarding Reader Lindsey's claim that members of religious orders flout their Creator, let me say that the religious life is indeed not natural. On the contrary, it is supernatural in its very constitution.

PAUL J. ROOS

Pittsburgh

Two-Way Waterway

Sir:

Your article about the Gulf Waterway [Oct. 1] was interesting, but as a sensitive taxpayer I would like to know why the users of the waterway could not use their annual \$83 million saving to build the cross-Florida extension. They get the benefits in real cash savings, so why should we taxpayers pay their future bills?

DAVID F. MYRICK

San Francisco

Sir:

You have rendered a great public service in calling attention, so graphically and convincingly, to the economic value of the Intracoastal Waterway.

R. N. DOSH

Ocala, Fla.

Mal de Merde

Sir:

Much as I am flattered by your reference to me as "the high priest" of something, even something called "merde" [Oct. 1], I must put in my two cents' worth of protest. The gentleman quoted, Dean Fitch, may have

Now! Custom-styled RCA Victor tape recorders for every use—from \$159.95



NEW LOW-COST PORTABLE. Push-button controls. Two speeds—7½ i.p.s. to capture every note when recording music; 3¾ i.p.s. for extra economy when recording speech. Tan simulated leather case. The *Congressional* (7TR2) \$159.95



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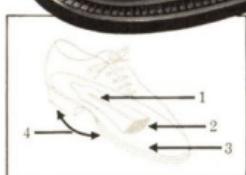
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gone to *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*, but he went to it with a pair of tin ears and came out of it with a tin horn to blow. *Cat* is the most highly, intensely moral work that I have produced, and that is what gives it power. It is an outcry of fury, from start to finish, against those falsities in life that provide a good fertilizer for corruption. What it says, in essence, through the character of Big Daddy, is this: when your time comes to die, do you want to die in a hotbed of lies or on a cold stone of truth?

— TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Charlotte Amalie, V.I.

Sir:

The word that so preoccupies Dean Fitch is one of the most ambiguous, and in a way most honorable, words in the French language. In theatrical, military and other circles, *merde* is not a dirty word by any means, but a form of farewell and best wishes considered far more profound and more affectionate than other, more ordinary phrases. It has the special distinction of being called "the five-letter word." It is also called the *mot de Cambonne* because General Cambonne, when asked to surrender to the British at Waterloo, anticipated America's General McCaullife by some 132 years and replied: "Merde!"

— ROBERT MIZELL

New York City

How's That Again?

Sir:

PUBLISHER LEO HIRSCHFIELD OF ATHLETIC PUBLICATIONS [OCT. 1] HAS ME QUASI-CONFUSED, WHEN HE SAYS "SEMI-OCCASIONALLY," DOES HE MEAN RATHER DEMI-SELDOM OR PRETTY DEMI-OFTEN?

(T/SGT.) JOHN L. DROSTE
GEORGE AIR FORCE BASE, CALIF.

A Word for It

Sir:

Since the word "boycott" was coined after Captain Boycott's tyranny, why can't the word "randolph" be interpolated in the English language meaning a memory blank or a "blackout," as Mr. Randolph Churchill so suavely put it [at the end of his flop on the \$64,000 Question]? Perhaps students will now "randolph" their exams?

— THÉRÈSE CHADWICK

Montreal, Que.

The Demythologizer

Sir:

Thanks to Theologian Rudolf Bultmann ["Christianity and Myth," Sept. 24] for publicly pulling down some of our teetering tenets. Thanks for allowing to come into our minds the clean, fresh breath of God.

(THE REV.) D. G. ALEXANDER
Springerville, Ariz.

Sir:

It is obvious that Rudolf Bultmann is as incapable of writing a correct analysis of God's Word as a Communist would be of writing a correct treatise on how to tell the truth.

— DONALD L. MORSE

Bath, Me.

Sir:

I have no recollection of the source of the following, but I offer it anyway:

*Hark! The herald angels sing
"Bultmann is the latest thing."
At least, they would if he had not
Demystified the lot.*

J. FRANCIS

Cambridge, England

THE BIGGEST NEWS YET

FROM

THE FORWARD LOOK

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NEW TRANSMISSION: TORQUEFLITE; the smoothest and swiftest transmission yet in going from full stop to driving speeds . . . controlled by the modern miracle of pushbuttons!

NEW BRAKES: All five Chrysler Corporation cars will have the revolutionary TOTAL-CONTACT BRAKES . . . requiring 20% less toe pressure . . . with twice the resistance to "brake fade" . . . with up to 50% longer brake-lining life!

NEW PERFORMANCE: The engines in Chrysler Corporation's 1957 cars will have greater displacement—better performance with power for precision control in every driving situation.

NEW VISIBILITY: With bigger windshields than ever before and greater glass area all around, you will see better and have a wonderful new feeling of openness!

You will also enjoy Chrysler Corporation's exclusive *full-time* power steering . . . new single-unit heater and air conditioner . . . and many other features you will not find in other cars this year!

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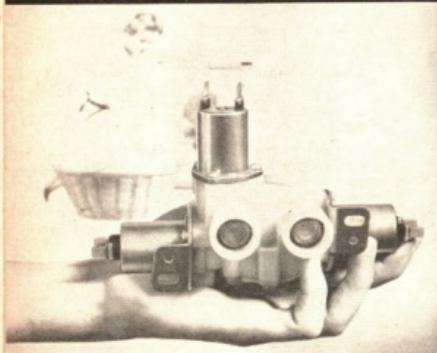
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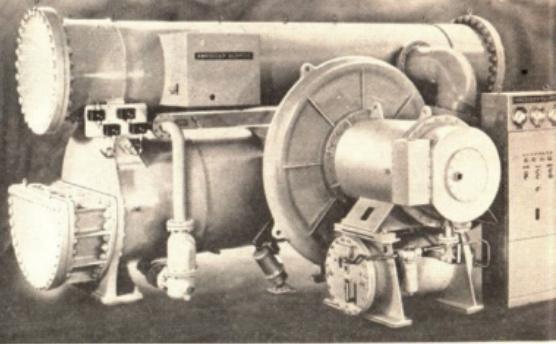
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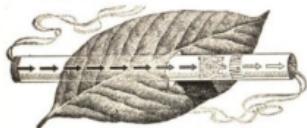


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CIRCULATION'S SIMON
CLEARING CUSTOMS

PUBLISHER'S LETTER



SEE BIAS

Dear TIME-Reader:

TRAVELING TIME-Readers who like to get away from the beaten path are always surprised to see the latest issues of TIME on native newsstands in Asia, the Middle East and Africa. When they return home, many ask us: "Who reads TIME in those far-off, out-of-the-way places?"

We cite many examples, such as the roving missionary in Tanganyika who would be disappointed not to get our current issue on his weekly shopping trip to Dar es Salaam. British commercial travelers, returning from the Far East with a great hunger for the latest news of the Suez crisis, are delighted to find TIME in the bustling Arabian Sea port of Aden. And at Bishoftu, Swedish airmen training Ethiopian air force crews can now read the news of the world in TIME long before hometown newspapers reach them.

But these are only some of the foreign nationals who read TIME in far-off lands. More numerous are the native readers, who in each country, it turns out, are the same kind of people who read TIME in the U.S.—the college-educated, the leaders in business and all manner of community affairs. Accustomed to receiving their magazines on the same day as many U.S. readers, they are just as quick to let us know when they don't (the secretary of TIME-Reader Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran, is on the phone within two hours to our Teheran distributors, Farajalla Press Agency, if that cannot be obtained in any other way," said Chaplain Zoller.

Our circulation representative who does most of the traveling to the remote places is Robert D. Simon, 34, who joined our Paris office in 1950.

Bachelor Simon recently returned from an eight-month tour of Asia, the Middle East and Africa. Soon he will leave on another tour of some 60 countries around the world that will take a full year. In his travels Simon calls on hundreds of distributors, wholesalers and news dealers to help them get TIME quicker and circulate it faster and farther. In the out-of-the-way places these distributors give Simon a royal welcome, for they rarely meet a publisher's representative in the flesh. Says Simon: "We go a long way to help get TIME anywhere to anyone who wants to read it."

SOON TIME will be read at as remote a spot as there is in the world—the geographic South Pole. This week hundreds of recent and back copies were being loaded aboard Navy supply ships at Davisville, R.I. for Polar Expert Paul A. Siple and some 350 other scientists and military men who will spend the International Geophysical Year on Operation Deep Freeze II in the Antarctic. Navy Chaplain John E. Zoller, who collected the magazines, explained that his responsibility on the 18-month expedition will be morale, and reading material will be his best aid. "The opportunity to pick up TIME, read it and look at the pictures will be a touch of America that cannot be obtained in any other way," said Chaplain Zoller.

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Playing the H-Bomb

The Democratic candidate for President of the U.S., campaigning in California, looked out at his Oakland audience, drew a deep breath, and struck hard again last week for his proposal that the U.S. end its hydrogen-bomb tests. To Adlai Stevenson the reaction was a heady surprise: his words triggered a burst of applause and cheers in the crowd of 5,000. In a week when the Eisenhower tide was rising (see below) and Stevenson was searching determinedly for a big issue, the H-bomb argument seemed to be striking fire—far more so than his proposal to end the draft. Result: a high-level Stevenson campaign decision to play the hydrogen-bomb proposal for all it was worth—beginning with a national television speech this week.

Adlai had been toying with his H-bomb notions since last April when, in the midst of his campaign for the Democratic nomination, he said: "I believe we should give prompt and earnest consideration to stopping further tests of the hydrogen bomb." In subsequent speeches and statements he declared his hope that, once the U.S. set the example, the Russians might follow suit. If they refused, the U.S. could detect the violation (by air samplings) and then "reconsider its policy."

In the Wagon. After Stevenson's first proposal, Harry S. Truman, who gave the order in 1950 for the U.S. to start H-bomb development, commented that "our power to guard the peace would be weakened" if tests were halted. Last week, in the political wilds of northwestern Pennsylvania, Truman was asked if he had come to agree with Stevenson. The old Democrat swallowed hard. "I'm in the same wagon," he said. "I can't be anywhere else."

The U.S., as both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower have made clear, cannot safely end H-bomb tests until the entire system of atomic-weapons production is placed under a workable mutual-inspection system. And although he has a few scientists in his corner, Stevenson is boldly down-facing the experts when he questions the "sense" of further hydrogen development. Even now, the U.S. and Russia are engaged in a desperate race for an intercontinental ballistic missile capable of carrying a hydrogen payload. For the U.S. to test the missile package without continuing work on its thermonuclear warhead would give the Soviets a disastrous advantage.

Moreover, said Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby last week, the latest U.S. H-bomb tests have helped to develop a weapon with a lower rate of fall-out contamination.

Under the Wire. The question of further thermonuclear development is new only in the sense that this is the first time it has been bandied about as a political issue in a national campaign. After World



"THE TENDERFOOT" *Burrill Jenkins Jr.—N.Y. Journal-American*

War II, left-wing viewers-with-alarm begged Harry Truman to stow the A-bomb away in the national attic. The Russians, they said, could not possibly develop the bomb for at least a decade. Truman refused—and the Soviet Union, depending heavily on Joseph Stalin's army of scientists and his very effective spies, came forth with the atomic bomb in 1949. Again, the hand-wringers pleaded with Truman not to go ahead with the H-bomb. Truman did go ahead—and because he did, the U.S. got under the wire by a few short months and escaped the earth-shaking fact of a Russian H-bomb monopoly.

In both these cases, the decisions were made deliberately, quietly and competently by the man who held final responsibility for the nation's strength, and indeed, its continued existence: the President of the U.S. The careful decisions could be undone if, in Election Year 1956, the matter were to be decided by nothing more than the appeal of a political candidate in search of an issue.

THE CAMPAIGN

Easing the Doubt

As the reports came rolling in from the field last week, the top brass at Republican headquarters first blinked with pleasure, then reacted with suspicion. Out to the precincts went the word: "Check again." And almost invariably the rechecked answers were the same: Dwight

Eisenhower is steadily and unmistakably pulling away from Adlai Stevenson.

As the week wore on, less prejudiced guessimates piled up. The Gallup poll showed the Eisenhower-Nixon popular vote holding steady at 52% (v. 55% at the same point in 1952), showed Stevenson-Kefauver down a percentage point since September to 40%—with undecideds at 8%. Perhaps the most impressive evidence came from hard-to-convince teams of *New York Times* reporters poking and probing into the political mainstreams of 16 states to report that:

¶ In the farm belt, where the Democrats originally had hoped to gain most in 1956, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, North Dakota, Indiana and Ohio are all for Ike; Minnesota is a tossup.

¶ In heavily unionized Michigan, where the G.O.P. was worried, Ike has the edge in spite of the hard, effective precinct work of the CIO United Auto Workers.

¶ Among the border states, Kentucky, which went to Stevenson by 700 votes in



Associated P
CAMPAINERS CLEMENT, MEYNER, HUMPHREY, STEVENSON, GORE & LEADER
A lift from a flying front porch.

1952, looks Republican; Maryland may give Ike a bigger edge than it did four years ago.

¶ In border Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma and Virginia (all for Ike in 1952), the Democrats are ahead. (But in Virginia, continued silence on the part of Senator Harry Byrd could lose Stevenson his narrow edge.)

¶ Among the precarious, prosperous Florida is still Republican; West Virginia is still Democratic.

On the heels of his first campaign trip across Texas, Vice President Richard Nixon fired back another surprise for G.O.P. headquarters: do not write off Texas' 24 electoral votes in 1956. Nixon's prediction: even Texas, which went for Ike in 1952 but looked unshakably Democratic this time, might tip to Ike if the President would campaign in the state.

There was still many a precinct to be heard from, many a speech to be made. But if, three weeks from E-day, many of the Ike-doubtful states were wavering, Eisenhower's lead over Stevenson seemed difficult to dispute.

DEMOCRATS Every in the West

In the basement of Seattle's Civic Auditorium, delegates to the biennial convention of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Bricklayers Union were happily engaged in the normal pursuits of a beer bust one night last week when a pair of topflight Democratic politicians dropped in. He hoped, said Adlai Stevenson, that his amiable and popular companion, Washington's Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson, would be re-elected by a big majority. Then he added: "And I hope he can carry somebody else along with him."

Multipled by Five. All last week, as he flailed about at Dwight Eisenhower and the Republicans in campaign speeches in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California, Stevenson industriously worked not only to ride the Democratic coattail but to cloak himself from head to foot in the popularity of his party's most attractive public figures. After reaching for Magnuson in Washington, he jumped to the side of Wayne Morse in Oregon. Then in California he multiplied the tactic by importing the services of five silver-tongued, big-name Democratic officeholders—New Jersey's Governor Robert Meyer, Pennsylvania's Governor George Leader, Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement and Senator Albert Gore, and Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey. All but Clement appeared with Stevenson on a nationally televised panel discussion of the Government's role in public health (Stevenson would increase it). Later, in an operation dubbed the "Flying Front-Porch Campaign," the five fanned out through the state in small aircraft to deliver the Democratic message in smaller California communities, while Stevenson concentrated on the larger.

Still, it was Stevenson who did most of the talking,* and the farther he traveled, the harder he hit. And the harder he hit, the better the spirited audiences seemed to like him. In the Seattle auditorium, responded to his own suggestion that the H-bomb tests be curbed with "sneers and astonishing distortion of what I said." In

* And this week provoked his erstwhile admirer, Columnist Stewart Alsop, to write: "Failure to communicate is Stevenson's great weakness, which he must somehow overcome in the few campaign weeks that remain if he is to have a ghost of a chance of winning."

Oakland he added: "I'll let the [American people] judge whether it is a 'theatrical gesture' . . . to suggest a safe way to end the deadly competition to build and explode H-bombs." Of the President's press conference statement that he had said his "last word" on the subject, Stevenson snapped: "Well, I haven't said mine, and neither . . . have the people of this country, who have the only last word."

"Aging President." Between his H-bomb blasts, the candidate kept up his touch-talking attack on the G.O.P., Ike and Dick Nixon. Four years ago, he said, the Republicans promised "not to turn back the clock. They haven't, but they haven't wound it in four years either." Then, on the eve of the President's 66th birthday, Stevenson, 56, yanked Ike's age into the campaign in a manner to take the breath of the most impassioned Nixon critic. Said Adlai in San Diego: "Dwight Eisenhower has given up trying to reshape his party, and its "future belongs not to an aging President, who could not succeed himself if re-elected,* but to his young, appointed, ambitious heir, Mr. Nixon."

At week's end Stevenson flew eastward to his Libertyville farm, radiant with satisfaction over the way things are going for the Democrats in the West. His estimate of his week's pulse-taking: Montana "very, very optimistic"; Idaho, "reassuring"; Washington, good prospects for the ticket "and especially for Senator Magnuson"; Oregon, desperate Republicans are sending for Ike; California, "always hard to predict, but I am much encouraged."

The Absent Treatment

Blitzing New Jersey, New Hampshire and New York last week in an assault on G.O.P. Eastern strongholds, Estes Kefauver ignored noisy Eisenhower enthusiasts among his street-corner crowds and an Oklahoma-born cold that reduced him to drawing dramatics to a hoarse whisper. But the vice-presidential nominee and aides were hard put to ignore what they considered a pointed dig: the absence of New York Democratic bigwigs from the Syracuse-Rochester-Buffalo area where Kefauver made a one-day stand in upper New York state.

While Estes blasted Richard Nixon and Republican corruption, Campaign Assistant J. Howard McGrath sniped at National Committeeman Carmine De Sapio (who led the anti-Stevenson-Kefauver forces on Harriman's behalf at the Chicago convention): "He must have a vested interest in seeing this ticket defeated." But after Kefauver received telegrams of well-wishers from De Sapiro and Governor Harriman, McGrath cooled down, accepted the explanation of local leaders: they were too busy 24 hours a day getting voters registered for the election, could not spare time even to accompany their candidate. Said McGrath: "Merely a tempest in a teacup. Forget all about it."

* It is the 22nd Amendment (1951), not Ike's age, that limits him to two terms, will likewise limit all subsequent Presidents.

REPUBLICANS

Rising Barometer

Alighting from the *Columbine* at the Greater Pittsburgh Airport one afternoon last week, Candidate Dwight Eisenhower found campaign weather crisp and sunny. Moreover, with one sweep of his practiced eye, he could see that something was happening to the political barometer in this long-Democratic (since 1936) area. More than 5,000 had ignored the sixth World Series game, instead were gathered to meet his plane. Along the 18-mile route into the city, the President, in his bubble-domed limousine, saw jammed roadsides and signs ("Rosslyn Farms 99.4% for Ike") pointing his way. In downtown Pittsburgh 100,000 lined the curbs. Remembering triumphal tours of Franklin Roosevelt, Pittsburghers said Ike's turnout rivaled the best mustered for F.D.R. Gasped a GOP politician: "This can't be an organized demonstration. There is no organization to organize it."

Closed with Republican fund raisers, Ike offered some confident advice: "If I had the task of organizing and raising money . . . I would say, 'How much happier are you than you were four years ago?' " Then he hurried to the Hunt Armory for his speech, marched into an arena where 10,000 had filled all seats; half as many more were waiting to listen from outside. Introduced by Pennsylvania's U.S. Senator Jim Duff (see below), "Mamie Eisenhower's husband" apologized that Mamie was kept in Washington by a cold, proceeded to lash Democratic "partisan oratory that has concealed or twisted the facts" on small business, the cost of living, schools and labor. Said Ike: "I wonder what kind of political children they think we are—and what kind of a man do they think I am?" So great was the crush after the speech that the President forgot his top-coat, made the return trip to the airport garmentless, *organiac*.

in a tweed model borrowed from a Secret Service man.

Voice from Detroit. Whereas in Pittsburgh Ike had flown to the voters' mountain, three nights later the mountain moved to him. At Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, 40 Eisenhower advocates from the capital area, 60 more brought in from around the U.S., by Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon, gathered for a "press conference." Though Ike knew that his audience (it included ex-Yankee Phil Rizzuto, John Roosevelt, Medal of Honorman "Commando" Kelly, one-time Ambassador Lewis Douglas) was sympathetic, questions had not been screened.

During a televised half-hour a dozen people caught Ike's eye. Most talked too much about themselves; a few were outstanding, e.g. Detroit Auto Worker Edward Kubiske of the pro-Democratic United Auto Workers, who asked Ike's help in convincing "the fellows at the shop" that the Eisenhower labor record was sounder than the Democratic record.

"I'm No Millionaire." When the show's time ran out in midsentence, Ike remained for half a dozen more questions. The best were pitched after TV cameras clicked off, e.g., by Manhattan Garment Worker Isadore Siegal ("I didn't make up my mind yet in this election"): "You have a lot of people that are big shots in the Cabinet. I want to ask you, Mr. President, do you think of all the working people alike—like in the big business?" Said Ike: "I have three or four very successful businessmen in the Cabinet . . . the Defense Department is spending something like \$40 billion a year of our money . . . Who would you rather have in charge of that, some failure that never did anything or a successful businessman?"

But though he had big businessmen in his Cabinet, Dwight Eisenhower held no special brief for big corporations. To a small businessman in the audience, the President explained the need for enforce-

ment of antitrust laws in the U.S. "We get the benefits of bigness . . . just as efficiently and as rapidly as we can, but we do not let [the corporations] get so big they dominate the rest of us. Now I am no millionaire and . . . you are not. So we are on the side of trying to keep these boys from bossing us."

Remembering that one night later another television extravaganza would celebrate the President's 66th birthday, Mrs. Samuel Harper of Portland, Me., rose, asked what present Ike most wanted. Said he: "Exactly the same as . . . every other American . . . an assurance that a just peace [is] on the horizon."

THE PRESIDENCY

What's a Republican?

Midway in a politics-spiked press conference last week, President Eisenhower caught a question that he must often have asked himself: "What do you think are the real issues that are going to settle this election?" The President paused to gather thought, crossed his arms over his chest, then spelled out the fundamental issue: Eisenhower Republicanism.

The voters, said he, must choose between two theories on "the management of America's affairs at home." His own: "The Lincolnian dictum of doing for people the things they can't do well themselves, but to avoid interference where people can do things for themselves." The Federal Government should support social security and unemployment insurance, foster health research, overcome emergency schoolroom shortages, keep the dollar sound. Beyond these duties is a barrier: "The partnership policy of which we speak is to give the maximum responsibility into the hands of local and state governments to run their own affairs."

By the Numbers. Against this G.O.P. approach is, in Ike's mind, a diametric Democratic view, "hostile" of trying to



CANDIDATE EISENHOWER & AUTO WORKER KUBISKE
A message for the fellows at the shop.

Associated Press

release, to guide and to help the great and immeasurable results you get from a free people doing these things, they want to guide and direct—and they are not concerned particularly with the sound dollar, because they talk about raising . . . expenditures [and] cutting taxes . . . That means . . . deficit spending. And you cannot continue to spend on a deficit basis without hurting your dollar."

How was the campaign going, a newsman wanted to know. "The only thing I have got to go by is the crowds, their reception of me and their general attitude. And I must say, the receptions I have had are those that warm my heart . . . I go just exactly as I did in '52, I try to lay out exactly what I believe, what I am for, what I am leading the Republican Party to support. And if that is what the American people want, I am delighted. But I abide by their decision . . ."

Sharper Needles. Was it true that Adlai Stevenson, with his end-the-draft and stop-H-bomb-tests appeals, had beat the G.O.P. to a similar campaign punch? Said Ike: "You are telling me things about my Administration that I have never heard of, and I am quite sure no one has come up and suggested to me that we eliminate the draft . . . Now I tell you frankly I have said my last words on these subjects."

Toward the end of the conference, the political needles got sharper. Did Ike believe that some G.O.P. Senators (Wisconsin's McCarthy, Indiana's Jenner, Nevada's Malone) "fit in with your picture of the new Republican Party?" Replied Ike: "There are no national parties in the United States. There are 48 state parties . . . they are the ones that determine the people that belong to those parties. There is nothing I can do to say that someone is not a Republican. The most I can say is that in many things they do not agree with me. Therefore, in looking for help to get over a program, which is the sole purpose of political leadership, as I see it . . . I can't look to them for help."

Last week the President also:

¶ Named New York State Thruway Authority Chairman Bertram D. Tallamy, 54, to the new post of Federal Highway Administrator to direct spending of \$33 billion in U.S. highway construction (*see BUSINESS*).

¶ Ordered Defense Mobilization Director Arthur S. Flemming to survey U.S. tanker needs in view of the Suez Canal crisis, and to have new vessels built.

¶ Announced an emergency relief program for Midwest drought areas that raises subsidies on grain, earmarks \$5,000,000 more (in civil defense funds) to buy hay for drought-area livestock. Western railroads will ship the feed into drought areas at half the usual freight rate.

¶ Received from the State Department a recommendation that he continue aid (200,000 tons of emergency wheat, and parts for military equipment) to Yugoslavia, despite recent meetings between Tito and Soviet leaders, because Yugoslavia is apparently still determined to remain independent of Moscow's control.

POLITICS

The Negro Vote

Longtime Democrat Adam Clayton Powell Jr., a Harlem minister and one of three Negroes in the U.S. House of Representatives,^o skillfully caged a cigarette from Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty one afternoon last week, flecked a speck of dust from his faultlessly tailored flannels and turned to face the assembled White House reporters. He had just come from a conference with President Eisenhower, and he had something to report: this year he likes Ike.

Powell bowed to Eisenhower's "greatest contribution" in the civil-rights field, but made it clear that one reason for his switch was that he was piqued with Adlai Stevenson for snubbing him. Most Republicans were aware that their convert is a vari-plumed politico who in the past has been found on the left, center and right



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DEMOCRAT POWELL
This year, he likes ike.

of some issues. But three inescapable facts emerged from Powell's switch:

1) Lightly as Negro intellectuals may regard Powell, he is a politician of indisputable influence. He has served six consecutive House terms, is pastor of one of Harlem's biggest churches (the Abyssinian Baptist, with 9,500 members), and, above all, has a demonstrated talent for bypassing the intellectuals and communicating directly with the Negro man-in-the-street. 2) His ill-fated Powell Amendment to the school-construction bill (no federal money for segregated schools) and his battle for its adoption during the last session of Congress made the name of Powell a Negro household word. 3) Sensitive to the slightest change in the Negro political pulse, Adam Powell doubtless feels there is political mileage to be made

^o The others: Chicago's William L. Dawson, Detroit's Charles C. Diggs Jr., both Democrats.

in an early jump toward the G.O.P.

Since Franklin Roosevelt's first election in 1936, the Negro vote has been one of the sturdiest links in the Democratic Party's often fragile chain of minority blocs. But as Powell well knows, the link is weakening under the abrasion of the civil-rights issue. In Baltimore, for instance, there are signs of a major shift in the big Negro vote—20% of the city's total. In 1952 it was Democratic, almost 7-3; this year it may split evenly between the parties. Reason for the possible shift: Maryland's steady civil-rights progress under Republican Governor Theodore McKeldin. Ike's personally encouraged desegregation of public facilities in nearby Washington. Civil rights is also challenging the bread-and-butter issues for the Negro's political attention in such cities as St. Louis, Cleveland and San Francisco.

But a 20-year habit is not broken easily, and for all the restiveness, most of the nation's estimated 3,500,000 Negro voters probably will go to Adlai Stevenson again this year. The 75% margin by which he won them in 1952, however, is now expected to be reduced to something like 60%-65%. In states where national or local races are close, e.g., Missouri, California, Michigan, Ohio, New York, such a pro-Republican shift could be all-important.

IOWA

Against the Anthills

[See Cover]

Across the rolling plains of Iowa last week in a Chevrolet station wagon cruised a trim, taut, fast-moving man with a bristling crew cut and a businesslike air. His days were an 18-hour succession of Republican breakfasts, Kiwanis Club luncheons, women's teas, greetings on Main Street, conversations in corn fields and gas station stops. The gas stations were important. There he would shake hands with the man at the pump, greet the mechanic, stride into the diner for a word with the fry cook and a cup of coffee with the customers. The Iowa traveler was Leo Hoegh (pronounced hog), and he was engaged in one of the most complex processes in American politics: running for governor.

In all the 29 states that will elect governors during the national elections next month, a myriad of little gourches and grievances and impressions form an important part of the political picture. This is particularly true when an incumbent governor such as Leo Hoegh is seeking reelection. National, state and local issues intertwine and conflict and complicate one another (last week staunch Eisenhower Republican Hoegh, convinced that Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson is a local political liability, kept far away when Benson visited Iowa). At times, issues that logically should help the candidate are fatal. In some cases a whole collection of political anthills pile together to form a mountain of opposition.

In the case of Iowa's Leo Hoegh, the combination of national and local factors is as complex and complete as if some



IOWA'S GOVERNOR HOEGH CAMPAIGNING FOR RE-ELECTION AT LENOX

Arthur Siegel

diabolical political chemist had poured together strains of virus out of every test tube in the laboratory. An honest, able governor, he has improved roads, schools and state institutions, has worked tirelessly and successfully to increase his state's industrial potential and to ease its agricultural woe. But he is in trouble.

The factors in Hoegh's situation range all the way from the ridiculous to the fundamental. Some Iowans are against Hoegh because a humpbacked, publicity-seeking television performer named Dagmar once bulged through his outer office, bussed the governor and then loped on up to the legislature, where she dangled near kissed a quorum. Others are against him on the basic issue that he has raised taxes. Some farmers oppose him because they do not like the Eisenhower Administration's farm program; some Republicans are displeased because of his feelings toward Secretary Benson. And some of the plain, quiet, steady people of Iowa, who like their public officials plain, quiet and steady, are against him simply because he has moved so fast and has done so much. Said one Indiana housewife last week: "That 'Hoag' should stay around Iowa instead of gallivanting off every which way on this and that. I think he's stuck on himself."

As Goes the Farmer. Leo Hoegh's political problems are all bound up in the character of his state. Iowa is farming. The state's official pamphlet points out with rural pride that it has no large city (Des Moines, the largest, has a population of 185,000). Iowa produces more hogs, poultry, eggs and timothy seed than any other state, and is stung by the fact that in 1955, largely because of drought, it lost first rank as a corn producer to neighboring Illinois.

But Iowa is more than corn and hogs and hayseed. It produced Painter Grant Wood (*American Gothic*); it educated

Negro Scientist George Washington Carver; it inspired (at Spillville, in Winneshiek County) visiting Czech Composer Antonin Dvorak. Iowa boasts the highest literacy rate (99.2%) of any state in the U.S. And in recent years the state has become more and more industrial. It has the biggest fountain-pen (Sheaffer) factory in the world; in 1955 the value of manufactured products in the state came to \$3.9 billion v. \$2 billion for farm receipts.

Despite the industrial boom, the state's economy is still based on the land. More than one-fourth of the factory workers in the five largest urban areas make their living by supplying the farmers; the biggest employer in the state (payroll: 9,500) is still Deere & Co. (farm equipment). When the farmer prospers, almost everyone prospers; when the farmer spends less, there are likely to be cutbacks all along the line.

Troublesome Sum. In the Great Depression, Iowa was not so hard up as some other farm states, e.g., North Da-

kota. And during the lush World War II years, the mortgages were paid off, the barns were painted, and the bank accounts grew fat to buy freezers and fridges and college tuition and Buicks. Then came the inevitable adjustment when war demand for food ended. From 1953 to 1955, Iowa's cash farm income fell 10%. This year, the farmers are doing somewhat better. From a year ago corn is up 17¢ a bu., oats are up 18¢, choice steers \$3.60 a cwt. Hogs are about the same as last year, but are well above last spring. This year's greatest problem is drought in the western and central half of the state, which will pull the statewide corn-production average down to 47 bu. an acre (although some farms in the northern part of the state are hauling in 100 bu.). Easing the pain, particularly in the drought areas, will be checks totaling some \$34 million from the Eisenhower Administration's soil bank, which were beginning to trickle into rural-route mailboxes last week.

The sum of the economy of Iowa is that the larger urban areas (partly because of increased industrialization) are doing all right, middle-sized places are getting along fairly well, but the small towns are hurting. In a state that likes a comfortable status quo as much as Iowa, such a situation—expanding industrialization, squeezed agriculture, uneven economic conditions and higher state taxes—means political trouble for someone. Mostly, and somewhat illogically, it means trouble, not for Ike, not for G.O.P. Senator Incumbent Bourke Hickenlooper, but for the man in the Statehouse, Governor Leo Hoegh.

A Dime for Manure. This is really no surprise to Leo Hoegh, for he is a true son of Iowa, and he knows how the people are likely to feel. His grandfather, Nels Peder Hoegh (Hoegh is Danish for hawk), left a farm in Denmark in 1866 to make



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HOEGH & DAGMAR

a tidy fortune in the Colorado gold boom, and then with good sense invested it in fertile Audubon County land in west central Iowa. He became a patriarch of the Danish community, a leading Republican and a county supervisor, and he gave a farm to each of his 13 children.

On the 160-acre corn-hog farm that Nels gave to his son William, Leo Hoegh was born on March 30, 1908. Brought up in a strict Danish Lutheran household, he did not learn to speak English until he was six years old. One of his first teachers remembers that she had to tell him not to work so hard in school. To earn pocket money, he set up a shoeshine stand in front of the theater in Elk Horn (present

Only the year before, his father, who was president of the Farmers Savings Bank in Elk Horn, lost everything he had. As the Depression grew worse, William Hoegh sold all his assets and poured the money into the bank, but he could not save it. Despite the elder Hoegh's great personal sacrifice, there are some voters in the area who still hold the bank's failure against the Hoegh family. It is one of those anthills of state politics.

Nickel Breakfast. In those lean years Leo Hoegh started practicing law, often beginning his day with a 5¢ breakfast of a glass of milk and a roll and just as often managing to spend no more than 50¢ a day for all his meals. "Were things tough

Louise Foster, director of the Methodist choir. ("Leo would be up at 6 o'clock, shake hands with 600 farmers during the day, and be on my front porch by 7:30 p.m. sharp.")

Building a solid, orthodox reputation as an unrelenting penny pincher, Leo Hoegh pleased his constituents, twice won reelection. Then came the event that sent Leo Hoegh heading south into the Army and sent many an orthodoxy galley-west: World War II.

Behind Russian Lines. One day in 1942 Captain (ex-R.O.T.C.) Hoegh was leading his company in bayonet drill when the division commander spotted him, whisked him to division headquarters at G-3 (operations) and sent him off—a captain among colonels—to Command and General Staff School. He graduated in the top 10% of his class, soon went to Europe as operations officer for the 104th Infantry ("Timberwolfs") Division, wrote the operations orders that carried the 104th through the Rhine and into Germany. He won his medals—Legion of Honor, Croix de guerre with palm, Bronze Star with cluster. At war's end, when the 104th linked up with the Soviet forces in Germany, Lieut. Colonel Hoegh was in a group that flew behind the Russian lines in a Piper Cub to establish liaison with Marshal Konev's advancing army.

For a country lawyer from Iowa, directing the operations of a 17,000-man infantry division was big and exciting. It gave direct, driving Leo Hoegh a broader horizon, a new sense of confidence in his own administrative ability, an urge to get things done fast. But back in Iowa, these new-found qualities were not necessarily pure assets. Says Virgil Meyer, Hoegh's law partner: "It took Leo about five years to settle down. He was all Army. He wanted to talk right at the point, and you can't always do that in the law. The only thing I could do was let him go over to the courthouse and get beat."

Hoegh plunged back into civic and political activity with the same fast pace, was elected the first World War II commander of the American Legion post, became chairman of the Charlton Development Co. to woo new industry, president of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club, a leader in the National Guard. In 1948 he stumped for liberal Harold Stassen, in 1950 ran in the primary against entrenched Republican Congressman Karl LeCompte. "For the Republican Party," said eager Campaigner Hoegh, "do-nothing and me-too are out. The party should draw its inspiration from the people and free itself from the shackles of the Old Guard." Old Guardsmen LeCompte beat him 2-1.

A Swing to Ike. By 1951 unorthodox Leo Hoegh was pushing for Eisenhower for President in a state where the Republican leaders were strong for Ohio's Senator Robert Taft. He had seen General Eisenhower in Europe during the war. "I was impressed by Ike because he asked questions," says Hoegh. "He wanted to find out what was on people's minds. And



Arthur Siegel

GOVERNOR HOEGH & FAMILY⁹
"You might also remember Leo."

pop. 570), charged 5¢ for regular shines and 10¢ if there was manure on the shoes.

At the Pottawattamie County courthouse, in nearby Council Bluffs, Leo watched entrances as lawsuits were tried, and one locally famed trial lawyer became his hero. That was when he decided what he wanted to be. "I liked what he could do for people," says Leo. "I guess that's when the lawyering bug got me." He went to the University of Iowa in the spiked-near-beer era, had his share, became a campus political manipulator, and was elected to the elite A.F.I. (All For Iowa) in recognition of all-round achievement. During the summers he fished out 30 distressed swimmers as a lifeguard at the posh Hotel Broadmoor in Colorado Springs, Colo., and got a precint worker's view of Iowa selling aluminum kitch-enware door to door. He graduated from the University of Iowa College of Law in 1932, when the racking pains of the Depression were reaching their peak.

then?" he says. "Oh, my God, they were tough. Most of my practice was saving farms from foreclosure, getting the mortgage cut down and taking what the farmer could pay as a fee, which wasn't much. But I think I saved quite a few farms, and made quite a few friends."

He settled in Charlton (1936 pop. 5,700), 45 miles southeast of Des Moines. Like all good Iowans, he joined every organization in sight—the Gun Club, the Rotary Club, the Odd Fellows, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Chamber of Commerce and the Methodist Church (there was no Lutheran Church in Charlton), built a reputation as a civic organizer and as a Republican worker. The almost inevitable next step came in 1936, when he stumped Lucas County to win election to the state legislature. During the campaign he also wooed and won dimpled Mary

from left: Kristin, 12; wife Mary Louise; Janis, 7.

he had an open mind of his own." Hoegh was a key tactician in a group of younger Republicans who swung a majority of Iowa's delegates to Eisenhower on the first ballot at the Republican National Convention in 1952.

Hoegh's maneuverings brought him to the attention of Ike-minded Governor William Beardsley, who appointed Hoegh Iowa's attorney general in February 1953. Methodist Teetotaler Hoegh soon created a fuss by insisting on strict enforcement of Iowa's widely ignored law against sale of liquor by the drink. With the help of the state's well-organized dry forces, he won the Republican nomination for governor in 1954 and beat Des Moines Democrat Clyde Herring, namesake of the late Democratic U.S. Senator (1937-43), by a cornhusk-thin margin of 25,000 votes in a total of 850,000. Anxious to get going, he moved into the governor's mansion before inauguration day, thereby setting tongues chacking.

"High-Tax Hoegh." When the new governor delivered his first message to the legislature, the Old Guard and the oldtimers who remembered his prewar days as an economist were shocked right off their seats. He proposed a wide-ranging program which raised state aid to public schools to 25% of the cost of operating schools, increased appropriations for state colleges and institutions. He outlined a new highway safety program, including speed limits (there had been none previously). He urged recognition of the union shop, legislative reapportionment to reduce the control of rural areas over the cities, funds to promote industrial expansion, and a reduction in the voting age from 21 to 18. Said a dazed legislator: "No Iowa governor in history has presented so ambitious a program. He can't hope to get it all enacted in one session."

While the legislature was still reeling from the first message, Hoegh hit it again by asking for an increase of more than \$31 million a year in revenue to finance the biggest annual budget in Iowa history, \$146 million. His requests included almost \$19 million for aid to education, \$1,700,000 more for state institutions, \$2,700,000 for increased salaries and services. To pay the cost, he proposed increases in the taxes on beer, cigarettes and gasoline, a capital-gains tax and extension of the sales tax to include services. By that time the legislature was aghast, and the Republican floor leaders of the house and senate handed out a cold statement: "This legislature will not be anxious to levy new taxes."

But after 111 days of pulling and hauling, including some cajoling and table-pounding by Hoegh, the legislature gave him a great deal of what he had asked for. It increased revenue \$22 million, accepted in major part his programs for education, highways, state services and institutions. It increased taxes on cigarettes, corporations, beer and gasoline, and adopted a capital-gains tax. Then, just before the session ended, it tossed on Hoegh's desk a politically sizzling tax

increase that he had opposed: a raise in the state sales tax from 2% to 2 1/2%. He signed it. Says he: "I was saddled with the thing the legislature had passed. But I had to sign it or we'd go back to deficit spending."

Governor Hoegh came out of the session with praise from educators, good-roads enthusiasts and the progressive wing of his party, but with a label that his Democratic opponents are, in 1956, splattering all over his record: "High-Tax Hoegh."

"Into Everything." Hoegh's administration produced results that nearly every Iowan can see and feel as he drives the highways and country roads, picks up his youngsters at the newly consolidated schools, or profits from the paychecks of



DEMOCRAT LOVELESS
"Do you want High-Tax Hoegh?"

new industry. But nonetheless many an Iowan is irked because he sees and hears too much of the governor who, as one Statehouse staffer put it, has been "into everything."

Some protest that Hoegh's calling out of the National Guard to enforce a highway safety program was a "grandstand" play. Others believe that Hoegh's flying over the state to survey drought areas in a National Guard plane was a waste of public funds (though they were federal funds). There was an uproar when the state purchasing agent made a special trade-in deal, avoiding the \$2,000 limit on the prices for a state auto, to get the governor an air-conditioned Oldsmobile sedan. Another outcry came when he flew to a former Iowans picnic in Long Beach, Calif., in a National Guard plane, and went from there to the Republican National Convention at his own expense. The Des Moines Ministerial Association was apoplectic when he accepted as a gift to the state the grand champion calf of the 1955 State Fair, only to discover later

that the bearer of the gift was Omaha's Storz Brewing Co.

Next to these anthills are bigger mounds of grievance. Hoegh lost the active support of the leaders of the Iowa Manufacturers Association when he maintained his stand for the union shop. Said one I.M.A. leader: "Hoegh is too unreliable, too liberal for the I.M.A. These small factory owners in the small towns—the nurserymen and the guys with 100-worker factories—are scared to death of unions. Most of them don't even want new industry in town because it might bring in labor unions." On the other side of the coin, Hoegh's stand has not been enough to win the support of organized labor. Says he ruefully: "The I.M.A. has dried up on me, and labor is supporting my opponent, and I'm left holding the bag."

Because he has opposed Secretary Benson, Hoegh has lost the active support of the pro-Benson Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, but has not won the backing of anti-Benson farm organizations. He does not object to Benson's policy (he has urged "flexible supports on some other means to get the farmer full parity in the marketplace") as much as he does to Benson's attitude, which he considers anything but flexible.

"Democrats Have Did." Playing all the factors against Hoegh is the Democratic candidate for governor, 45-year-old Herschel C. Loveless, former mayor of Ottumwa (pop. 33,000). A one-time railroad-bridge-building foreman whose education was limited to high school, Loveless speaks to the voters in shop English ("Hoegh has went"; "Democrats have did"), but he speaks a language that opens the ears. "The cost of state government when income is on the decline is the No. 1 problem in Iowa," he tells his campaign audiences. "Do you want High-Tax Hoegh back in the State Capitol?"

Running behind, Hoegh is running hard. He is running on his own record, not anyone's coattails, and pushing one central point: "We have achieved progress for better schools, better roads and better mental health." Then he drops in a request that the people go to the polls and vote for Eisenhower, vote for Hicklenlooper, and while you're in there, you might also remember to vote for Leo.

Down the Drain? Going into the 1956 elections, Republicans hold every top political position in Iowa, and Leo Hoegh does not aim to be the one who is knocked out. Of the 52 governors since Iowa became a state, only five have been Democrats. When reporters point this out to Governor Hoegh and ask him about the polls that show him running behind, he replies with a characteristic, "Haw!" and then asks: "What are you boys trying to do, ruin my morale?"

As a result of hard campaigning and growing support from the whole Republican organization, Hoegh seems to be gaining. Some of his supporters have been pressuring him to take two steps that they think might sew up the election: 1)

reverse his position on the union shop to thwart out the Iowa Manufacturers Association, and 2) promise that he will reduce taxes in his next administration to please everyone. Much like a man named Benson, whose adamant attitude he does not like, Leo Hoegh has refused to turn his coat. Says he: "I'd rather go down the drain with my program than try to weasel out now. And I don't think I'm going down any drains."

Actually there is no dramatic solution to the troubles that beset Leo Hoegh. His principal problem is that he has caught the spirit of an era that is beginning to recognize the need for a resurgence of good local and state government—and, in doing so, he has perhaps stirred his quiet state too much. But if he has gone too far too fast, he can take a governor's small comfort from the conviction that one year—if not this year—his state will forget the anthills and look with satisfaction on the considerable movements of home-grown progressive government.

OHIO

Q. & A.

In their key race for the U.S. Senate, Ohio's Democratic Governor Frank Lausche had blocked all the plunging attempts of Republican Incumbent George Bender to corner him for face-to-face debate (TIME, Oct. 8). But last week Lausche arrived to make a "nonpolitical" speech to a group of Negro businessmen in Columbus—only to discover that George Bender was already on hand with the political question that had been puzzling Ohioans for months.

"I'd like him," cried Bender, "to tell you how he'd vote to organize the Senate if he were elected." It was a ticklish moment for Lausche, who last June tempted Ohio's Republicans by implying that he would vote with the Republicans on Senate organization—and had since been calming Democrats by claiming that newsmen had distorted his words. But Frank Lausche, a master at appearing both things to both parties, was equal to the occasion. "I am," he replied, "a Democrat second and an American first. I will never hesitate to cross party lines when I think it will serve my country best."

All of which left Bender just as frustrated and Ohioans as puzzled as before.

UTAH

From Pigeon to Sea Gull

After broiling that tough old rooster, Governor J. Bracken Lee, in Utah's Republican gubernatorial primary, G.O.P. Nominee George Clyde seemed to have a tender pigeon in Democratic Candidate Lorenzo Clark Romney. But last week Bracken Lee, who still has a dedicated personal following, announced his candidacy as a write-in independent, a move sure to cut into Clyde's Republican vote next month. Result of the Republican split: Democrat Romney was transformed from dead pigeon into an ominous Utah sea gull.

PENNSYLVANIA

Big Red & the Grundykins

From U.S. Steel's sprawling Fairless plant in the East to Pittsburgh's glowing furnaces in the West, Pennsylvania is bursting with prosperity. In Election Year 1956, the voter can savor ground breast of ox at his political picnics. Yet, in the midst of such plenty, a once mighty Pennsylvania institution and a once unbeatable Pennsylvania leader have fallen upon broadcast-hard times. The institution: Pennsylvania's regular Republican Party organization (still known as the Grundy machine after its longtime boss, stiff-necked Uncle Joe Grundy, now 93 and removed from politics). The leader: Republican Senator James Henderson



Edward Clark—LIFE
REPUBLICAN DUFF
Down to broadcast times.

("Big Red") Duff, as willing to fight at 73 as when he was a brawling lad in the wildcat oilfields, but now trailing in his campaign for re-election against Philadelphia's ultra-liberal, former Mayor Joseph Clark.

Jim Duff and the Grundy machine are not falling together. They are, by mutual choice made years ago, falling apart. It was progressive Republican Duff who first demonstrated the vulnerability of the Republican organization grown fat, arrogant and corrupt. With the help of the Grundy machine, Duff was elected governor in 1946—and was one of the state's ablest. A major reason for his success was his refusal to show fear or favor toward the machine that demanded both. The break-up was swift and spectacular: Duff's Senate election in 1950 was almost as bitter to the Old Guardsmen as Democrat Joe Clark's Philadelphia mayoralty win in 1951 or Democrat George Leader's gubernatorial victory in 1954.

"**Ike Told Me.**" In the last four years the Republican organization has seen its statewide registration lead plunge from more than 1,000,000 to about 400,000. This year the machine may not be able to raise enough money to pay for poll watchers in Philadelphia. Such is the sorry state of the regular G.O.P. organization that it could not even produce 100 ushers for Vice President Richard Nixon's Philadelphia speech early this month. (The Citizens for Eisenhower finally rounded up the volunteer ushers, picked up the radio and television tab, turned the affair into a success.)

As a U.S. Senator, Jim Duff soon played into the hands of his old enemies. A free-swinging heavyweight (6 ft. 1 in., 182 lbs.) and distinctly an executive type, he needed more room to punch than the Senate cloisters could give him. He stepped down from the Senate's back benches only to give early, effective preconvention support to Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. Although he has since been one of the Administration's most loyal supporters, he has also been one of the least influential. In his distaste for the Senate, bristle-haired Jim Duff neglected both friend and foe back home; e.g., last spring, when the Republican State Committee met in Philadelphia, Duff did not even show up to contest the old Grundy machine's control. Unhappy Jim was reluctant to stand for re-election this year, finally agreed only because "Ike told me he needed me."

"**Bubble-Gum Candidate.**" Once the decision was made, the old warrior's battle gorg began to rise. "I'm getting," he says of Opponent Joe Clark, "so I hate that guy's guts." Chugging around in his Ford station wagon, Duff has covered some 6,000 miles in his campaign, plans another 10,000 before Nov. 6. ("Damn, I've never done anything like this before.") To Jim Duff, the biggest issue in the 1956 elections is peace. "For anyone to think that Stevenson could replace Eisenhower as the keeper of the peace," he tells his audiences, "is fantastic beyond the dreams of imagination."

He savagely attacks Joe Clark, describing him as a "bubble-gum candidate" whose membership in Americans for Democratic Action means involvement "in a powerful leftwing and underground activity." When he is accused of unfair tactics, Big Red merely snorts: "You can't hit Joe Clark below the belt because he is all belly and no head." Midnighly, Jim Duff will still be found shaking hands in hotel lobbies or sweating away on the next day's speeches, which he insists on writing himself.

Duff's is a lonely fight, especially since he is getting little help from members of the regular organization. (One notable exception: State Chairman George Bloom, a Grundy follower, who is doing his best.) Only last week was Duff able to wangle enough money from the organization controlled state committee for his first 15-minute statewide television appearance. But just as important as his trouble with the machine is the fact that Jim Duff

got off to a Labor Day campaign start against a popular, appealing Democrat who has been working hard and effectively since Lincoln's Birthday.

"Ranting & Roaring." Joe Clark, 55, is an all-out, unabashed liberal. "A liberal," he once wrote, "is one who believes in utilizing the full force of government for the advancement of social, political and economic justice at the municipal, state, national and international levels." With Richardson Dilworth, who succeeded him as mayor, and Jim Finnegan, now Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager, Clark led the revolt that turned Philadelphia from a Republican stronghold into a Democratic bastion.

As a politician, lean Ivy Leaguer (Harvard '23) Joe Clark is equally at home tossing off a bourbon and water with the boys in the back room, talking earnestly and persuasively to small groups of do-gooders, or delivering the sort of spread-eagle oratory that Clark himself sometimes calls "ranting and roaring." His most effective issue so far has been Jim Duff's Senate absenteeism. Pointing to an empty chair on the speaker's platform, Clark cries: "That's where the junior Senator from Pennsylvania is supposed to be sitting, but he is almost never there. Do we want our chair empty? I'd like to sit in that chair."

Presidential Rescue. If Joe Clark is to sit in Duff's chair, it will be despite a tongue that sometimes lands him in trouble. In Pittsburgh, the home town of patronage-powerful Mayor David Lawrence, Clark went out of his way to denounce Pennsylvania's spoils system as run both by Republicans and by Governor George Leader's Democratic administration. But such is the unity of Pennsylvania's Democratic Party (a unity due in large measure to the enjoyment of the patronage that Joe Clark derides) that Democrat Lawrence found himself able to laugh the whole thing off. "It was silly of him to say that when he didn't have to," scoffed Lawrence, "but it doesn't matter."

To Pittsburgh last week, in a determined attempt to rescue Jim Duff, came Gettysburg Farmer Dwight Eisenhower, whose own popularity remains high in Pennsylvania. After Ike's blue-ribbon endorsement (the warmest of the campaign to date), things looked somewhat brighter for Jim Duff, who has never yet lost an election. Republican headquarters in Harrisburg and Pittsburgh reported a surge of financial contributions and volunteer workers. State Chairman Bloom heaved an audible sigh of relief about the improved state prospects. But some of the Grundy boys were still following after their old-time leader (1904-21), Boies Penrose, who believed firmly in the precept that when it came "to deciding between losing an election and losing control of the party, lose the election." Unless organizations, volunteers and the powerful influence of Dwight Eisenhower are joined in putting Jim Duff across, Pennsylvania's Republican wreckage may not be worth controlling—not even by a Grundykin.

POLITICAL NOTES Who's for Whom

¶ The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, pro-Stevenson in 1952, endorsed Eisenhower. Explained Guy L. Brown, boss of the 80,000-member independent union: U.S. prosperity is a direct result of Ike's fiscal and labor policies, and "it would be a terrible mistake to make a change in the administration."

¶ Dan Turner, Iowa farmer, onetime (1931-33) Iowa governor, strong 1952 Ike-man and lifetime Republican, who last month called for the resignation of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, shifted to Stevenson-Kefauver.

¶ Lewis Douglas, Arizona banker, the New Deal's first (1933) Director of the



DEMOCRAT CLARK
Up to an empty chair.

Budget, U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain under Truman and three-time Democratic Congressman, backed Eisenhower (as he did in 1952) for his unique international "stature and substance," but promised to work hard for the local Arizona Democratic ticket.

¶ Trevor Gardner, longtime Republican, guided-missiles specialist and onetime (1955-56) Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development, who quit his job in disgust with the slow pace of the missiles program, said he would "vote the straight Democratic ticket."

¶ The Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, which endorsed Eisenhower-Nixon in 1952, polled the editors of its 19 papers for 1956 sentiments, got back a unanimous repeat endorsement.

¶ The Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*, endorsing Eisenhower-Nixon as it did in 1952, explained: Ike has stabilized the dollar and produced "almost full employment"; he has "proved himself always

sure-footed" in foreign affairs; and "Richard Nixon has been a first-rate Vice President."

¶ The *Oregon Journal* of Portland, Ore., which backed Adlai Stevenson in 1952, switched to Eisenhower. Reason: Ike "has grown tremendously in office," while Stevenson is not talking sense."

¶ The *Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph*, Adlai Stevenson's family newspaper, reversed its 1952 position and endorsed Stockholder Stevenson. Explained the independent *Pantagraph*: in 1952 Stevenson was sponsored by an entrenched Truman Administration, but "today he is a free man . . . in no way obligated to the New Deal, the Fair Deal, or any other deal."

¶ *The Dartmouth*, student daily at Dartmouth (Hanover, N.H.) College, which has consistently (except for 1948, when it backed Henry Wallace) supported Democratic candidates, broke with tradition and endorsed Eisenhower. Reason: Ike's "program of moderate conservatism" has expressed "the will of the people," and "more than justifies . . . giving the President and his party a vote of confidence."

THE JUDICIARY Hell's Canyon & the Law

An outfit called the National Hell's Canyon Association, Inc. blossomed and bristled like a desert cactus last year, soon after the Federal Power Commission turned down an eight-year-old proposal that the Government build a single high dam in Idaho's Hell's Canyon, instead licensed a private utility to build three small dams in the area (TIME, Aug. 15, 1955). Turning furiously to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, the association charged that the FPC action amounted to "administrative lawlessness" and demanded that the court order the license revoked. Chief argument: under the terms of the Federal Power Act, the FPC was required to choose a project "best adapted to a comprehensive plan" for public-resource development. Declared the association: a federal high dam would meet that requirement, the Idaho Power Co.'s private project does not.

Last week the court gave its answer: "We find no instance in which the commission [violated] the governing statute"—which gives it "broad discretion" to approve whatever projects it judges best suited to the nation's needs. Before exercising this discretion, said the court, the FPC gave "mature consideration" to both plans and concluded—on the basis of the evidence—that each was "equally comprehensive." Weighing in favor of the private project was the fact that Congress has consistently refused to authorize a federal dam. Hence, the FPC "chose between a \$400 million plan, which nobody was offering to undertake, and another comprehensive development for which private capital in the sum of \$175 million is immediately available, so construction can begin at once." Concluded the court: the FPC's right to make such a choice is legally unassailable.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE UNITED NATIONS Road to Suez

The first question before the Security Council was: What is Egypt's mood on the Suez question, hard or malleable? Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi, whose ability as a diplomat is best described by the fact that he has held top jobs under both King Farouk and President Nasser, leaned over the horseshoe table and started to talk. First, bald Mahmoud Fawzi recited in his soft voice Egypt's familiar grievances against the French and British. Then he purred: "Foremost in importance [is] a system of cooperation between the Egyptian authority operating the Suez

keep two people apart. Your job is to get the parties together."

"**Words, Just Words.**" For three days, usually with Hammarskjold just listening, the three foreign ministers talked in the skyscraper suite. The Westerners felt that they were getting Fawzi to concede little. "Words, just words," blurted discouraged Christian Pineau on leaving one session. Said another diplomat: "Fawzi is conducting a striptease, but so far he hasn't shown an inch of skin." At night Hammarskjold sat up late sifting comments of the bargainers and reducing them to essentials.

When the ministers met on the fourth day, Hammarskjold laid before them a



International

BRITAIN'S LLOYD & EGYPT'S FAWZI AT THE U.N.
"Internationalize," said one. "Cooperate," said the other.

canal and the users of the canal." When the foreign ministers around the table heard that word "cooperation," they had their answer.

In response to this obvious invitation, the U.S.'s John Foster Dulles made the next conciliatory move. "The essence," he said, "if . . . we are to seek justice, is that the operation of this international utility shall be insulated from the politics of any nation." By his manner, Fawzi intimated his assent; it was obviously time to head off Security Council action on an Anglo-French proposal to condemn Egypt for its canal seizure and explore what Fawzi meant by "cooperation." Fawzi agreed to meet privately with Britain's Selwyn Lloyd and France's Christian Pineau in U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold's 38th-floor U.N. offices overlooking the East River. "I will be acting merely as a chaperon," Hammarskjold told Dulles. Said Presbyterian Elder Dulles, with a grin: "My understanding of a chaperon is a person whose job is to

set of six principles on which a negotiation of the Suez case could proceed. "Gentlemen, what do you think of this?" he asked. For another three hours the ministers talked, quibbled, phrased and rephrased. By late afternoon they had agreed. Then the Security Council was summoned back into full session, and Dag Hammarskjold read out the six principles on which the three foreign ministers had agreed:

- 1) no discrimination against transit through the canal;
- 2) respect for Egypt's sovereignty;
- 3) insulation of canal operations from the politics of any country;
- 4) tolls to be decided by agreement between Egypt and the users;
- 5) allocation of a "fair proportion" of dues for canal developments;
- 6) arbitration of the sum to be paid the expropriated Suez Canal Company.

The key point seemed to be No. 3—the one Dulles had called "the essence" of a just settlement.

"**Most Gratifying.**" Limited as it was, this represented the first important breakthrough in the Suez affair. The diplomats rushed to capitalize on it, and President Eisenhower told his TV campaign "press conference" that "it looks like a very great crisis is behind us." Lloyd and Pineau had booked plane seats for return home, but they postponed their flight. After talking with Dulles, they withdrew their original anti-Egyptian resolution and prepared a new one.

It first part endorsed the six principles. But it also called on the council to endorse the 18-nations London conference demand for international control of the canal, a demand that Egypt had rejected often and emphatically, and Russia, as well. "A beginning has been made," Lloyd told the council. "The hard problems lie ahead." The hardest problem was right on hand—both Fawzi and Russia's Dimitri Shepilov balked at reviving the point of international control. There was little more to be said, so just before midnight the council came to the vote. Nine delegations voted for all the Anglo-French resolutions, but Shepilov, with Yugoslavia's Koca Popovic for company, cast Russia's veto against the section calling for international control. The result: the council endorsed only the "six principles" as the basis for further efforts to find a real solution to the conflicting needs of the Suez Canal's users and its Egyptian confiscators.

The foreign ministers scattered to their capitals. But the issue stayed on the U.N.'s agenda, and Secretary-General Hammarskjold went right to work on arrangements for further negotiations. He put real meat on the bare bones of principle. The agreement was too vague to promise solid chance of a settlement, and in Cairo, Gamal Abdel Nasser cast doubt on the most important of the six principles by asking: "What does Mr. Dulles mean by 'insulating' the canal from politics?" The canal still runs through Egypt. The canal's events, however, could be counted a broad step toward conciliation and away from the recent angry moment when governments were mobilizing fleets and armaments and threatening war over Suez.

GREAT BRITAIN Sense & Sound in Llandudno

Gold balances were down again last month, and Britain's trade gap was still widening. The cost of living inched higher, helped by a penny rise in bread prices. The 20,000 reservists called to the colors because of the Suez crisis were restricted and kicking up trouble in Cyprus and Malta military camps, and barracks at home. Millions of Englishmen were disgruntled at the course of Suez. Tories themselves were grumbling about their leaders. "We want more Conservative, more quickly," cried fire-breathing Conservative Peter Emery of Reading, "and more guts in leadership!"

In that unpropitious atmosphere, the leaders of Britain's government collected in the North Wales resort town of Llandudno last week to face up to 4,000 Conservative Party members in their annual conference.

Kiss & Rule. Leader after leader rose to explain what one protesting resolution called "the government's apparent inability to reverse trends resulting from Socialist maladministration" and to "use its strong majority to implement more forcibly its election promises." Minister of Housing and Local Government Duncan Sandys pledged that he would decontrol 10 million rent-controlled houses. Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan delivered a lengthy appeal for his plan to take Britain into a new European free-trade area (TIME, Oct. 15). But by far the most ringing response to the rank and file's complaints came from Lord Privy Seal R. A. Butler.

Just a year ago, ailing and deeply depressed by the death of his wife, and about to step down as Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Rab" had helped to make a tepid conference more tepid, and had lost his place in the leadership stakes to the debonair Macmillan. Now he bounced back with the kind of clear, practical talk that shaped the "New Toryism" with which the party won its way back to power in 1950. With wit and humor, Rab Butler apprised the party of the ever-changing path to office: "In the Middle Ages you bullied your way to power. In the classical age you bribed your way to power. And for the major portion of the 19th century, as readers of *Pickwick Papers* will recall, you kissed your way to power. Nowadays we are obliged to argue our way to power."

"Prosperity politics" is not enough, said Butler. The Tory appeal must rest on two "main and realistic principles": 1) "To wield the power of the state to balance the interests within it, producing a society in which rewards go to those who are successful in increasing the wealth of the whole, and so make it possible to help others who are in need"; and 2) "So to organize our international and defense policies as to hold our position in the world."

One problem the Tories under Anthony Eden have not solved is how to give voters a clear distinction between Conservative and Labor policies. "We must emphasize expansion rather than restriction," Butler said. "We have to surf-ride on the industrial revolution, developing nuclear energy for peaceful purposes, speeding the intelligent introduction of automation and extending facilities for technical and scientific training." Openly challenging the might of Britain's trade-union movement, he said: "We should use the authority of the state not to control and harry the individual but to curb the power of states which arise within the state, just as kings did with overmighty subjects of old." By the time he had finished, Conservatives were exchanging assurances that Rab Butler was back in the fray. "Now we don't need to worry about



Topical

TORY CHAIRMAN BUTLER
A surf ride on the revolution.

where to find our next Prime Minister," said one.

For the Back-Bench Boys. Later, appointed chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Associations, i.e., the Tory Party, Rab introduced Sir Anthony Eden. Delegates waited impatiently while the Prime Minister traveled through page after page of foolscap manuscript, to survey the domestic scene. But what about Suez? A rumor had run through the hall that Britain had agreed to drop her demand for international controls of the canal, but Sir Anthony's comments were designed to set Tory hearts at rest on that matter. Warning against "hasty or optimistic judgment," he said that "wide differences of opinion" remain. Then, in a passage



MR. & MRS. "SYDNEY DAVIES"
Footprints on the beach.

that pleased the bit-chomping "Suez Group" M.P.s, Eden concluded: "President Eisenhower at his press conference Thursday is reported to have said that you must have peace with justice or it is not peace. I agree with these words. That is why we have always said that with us force is the last resort—but it cannot be excluded."

Not since its last concourse of Welsh hymn singers had Llandudno resounded to such a chorus of glad cries as greeted Sir Anthony's pledge, largely rhetorical though it was. And then the Tories went home, their problems still unsettled but their discomfiture greatly eased.

The Vanishing Vicar

As shepherd of the flock in tidy, suburban Woodford, just outside Manchester, the slim, silver-haired Rev. Philip St. John (rhymes with Injun) Wilson Ross, Cambridge '26, was irreproachable. On call to his parishioners for religious consolation at any hour, he was also arch and sporting at children's church picnics, full of charm at meetings of the church mothers, and a lively, intelligent man of the world with the business of the local vestry. There were those, of course, whose evil tongues sought mischief in gossip over the frequent calls paid by the Rev. Mr. Ross on Wealthy Widow Kathleen Ryall about four years ago after the death of her husband—but, as Philip's devoted wife Eileen herself said, "Mrs. Ryall was in a terribly distressed state and she needed spiritual guidance. My husband gave her that."

Morning Swim. In any case it made little difference, for three years later, on holiday with his wife and child in Wales, Philip Ross went out one day for his customary morning swim—and was never seen again. All that was left of him were his clothes and his footprints on the beach. Eileen Ross went back to Woodford in mourning. The parishioners held a memorial service and raised £600 to build her a bungalow, and the bishop appointed a temporary vicar for Woodford, until Ross's death should be declared official, as in due time it was.

And there the story might have ended—except for an anonymous letter that found its way to Scotland Yard and the press. The letter implied that the Rev. Mr. Ross was still very much alive and in happy residence with the Widow Ryall. "A fantastic rumor!" said Eileen Ross when she heard of it. "My husband is dead." But newsmen soon found a more enthusiastic listener in Mrs. Ryall's daughter Wendy, 23. "I wouldn't be at all surprised," said Wendy coyly. Then, warming to the talk, she blurted: "I want to clear the air. The death was all fake. The day he 'died,' he telephoned my mother."

Throbs in the Headlines. With that to go on, Britain's newsmen soon pieced together the whole tale. Philip Ross and Kathleen Ryall had been childhood friends. Ross, newly in love with his old flame and desperate at the thought of losing her again, had faked his death and joined Mrs. Ryall. Moving first to London and

then to a house in the country (which bore, by the sheerest chance, the motto: "To live happily, let us live hidden"), Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Davies—as they called themselves—had lived happily thereafter on Mrs. Ryall's money.

Last week, as their story exploded in the press, newsmen tracked down the couple on holiday at a hotel in Montreux, Switzerland, and the idyl throbbed in the headlines. Sobbing and distraught, Kathleen returned to London in the company of her lawyer. "He has the face of a saint and is the only man I'll ever love," she said of Philip. "We are ready to forgive and forget. We still love you dearly," said Eileen Ross in a message to her husband. Thus doubly beloved, the Rev. Mr. Ross-Davies prudently lingered in Europe, while in England a solemn brood of lawyers set about annulling the legal consequences of his untimely death.

The Costs of Temptation

Insisting to the last that the whole ugly business was a frame-up engineered by disgruntled Czarist émigrés, officials at the Soviet embassy in London came reluctantly to the conclusion that British justice could not be sidetracked. As Olympic Discus Thrower Nina Ponomareva doggedly practiced pushups for six weeks in an embassy bedroom, they maintained with stolid poker faces that in Russia no one is dragged to court until he is proved guilty. In Britain, the Foreign Office explained patiently, things are different: there it is considered the court's function to determine innocence or guilt.

Last week, aghast at this odd Western way of doing things, but helpless to combat it, the Russians permitted burly Nina to go to court to answer the charge of stealing five cheap hats from London's C. & A. Modes, Ltd. (TIME, Sept. 10). "I hope you won't put it against her," the shoplifting athlete's British counsel, Mervyn Griffith-Jones, told the court, "that she failed to surrender earlier." During the four hours of testimony that followed, Nina, wearing the same fawn-colored gabardine in which she was arrested, stoutly insisted that she had paid for the hats, although she could not remember getting a receipt. The C. & A. store detectives insisted just as stoutly that she had scooped them up under cover of a paper bag from another store. Citing this "remarkable conflict of evidence," Barrister Griffith-Jones put the question directly to Nina: "Did you steal any of those hats?" "Nyet," said Nina Ponomareva. But the court thought different. "Having considered all the evidence," said Magistrate Clyde Wilson, "I must find the case proved... I realize the fallibility of human nature. The hats displayed constitute a considerable temptation to many women. I think the interests of justice will be served if I discharge the prisoner absolutely* on payment of 3 guineas [\$8.82] costs."

* In British law, "absolute discharge" is not considered to be a conviction, does not go into the police records as a crime case.



DISCUS THROWER PONOMAREVA
"Nyet."

Smiling tentatively at first, Nina Ponomareva let her features relax in a broad grin when she realized at last that the judge's words meant she could go home. Two hours later she was aboard the Russian steamer *Vyacheslav Molotov*, bound for the happy land where everyone is guilty, guilty or not.

MIDDLE EAST

Battle for Jordan

One evening last week the men of the Jordan border town of Kalkilya sat in cafés sipping coffee and playing backgammon. From Israel 400 yards to the west came the clatter of heavy vehicles and the flicker of headlights. A column of trucks lurched past the loungers. "Don't worry," an officer called out. "You won't get hurt. We're after the army." A moment later the street shook as the Israelis opened their attack on the big police fort on the other side of town. It was another Israeli reprisal raid, the fourth in a month. This one was in retaliation for two Israeli farm hands whom Jordanian guerrilla raiders killed in an orange grove across from Kalkilya, lopping off their victims' ears as trophies.

Unexpected Casualties. This time the Israeli attack did not go quite as planned. It took nearly two hours to capture and blow up the fort. Troops trying to take it by frontal assault across flat ground crisscrossed with barbed wire suffered unexpected casualties. When the U.N. truce chief, Canada's Major General E.L.M. Burns, called for a ceasefire at midnight, the Israelis rejected it because, as a spokesman admitted later, "we weren't through yet." At that time, Israeli forces sent to block off reinforcements ran into a tough fight five miles east on the Samaritan road. For their first big thrust since 1949, the Arab Legion (rechristened the Jordanian army since King Hussein threw out Glubb

Pasha) sailed into action to help the beleaguered frontier guards. The Israeli ambushers killed 13 Jordanians in one truck. But they could not break off action until they brought up artillery, and heavy guns were firing over the border along a ten-mile front. Windows shook in Tel Aviv, 20 minutes away to the west. At Kalkilya shells rained both on the fort and the town, killing a nursing infant, his brother, an old woman. By 4:20 the Israelis finally pulled out. This time when they crossed the border they did not cheer or sing their mambu tunes.

A few hours after the fight was broken off, an Israeli army spokesman announced that Israel's forces had lost 18 dead and 12 wounded. U.N. observers counted 48 Jordanians known dead. "Poor arithmetic to suffer so many casualties to avenge so few," said a disgruntled Israeli.

Threats and Counterthreats. Since the latest raids so evidently failed to improve the security of Israel's border, other explanations needed to be found for the pattern of mounting Israeli attacks. One factor seems to be that Israelis believe that the state of Jordan is disintegrating politically, and that they must look to their flanks before the Egyptians or the Iraqis arrive there to fill the expected vacuum. Also, those Israeli who think a showdown with the Jordanians inevitable must be tempted to provoke the fight at a time when Jordan, its own forces considerably inferior to Israel, cannot count on the certain support of an Egypt preoccupied with the Suez problem. Lest Israel press too far, London formally warned the Israeli government that if Jordan is invaded, Britain will go to its aid as an ally. The U.S. let it be known that it would approve the transfer of Iraqi troops into Jordan to help avert possible government collapse and disorder. In the midst of all these military and diplomatic threats and counterthreats, Jordan itself entered the last week of an election campaign. In the refugee-jammed country, anti-West parties stood a good chance to win. Nasser sympathizers already hold key army commands, and young, British-educated King Hussein's throne may be in the balance. In any event the Middle East has another crisis abuilding that may not wait for Suez to be settled first.

WEST GERMANY

Crown Prince

"When I am no longer there, I do not know what will happen to Germany," Chancellor Adenauer once said. Yet the sturdy shepherd of postwar Free Germany has long refused to designate a political heir, because to do so suggests his own withdrawal from the scene. Last week, politically beleaguered, the old (80) Chancellor gave in to the pleadings of his Christian Democratic followers and agreed to install a No. 2 man. The heir: Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, 52, who will soon be made Vice Chancellor, will also remain in charge of the Foreign Ministry.

The move, when consummated, will put

scholarly, competent Heinrich von Brentano in a commanding if not certain position to lead the Christian Democratic Party once Adenauer retires or dies. A tense, chain-smoking bachelor of solemn mien, Brentano is the scion of a Frankfurt family that for two centuries has produced philosophers and professors. He is a connoisseur of wines, a lover of highbrow talk, collector of old silver and old furniture. He distrusts political eloquence, is an indifferent orator himself, although a good lawyerlike diplomat and bargainer. Although Brentano is one of the founders of the C.D.U. party in Hesse, he lacks the organized political following that some CDUers have, may never get to be Chancellor if the Christian Democrats fail to heal disunity in their ranks and check the growing appeal of the Social Democrats.

In other maneuvers to check the trouble in his coalition, Chancellor Adenauer last week also decided to drop several ministers, including Defense Minister Theodor Blank, pale, plodding ex-trade-union leader who was under fire for his handling of army recruitment and equipment. Slated for the defense job is Atomic Affairs Minister Franz Josef Strauss, burly Bavarian right-winger who has coveted Blank's job for six years, was leader of the successful fight to cut the West German conscription term from 18 to 12 months. His current goal: tactical atomic weapons for West Germany.

FRANCE

Painting the Radishes Red

Ask Frenchmen where France's famed Radical Socialist Party stands, and nine out of ten will first explain that it is neither radical nor socialist. "Their hearts are on the left, their pocketbooks on the right," wrote Commentator André Siegfried. Someone else has described them: "They are like radishes, red on the outside, white inside, and always surrounded by plenty of butter." Last week, gathered in annual conference, the Radical Socialists sat down for their traditional congress luncheon in the gastronomic paradise of Lyons in hope of enjoying their butter, not to mention truffled *pâté*, *quenelles au fromage* and assorted other delicacies. But they were not allowed to eat in peace.

A longhaired, blue-jawed little man in a tight suit kept glancing at his watch and staring at his colleagues. "But we've got an hour," protested one Radical. "Only 50 minutes!" snapped party First Vice President Mendès-France. Then, at the fourth course (with three to go), the impatient Mendès rose: "I realize it's against all civilized rules," he said, "but I must say a few words before the dessert. The renovated Radical Party intends to start anew by beginning its sessions on time."

They're Mendesists. This was not the first Radical precedent shattered by ambitious ex-Premier Mendès-France. Since taking over the party leadership from ancient (84) Edouard Herriot 17 months ago, he had organized a party press and a political-action school for young party

members, increased party membership by 30,000. As a result the Radicals, in decline since World War II laid a shadow over their 19th century republicanism, were moving toward a comeback—one that Mendès hoped would eventually return him to a position of power. In last January's general election they polled 13% (2,500,000) of the votes, now have 55 Deputies (out of 586) in the National Assembly. Last week at Lyons the old leaders in their black coats, wing collars and walrus mustaches looked askance at the new Radicals, the young men in their sports coats and the pretty girls in ponytails. "They're not Radicals," said one, "they're Mendesists."

In the glass-ceilinged Bourse du Travail, decorated with 54 tricolors and huge

young Radicals from Algeria into a smoke-filled hotel room, worked out a reformist policy for Algeria. Said he: "We must show the Moslems our good faith and our good will . . . Confidence must be restored. We won't get it with cannon, machine guns and airplanes." But he did not go so far as to condemn the Mollet government outright. "We don't want to change the government. We want to act together . . . to do something before it is too late," he said.

The young Mendesists shouted approval, but the Old Guard was furious. Cried Deputy André Morice: "How can you remain in a government when you oppose it?" Morice took a dozen delegates to midnight supper, proposed that they quit the party with him. Most important of



FRANCE'S FAURE & MENDES-FRANCE
Only 50 minutes for lunch.

©Joel Brunerie

quotations from such Radicals as Philosopher Alain ("Everything would rot without the Radical salt"), Mendès-France set out to reconcile the two wings, the old and the new, of his party. His first move was to have the congress confirm his expulsion of former Premier Edgar Faure, who, by his precipitate dissolution of Parliament last November, brought on the general election before the Radicals (or Mendès) were quite ready for it. He then won re-election as Vice President by a vote of 1,298 to 202. The oldsters' reaction was to demand the election of an executive committee that would curb his action. But the oldsters were outnumbered, outmaneuvered and outvoted by the youngsters.

Before It's Too Late. Advocating a policy of negotiation with Algeria, the young Radicals demanded that present Radical Ministers (there are now three) follow the example set by their idol, Mendès, when he resigned from Socialist Premier Mollet's coalition Cabinet. Yet Mendès was mindful of Socialist support that he himself wants in the future, so he got the

the Deputies: former Premier Henri Queuille. Hearing of the meeting, aged Party President Herriot appealed to Queuille for unity, but the leader of France's postwar *immobilisme* refused. Said Morice: "We've made our decision to quit. It's a *fait accompli*." "I will not be president of a divided Radical Party," croaked Herriot, and then resigned.

Early this week it looked as if Rebel Morice might take a number of Radical Deputies with him into a splinter group. Thus Mendès-France would be left unchallenged leader of a party with old traditions and a young membership, a situation much to his liking. Said he last week, not without a touch of complacency: "It's always the right that attacks leftist leadership."

In thus characterizing himself, Mendès was acting in the old Radical tradition of calling Red what is white inside. In Paris skeptical ex-Radical Edgar Faure said he was waiting to see how much doctrinal vigor and firmness of conduct would result from Mendès' own "renovated radicalism." So were other Frenchmen.

POLAND

Behind the Golden Curtains

"All our misery," said a defense lawyer in a tense Poznan courtroom last week, "stems from the fact that we have not told the truth for many years and that now we must tell it." Then, as the court handed down a series of lenient sentences (18 months to 6 years, and some suspensions) on young men charged with the heinous crime of fighting against the Communist authority, all Poland began to feel that the time might soon come when the truth about Poland would be told. Said an old Communist, blighted by years of purges: "This is the beginning of a renaissance of justice in Poland."

This was the frame of mind which the Polish Communists had deliberately set out to create when they decreed free and fair trials, unprecedented in a Communist country, for the rioters of Poznan.

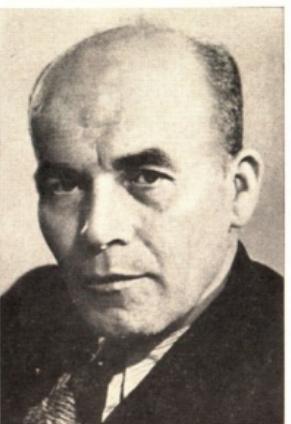
Party on Trial. But the trial had got out of hand as accused and witnesses, conscious of their wide audience, poured out evidence of the people's hatred of their Communism. Typical was the testimony last week of a witness who told how, on the fateful day of the workers' riots, he had heard shouts of "Away with the dictatorship" and "Away with the occupation," and had seen people destroying court records, judges' robes and golden chains of legal office. "Why is there so little respect for justice in our country?" this witness asked.

By a subtle alchemy of words, it was no longer the young men but the Communist Party on trial. This was made even clearer when the prosecution described the young men as "criminal elements who had dirtied the workers' demonstration." "It is not the accused who have fine cars to go on mountain holidays and nice apartments," retorted a defense lawyer. "The accused are certainly closer to the working class than those [i.e., the Communist elite] who hide behind their golden curtains."

No one was surprised when the government halted the public spectacle last week. The trials (of 22 defendants in 2½ weeks) had served their purpose by giving expression to two momentous conflicts that are now going on in Poland. One is the already old and durable struggle between the Polish people and their oppressors. The other is a new and ferocious conflict among the Polish Communists themselves.

A section of the Polish Communist Party is committed to a course of liberating Poland, not from Communism but from the brand of Communist satellites thrust on Poland by the Russians. These "liberal" Communists are young and few in number outside Warsaw, though for the moment they wield a dominating influence in the regime. They are handicapped, first by the fact that Stalin's purging of the Polish party has left them few competent leaders, and secondly by the fact that the Polish people are in no mood to make a distinction between "good" and "bad" Communists. The Poznan trial was an effort to establish what the "liberal" Communists believe to be a valid distinction.

In Search of Heroes. Despite powerful opposition from a large number of unreconstructed Stalinists, the "liberals" scored notable victories in the recent demotions of Police Boss Stanislaw Radziecik, Kremlin Agent Jacob Berman and Economic Czar Eugene Szry. Last week they forced out of office Deputy Premier Hilary Minc (rhymes with wince), a doctrinaire Stalinist responsible for much of the repressive economic measures of the last six years. The new forces are now gathering around the figure of one-time Vice Premier and Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka, who recently emerged from the obscurity to which he was banished by Stalin seven years ago for his Titoite, i.e., independent, tendencies. Because he bears no responsibility for the savage oppression that distinguished the last years of Stalin's



Sovfoto

POLAND'S GOMULKA
Mine may wince, but Wlad is glad.

reign, granite-faced Gomulka is something of a hero today, not only among Polish party members, but to a public long-starved of popular heroes. Gomulka is being carefully built up as national Communist leader and at the Party Congress next March is expected to take over his old office of Party Secretary. It is conceivable, although not by any means certain, that he can lead the "liberals" to a decisive break with Russia and a kind of Titoist independence.

So far, all the evidence from Poland has pointed to a struggle over purely internal affairs, but there was at least a small hint last week of a new and independent foreign policy. In 1947 the U.S. offered Poland Marshall Plan aid, but before the Poles could accept, the plan was slapped down by Stalin. A leading Polish Communist editor wrote in *Poprostu* that the Communist Party line opposing the Marshall Plan had been wrong. The Polish Communists, looking ahead to the day when they might achieve independence, were possibly thinking how the U.S. might then aid them, as it has aided Yugoslavia.

YUGOSLAVIA

Private Talk

Dining with Marshal Tito at Brioni last month, Russia's First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev, his big mauler wrapped around a glass of slivovitz, gave a toast to Socialism. Said he: "Socialism is like an army marching. If one man is out of step, it spoils everything." Cracked a lesser Yugoslav at Nikita's bent elbow: "When a soldier is out of step is it the fault of the soldier or of the music that's being played?" Last week the news from Belgrade was that the music from Moscow was still out of tune, and/or Yugoslavia's Communists were still out of step.

Tito, in his second week back from the Communist conclave in the Crimea, stayed out of reach in his White Palace. But an official spokesman of his government declared: "No decisions were made in the Khrushchev-Tito talks [which were] of a purely private character." Private or not, a lot of Yugoslav Communists were being told, officially and in gossip, what had happened at Yalta. "There was one unexpected thing," a Tito spokesman confessed in the official party organ *Borba*. "The letter circulated [by the Soviet Communists] to the [satellite] Communist parties . . . expressed the opinion [that] our country and its leadership is not Marxist. [This] is not in the spirit of the . . . Moscow declaration on relations between the Yugoslav Communists and the Soviet Communist Party"

That Dog. Rank-and-file Yugoslav Communists were getting an even more sensational line on the talks. This was that there was a definite split in the top Soviet hierarchy, with pro-Titoists Khrushchev, Bulganin and Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov ranged against such anti-Titoists as Presidium Members Molotov, Kaganovich, Suslov and Soviet President Voroshilov. At a recent plenum of the Central Committee in Moscow, according to the story being circulated among the Belgrade Communists, Molotov (downgraded from Foreign Minister at the time of Tito's visit to the Soviet Union last June) had attacked Yugoslav Vice President Edvard Kardelj (a leader in Yugoslavia's 1948 quarrel with Stalin) as a "bourgeois diplomat." And to underscore Molotov's attitude towards Tito himself, a story was being told of a Peking reception at which Red China's Mao Tse-tung inquired of the Belgrade ambassador, "How is Tito?" and Molotov, standing near by, was heard to say, "That dog."

The visit to Belgrade of Communist delegations from some satellite states was being explained as a triumph for Tito's bold policy of more independence for those countries—but also as a sign of Khrushchev's inability to sell that liberalized policy to his Kremlin colleagues. It was given out that, although relations are improving (e.g., ousted Hungarian Premier Imre Nagy, who has Tito's backing, was reinstated to Communist Party membership last week), there were still many outstanding "ideological differences" between satellites Hungary, Rumania,

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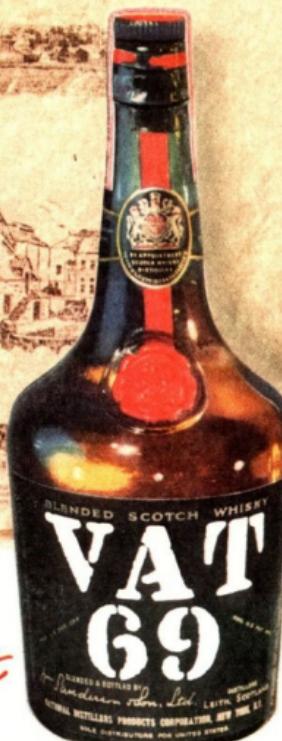
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nia, Bulgaria and independent Yugoslavia. The Italian Communist delegation, led by Luigi Longo, No. 2 to Italian Communist Leader Togliatti, was warmly received, and Comrade Longo was reportedly much interested in Tito's "workers' management," which he described as "direct democracy." On the other hand, the French Communist Party, rigidly controlled by the Molotov-Suslov faction, it was said, was dragging its feet on invitations to send a delegation to confer with Tito.

Unhelping Hand. In sum, what the rank-and-file Yugoslav Communists were being told about the Tito-Khrushchev talks was that Tito had not been successful in strengthening Khrushchev's hand at Yalta. There was even speculation in Belgrade that Khrushchev, fighting a formidable opposition in his own party, might not remain long in power.

While all these down-the-line explanations were reassuring to Yugoslav Communists, they also performed another function. Cordially leaked to newsmen, they established Marshal Tito firmly in his role of rugged independent. Coming at a moment when the U.S. was deciding what further aid should be given to Tito, they seemed just little too neatly tailored, as if designed for Western consumption. The world was still waiting for a full account of the strange meeting from Tito himself.

HONG KONG

Trouble on the Double Tenth

The overcrowded Crown Colony of Hong Kong is the scene of a quiet but intense battle for the loyalties of its 2,500,000 Chinese inhabitants. Each year the measure of the battle is in the number of flags that fly on Red China's National Day on Oct. 1 and Nationalist China's older "Double Tenth" anniversary on Oct. 10. As the Double Tenth dawned last week, the white-starred banner of the Republic of China seemed to have peacefully triumphed over the five-starred Red flag. Then an impetuous official ripped down two Nationalist flags in a strongly anti-Communist refugee project in Kowloon, across the bay from Hong Kong island. Riots, fear, death suddenly erupted across the peninsula.

It was started by enraged refugees, who stormed the government refugee offices where the Nationalist flags were removed. They smashed everything in sight and fired the building. Then, clotting into crowds and then into mobs, they fanned out to other parts of the colony. Club-swinging police dispersed some, but by dusk the rioters had gathered again, in greater strength. Stones and water fell down from rooftops onto the heads of police reinforcements. Their night sticks and tear gas could not still the rioters.

Tomb of Asphalt. Through the night thousands of Chinese ranged the streets, looting and burning shops, factories and



Associated Press

BURNING TAXI & CREMATED DRIVER IN HONG KONG
In a lost shoe, a human foot.

schools considered to have pro-Communist affiliations. Then, though it had begun as an anti-Communist eruption, the violence gradually changed complexion. The crowds began singling out foreigners. Europeans were dragged from their cars, beaten mercilessly while their cars were burned. By the morning of the second day, blood lust was running high. Along Kowloon's broad Nathan Road some rioters overturned and fired a taxi bearing Swiss Vice Consul Fritz Ernst and his wife. The escaping driver fell into the arms of the mob, who doused him with gasoline and cremated him on a bed of bubbling asphalt. The Ernsts escaped, but Mrs. Ernst died of burns 48 hours later.

By the afternoon of the second day, as spotter planes wheeled overhead and tear and vomit-gas bombs popped wildly, Hong Kong's Acting Governor Edgeworth B. David at long last ordered British troops into the troubled areas, soon swept the rioters off the streets. In the debris stretcher-bearers found a shoe containing a human foot. There also were 47 dead, almost all of them rioters destroyed by the terror they had fed. Nearly a hundred stores and buildings had been sacked and burned, and a pall of the smoke of burning looted hovered over Kowloon. Governor David ordered the first curfew in Hong Kong's history. Military forces and police moved in to mop up a fiercely resisting core of rioters, arrested 3,000 Chinese suspected of provoking or leading rioters.

Convenient Theory. When the city was calm again, the government announced its finding: the riots had been caused by Chinese secret societies that victimize the refugees. This was a convenient theory, designed to offend neither the Communists nor the Nationalists, and no one gave it much credence. The riots were undoubtedly spontaneous, but the well-disciplined movements and the antiforeigner manifestations that marked their later stages

smacked suspiciously of classic Communist tactics. As the only political organization in Hong Kong capable of such efficient exploitation, the Communists stood to gain by using the violence to 1) test Hong Kong's strength for a possible Communist takeover, 2) discredit the Nationalists internationally. A pointed warning came from Communist China, just across the border. "China," said Red Premier Chou En-lai, "can neither ignore nor permit such events." Said an official broadcast: "We will watch carefully whether the British are capable of maintaining peace and order in Hong Kong and Kowloon."

CHINA

The Old Yen

The flag of Japan's Rising Sun flew in Peking last week alongside the five-star banner of Communist China. Below, on the stone gates of a huge hall built by the Russians two years ago to house their industrial exhibition, the legend "Chinese-Russian Friendship" had been scraped out, and the Chinese had diligently chiseled instead: "China-Japan Amity." Peking, exploiting any opportunity to loosen Japan's ties with the West, had decided to make a big thing of a Japanese trade fair, the first since the prewar days when North China was the biggest market in imperial Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere."

Because their International Trade Ministry forbids the sale of heavy industrial goods to the Communists, the Japanese exhibitors displayed only light machinery, textiles and the gadgets for which their factories are famous. Yet on opening day Chairman Mao Tse-tung led 85,000 Chinese through the show. Fascinated by the mechanical toys, Mao spent part of his two-hour visit delightedly pressing buttons to make a toy bus stop, back and

* Marking the founding of the Chinese Republic by Dr. Sun Yat-sen on Oct. 10, 1911.



Spare the hand and Spoil the suit

Even in this land of mass production with its fantastic assembly lines, the making of a really good suit of clothes is still a craft requiring the art, the time, the skill and the dexterity of people who are craftsmen. It is hand work from start to finish. It is done by men and women who have been able to develop a knack and a rhythm by doing the very same thing thousands of times. It has been said they have 'eyes in their fingers.'

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turn by remote control. He also found time to say: "I realize Japan's connections with the U.S. make the problem difficult, but we hope for restored Sino-Japanese relations." Other comrades, queuing for half a mile to get in, fought for glimpses of Japanese cameras, electronic fishing gear and TV. Television, in fact, was the hit of the show. The Japanese had brought a small transmitting outfit and set up a receiver in Mao's office, in the exhibition hall and in some 20 other vantage spots around town. At one point, the TV network broadcast a film of Mao's visit to the exhibition. When Chairman Mao saw himself waving to people as he was leaving the hall, his round, bland face split like a sliced watermelon with a wide smile; he clapped his hands and cried, "Hao, hao" (Good, good).

BECHUANALAND

The Prodigal Chief

To the white-supremacy neighbors just over the border in South Africa, he was "just another Kaffir returning to his kraal." To British officialdom, according to solemn agreement, he was a private citizen of Bechuanaland, with all the rights thereof, permitted to return at last to his homeland. But to a hundred thousand Bamangwato tribesmen whose kraals spread over 40,000 sq. mi. of Bechuanaland, Seretse Khama, 34, was still the chief. Last week, as a charter aircraft flew Seretse back from six years' exile in Britain, the Bamangwato, with their wives and children, crowded the airport at Francistown by the thousands. Many had trekked for days through the parched African bush to be there in time for his arrival. "Our chief is home again!" they screamed as the aircraft touched down and the returning exile emerged to greet his Uncle Tshekedi, whose complaints about Seretse's marriage to a white woman (still in London but soon to join her husband) had sparked all the trouble eight years ago.

Observing to the letter his pledge to Britain to behave as a private citizen, Oxford-educated Seretse did nothing to encourage the welcoming demonstration. But he had no need to. Women swarmed to kiss the hood of his car. Men flung themselves in the dusty road before it or clambered on its fenders to cheer their chief. All along the hot, dusty, 140-mile drive to Serowe, the roads were lined with cheering, weeping Bamangwato, and the capital itself was thronged with tribesmen who had waited since dawn without food or water to shout their welcome. Even Seretse's own attempts to halt the cheering and speak a word of thanks were futile. "Seretse! Seretse! Seretse!" cried his former subjects, and the ex-chief could only smile back helplessly.

In dusty Bechuanaland the greatest blessing of all is rain, and for months of drought the tribesmen had prophesied, "Seretse will bring rain." Suddenly, amid the cries of welcome last week, torrents of sweet rain fell on the parched thirstland of the returning chief and his thousands of bareheaded cheering subjects.

INDIA

The Crust of the Seventh Loaf

In a forest in Hyderabad nearly three centuries ago (so the story goes), a prince met a holy man begging bread. Stricken to the heart by his plight, the prince gave the beggar seven loaves of fine bread. In gratitude, the holy man put his blessing on the prince's family for seven generations, one for each loaf. In the years that followed the prince's descendants, the Nizams of the princely state of Hyderabad, became the richest lords of all, in an India laden with rich potentates. Even the humble men who declared India an independent republic in 1950 were loth to impose



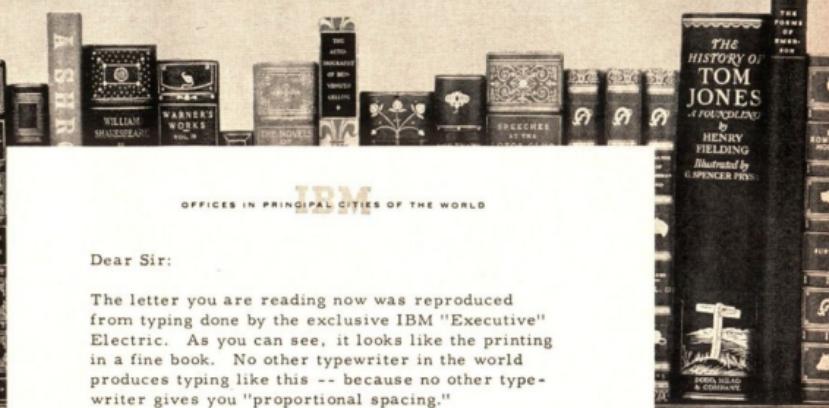
Dunagu—Pic

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE
The last one of those flings.

their democratic ways too swiftly on the 562 potentates who ruled their nation's princely states in unmatched autocratic panoply.

Today, however, as the miserly old seventh Nizam of Hyderabad approaches his 71st birthday, the blessings of the beggar in the forest have run out, not only for the Nizam's family, but for those of all the once-great princes of India. They are shorn of their royal power, and by the end of this month, when India will officially reign in its states, their last royal vestiges, excepting their personal wealth, will disappear. Last week, as the day approached, royal princes by the score journeyed into the palmed city of Mysore in custom-built Cadillacs, svelte Jaguars and private trains for a final royal fling. The occasion was the final Dashahara durbar of the fat (300 lbs.), rich, able, music-loving Maharaja of Mysore, who has

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any. There are risks as well as rewards in owning any kind of property. That's why it's important to get the facts before you invest. And use extra money left over after bills are paid and you've provided for emergencies.

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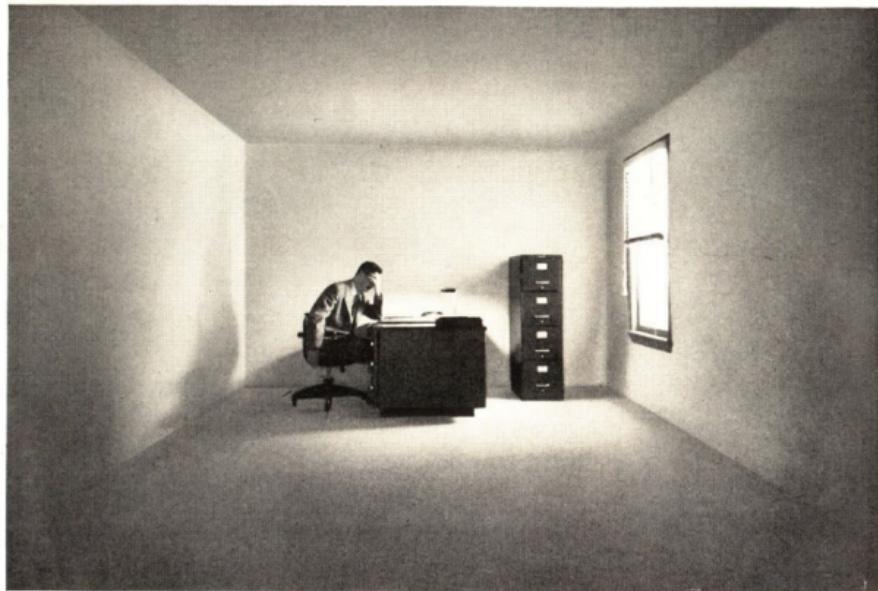
ruled his state as *rajpramukh* since the coming of the republic.

Elephants in the Hall. Combining in some measure the functions of a prince and a governor, with salaries ranging up to \$120,000 a year, the title *rajpramukh* was bestowed by the republic on seven of the most powerful princes (along with allowances ranging upward to \$1,000,000) as a sop to their pride. But even that comes to an end with the realignment of states. As a mere governor, poking along on his privy purse (\$520,000) and an annual salary of \$13,000, the maharaja would be able to throw no more parties like this. All through the elaborate, tediad ceremony that marked the twilight of his greatness, farmers and shopkeepers by the thousand poured into the city from every corner of his old realm, standing in patient lines to glimpse his stables of thoroughbreds, his gold-and-silver coaches, the Daimlers, Cadillacs and Rolls-Royces in his garages. At the great final display in his red-carpeted durbar hall, some 30,000 of them gathered before the shedlike structure, as big as a football field, to see the prince himself.

Huge and amiable, the former autocrat puffed up the gold-and-silver ladder to his jewel-encrusted throne, and just as the royal backside touched the gold-brocaded pillow waiting to receive it, thousands upon thousands of lights blazed up all over the city. Elephants with gilded toenails lumbered past the prince. Indian regiments struggled bravely to keep their Scottish bagpipes skirling, while acrobats wheeled and tumbled. One by one Mysore's distinguished citizens approached the throne holding an offering of gold, and the maharaja, his diamond earrings a jangle, tapped the proffered coin to show that he accepted it, but only symbolically.

All in all, it was a lavish show to signify the end of a lavish era, and the maharaja made it clear throughout that there would not be another like it. In the future, the expenditure of rupees in Mysore will be carefully watched. The maharaja has decreed a tax of 16¢ on any car, Jaguar or model T, that enters the city. And, he promises, there will be no nonsense about accepting the money in symbol only.

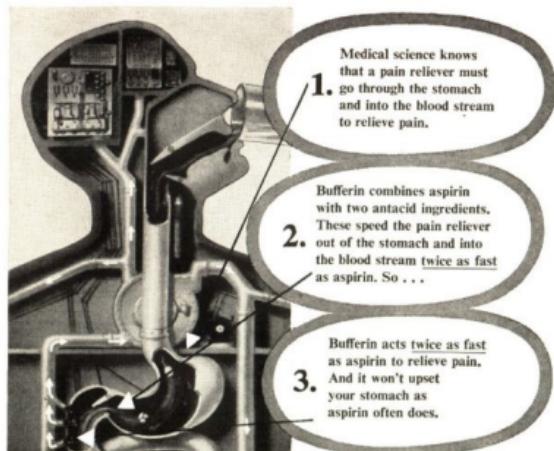
Tigers on the Rocks. Other princes, facing a future as bleak, were also busy adjusting themselves to the new order. Some have already retired to live off their riches in the luxury of European high life, where a prince is still a prince whether he fights or not. Some entered local politics to fight the Congress Party, which brought them low. Some have even joined the Congress Party; a few have become scholars and farmers. Many more are turning their estates and their palaces over to the tourist trade. As the tiger-hunting season approached last week, the Maharajas of Bhopal and Cooch Behar were both busily booking American guests for two-week tiger hunts on their demesnes. The fee of \$1,500 single or \$2,500 a couple includes martinis every night, a portable flush toilet in every tent, and a 25% refund guaranteed "if a tiger is not brought within shooting distance."



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EXPLORING SOUTHDALE, new 70-store shopping center opened this month in suburban Minneapolis, Sam Hunt is escorted by William Crear, Jr., right, of Dayton's, the famed department store that developed this \$20,000,000 project. Mr. Hunt, a former merchant himself and present board chairman of a large wholesale company, has been a director of American Hardware Mutual since 1934.

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Painting by R. Levering

Buying A New Suit

She knows more about fabric values than he does—and she's very much aware of how important it is for him to dress well. Besides—she and the kids want him to be the handsomest man on the block! Again, *Togetherness* inspires the buying decision.

The magazine of Togetherness reaching more than 4,750,000 families... **McCall's**

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

Everything Up

Mexico's government, presiding happily over a two-year-old boom, had fresh facts last week to justify bullish predictions for the years ahead. Items:

¶ The Treasury announced a 1955 surplus of 670 million pesos (about \$55 million), the largest in Mexico's history. The nest egg was piled up mainly by a 37% increase in government income—comfortably ahead of the 30% rise in government spending.

¶ Finance Minister Antonio Carrillo Flores reported that Mexico's dollar balance now stands at \$431 million and is still rising. Metals, coffee and tourism led the

into rural shacks or perched on fences to trade ribald banter and homely philosophy with the *jíbaros* (country folk) who support him. He called meetings of local committees of his Popular Democratic Party, and around tables loaded with bottles of beer and rum chatted with the politicos until long after midnight. Occasionally, discarding his tie and his habitual melancholy expression, he made a hoarse oration.

This year Muñoz Marín is challenged by a man renowned enough to cut down the 65% majority Muñoz Marín earned in 1952. Luis Ferré, 51, is a member of Puerto Rico's most important and progressive industrialist family. Master of a fortune earned in cement, glass, shipping,



CHALLENGER FERRÉ CAMPAIGNING

When statehood flies in the window, the tax collector knocks on the door.

way as dollar earners, and just since September the balance jumped \$20 million.

¶ The U.S. Export-Import Bank authorized a \$50 million development loan, its first to Mexico in three years. Most of the money will go for rehabilitation of railroads and for expansion of the Altos Hornos steel mill.

¶ Carrillo Flores looks forward to another, perhaps more modest surplus in the current fiscal year, and also foresees a continuing rise in dollar balance for the rest of 1956. Next year, he predicts, both surplus and dollar credit will level off under the impact of increased spending for imports. Meanwhile, Mexico's main continuing problem will be a nagging inflation, still pushing the cost of living up at the rate of 9% a year.

PUERTO RICO

Running Unscreamed

With the relaxed confidence of an old master, Puerto Rico's Luis Muñoz Marín, 58, campaigned this month for a third term as the island's governor—a job first held (in 1909) by Juan Ponce de León. Wearing the usual rumpled seersucker, Muñoz Marín stopped at roadsides, walked



GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARÍN SPEAKING AT RALLY

Michel Alexis

title-making and trucking, he believes that "industry is not a collection of machines and tools and buildings. It is a social entity that has the responsibility of realizing the happiness of those who work in it." Ferré industries were famed for paying a \$1-an-hour minimum wage long before it was ever required. An honor graduate of M.I.T. and an accomplished pianist, Ferré has been campaigning hard and speaking on television every week.

The significant, underlying issue of the election is Puerto Rico's relationship with the U.S. Ferré's party wants the island to ask Congress for statehood—which would give Puerto Ricans the vote in U.S. elections, but would subject them to the income tax. Muñoz Marín sticks by his self-designed commonwealth status, under which Puerto Rico has substantial home rule along with tariff-free access to the U.S. mainland market, plus the common citizenship with the U.S. that lets the island's unemployed migrate freely. The majority of Puerto Ricans seem to like the commonwealth plan, and those who do not are split between Ferré's Statehood Party and the diehard Independence Party. With that advantage, Muñoz Marín had little reason to run scared.

whose business it is to know the country well, "is being wrecked as thoroughly as Perón wrecked the Argentine economy—and faster."

Colombia's President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, unlike Perón, is bent on no zany program of economic change. He is a professional military officer thrown by the chance of a 1953 revolution into the strong-man leadership of the almost 13 million people of South America's third most populous country (after Brazil and Argentina). Preoccupied with the politics of staying in power, he failed to keep a sufficiently attentive eye on the economy. Now the figures add up to a mess (see chart).

Buying Spree. The mess is mainly the result of a reckless national buying spree. It began in mid-1954, when high coffee prices earned Colombia a record income. Then coffee prices fell. To curb the spree, the government put its faith in two major controls:

¶ Channeling incoming dollars through the central bank, which doled them out (at an artificially, cheap 2.5 pesos to a dollar) to importers.

¶ A licensing system that aimed at dividing imports into essentials and luxu-

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Pioneer, Darby, Pa.

ties, and penalizing the luxuries with taxes.

The controls failed; the cutbacks on luxuries were offset by increases in essentials. The bank fell behind in supplying dollars. Exporters abroad, fearful of losing a fine long-range market, shrugged at their uncollected bills and continued to ship. Colombia's gold and foreign-exchange reserves began to fall.

Belatedly the government permitted a fraction of the incoming dollars to go into a free market, and forced importers of luxuries to buy them. It reclassified many essentials as luxuries. Growing demand for the free dollar drove it up from 3.75 pesos a year ago to 5.12 last week.

Missing Millions. As nearly as worried U.S. exporters could piece together the increasingly vague official figures, the amount of imports moved closer to the amount of exports. But Colombia's reserves, ominously, did not reflect the improvement; instead they dropped to a

a fed-up Colombian businessman: "The only thing you can make with a warship is an admiral."

The Choices. Finally facing up to the crisis last month, Rojas Pinilla accepted the resignation of the Finance Minister who had presided over the mess. Finding a successor proved embarrassingly hard, but a fortnight ago Rojas appointed an energetic, unorthodox banker named Luis Morales, 38, who in six years has built Colombia's Banco Popular from a competitor of pawnshops to a powerful bank.

Morales' options are tightly limited. He can probably expect no healing U.S. loans to consolidate and ease the commercial debt. Plugging up the loopholes in the import controls would help, and Morales' first act was to announce an austerity that would, he said, pointedly, "cover all fields, including the military." He followed up by calling a temporary halt to import licensing. But many Colombian economists think that in the end he will have to make imports more expensive by a forthright devaluation of the peso.

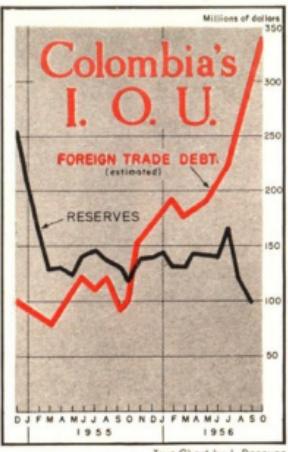
HONDURAS

"By a Landslide"

A truck and a jeep full of pith-helmeted cops armed with rifles and Sten guns rolled up to Tegucigalpa's central Prado Hotel on election day last week and glowered at a jeering crowd of demonstrators from the Liberal Party, main opposition to the government of Chief of State Julio Lozano. From behind, some barefoot kids stole up and pelted the policemen with banana and orange peels. Furious, the squad's commander pulled out a pistol and fired into the crowd. A woman screamed. The rest of the cops opened up, mostly firing wild. One man was killed, nine persons wounded.

Two backlands battles were even deadlier because they pitted government troops and supporters against a tough garrison commander and some soldiers still loyal to longtime (1933-48) Dictator Tiburcio ("Buchó") Carias, whose Nationalist Party also opposes Lozano. Ten were killed. Lesser violence influenced the vote in other places. Voters in one village reported that police forced them at gunpoint to chew up and swallow their Liberal ballots, then forced them to vote for the government's National Union Party (P.U.N.).

A day or two after the election, the government announced, without any accurate count of the votes, that it had won all 56 seats in the constituent assembly, to convene Nov. 1. Its first act will be to elect Dictator Lozano President of Honduras for six years, with General Abraham Williams Calderón, 62, cigar-chomping leader of the P.U.N. as First Vice President. Lozano was blandly pleased. "It's the natural ambition of every citizen to reach the highest office his country can offer," he purred. Williams was equally content. "We won by a landslide," he said with a straight face. Better yet, the aging (71) ailing Lozano had openly hinted that he planned to step down in a year and turn over the government to Williams.



TIME Chart by J. Donovan

thin-ice \$91 million, while the backlog kept growing.

What happened to the missing millions? New York banks and exporters put a big part of the blame on unreported government spending abroad. In particular, the pampered armed forces, Rojas Pinilla's main prop, are buying heavily, both of military hardware and of such luxuries as canned beer and TV sets, to be sold cheaply to soldiers.

A rich nation too poor to pay its bills has suffered many economic pangs as a result. The World Bank is holding back on a railroad loan. The TVA-like Cauc Valley project, which will need foreign funds, is marking time. Foreign investors are wary. The growth of industrialization has been held back just when it is most needed to prevent the debt backlog from rising (by local manufacture of goods now imported, for example). And the nonproductive military imports of jet planes, guns and destroyers are no help. Said

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Dominican Playboy **Porfirio** ("I just try to make women happy") **Rubirosa**, 47, seemed afflicted by true love. In his legal partnerships so far, Rubirosa has always poorly concealed the practical methods that leavened his romantic madness. In his previous altar junkets he got: the boss's daughter (No. 1 was Flor de Oro Trujillo, golden flower of the Dominican dictator), glamour and oodles of connections (No. 2 was French Cinematress Danielle Darrieux), and the good life (No. 3 and No. 4: Heiresses Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton). No. 5-to-be can give him none of these things, but moonstruck Rubirosa, aching to marry her "probably within one month," husked that his fiancée, fast-rising Paris Actress **Odile** (*Fabien*) **Rodin**, 19,⁹ is "pretty, intelligent, gracious and good."

Heckled by creditors, Greece's hard-pressed (at \$250,000 a year) **King Paul** was voted a sympathetic raise to a \$383,333 annual stipend. Then, however, he learned that some parliamentary Deputies had opposed the increase. He promptly turned it down, proudly vowed to cut expenses by making "radical changes in palace life."

The music world's most talented and tempestuous diva, Manhattan-born Soprano **Maria Meneghini Callas**, winged from Italy to touch native soil for the first time since she held eight outnumbed process servers to a draw in a Chicago Civic Opera House fracas (*TIME*,

* No kin to famed French Sculptor Auguste Rodin, Odile changed her surname from Berard.



Kavallines—N.Y. Herald Tribune

SOPRANO CALLAS

She came without a greeting.

Nov. 21). Sued for \$300,000 by a Manhattan attorney who keeps on claiming that she owes him 10% of her earnings since he launched her in 1947 (when she scaled almost 200 lbs.), slim (5 ft. 7 in., 132 lbs.) Maria will make her Metropolitan Opera debut late this month. No process servers greeted her at New York's Idlewild Airport, and Prima Donna Callas fell happily into the arms of her papa, a Bronx pharmacist.

As the fog began closing in, Britain embarked on an autumn grousing season, picked as its first target a member of the royal family. The victim: **bonnie Prince Charles**, 7, fresh back in Buckingham Palace after a long Scottish holiday. The question, quickly debated by irritable



International

PRINCE CHARLES
Trumper's never tells.

newspaper readers: Assuming that Charles has a brow, is it high, middle or low? Noting that on his return "the prince's hair was even closer to his eyebrows than usual," London's more or less crewcut *Daily Express* pressed the attack with a monumental grouse: "Not one photograph of him has ever revealed his forehead!" The trail led to an elegant tonsorial emporium called Trumper's, which fortnightly dispatches a barber named Crisp to the palace to shear Charles (price of the haircut: 62¢). What manner of brow lurks beneath the Prince's plunging forelock? "We never," announced Trumper's aloofly, "discuss the heir's hair."

Into the White House, amidst a week roiling with campaign screams and baseball meemies, strolled serene serine highness in the persons of young-jowled **Prince Rainier** and **Princess Grace** of Monaco. All tokens pointed to continued good relations between the U.S. and the vest-



United Press

PRINCESS GRACE & PRINCE RAINIER
She refused to say.

pocket principality, as **President Eisenhower** and the royal couple chatted easily of places they've all visited and people they've known—and fishing. Rummaging in his desk drawer for a gift for Rainier, Ike pulled out a velvet-swathed box, then suddenly changed his mind and instead handed the Prince a handsome leather-covered box with a "fishing lighter" for cigarettes. After their 25-minute social call, Monaco's rulers moved on to a press conference in the office of Press Secretary James Hagerty. Although eligible to vote in the presidential elections, Grace declined to say whether she is a Democrat (her millionaire papa, John B. Kelly Sr., is a big-wheel Democrat in Philadelphia) or for whom she would vote; in fact, she doubted that she would vote for anyone because of "my marriage to the head of a foreign state." Smiled the Prince: "She's a *Monagasque*." After they limousined away, the White Housers, sighing over the afternoon's dash of glamour, went back to work.

Back at his Pentagon desk for the first time since his prostate operation, jovial Defense Secretary **Charles E. Wilson** sorted through a pile of well-wishers' messages, waved one that especially tickled him: "Dear Sir: I wouldn't vote Republican for less than \$100,000 . . . but I like you and hope you get well soon. [Signed] A Democrat." "Engie Charlie" later allowed that he was feeling fine and drew guffaws from reporters by boomeranging a bit of Democratic drivelry about the health issue. "I might flippantly say," quipped Wilson, "that I'm qualified now to run for some kind of a high office."

In a pronouncement recorded for Voice of America broadcasts, British Prophet **Arnold** (*A Study of History*) **Toynbee** admonished his listeners: "Is mankind going to rid itself of two of its three tra-

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ditional scourges—war and pestilence—only to be done to death by the third scourge, famine? Surely we are not going to be so stupid as that!" With no more war and everybody living longer, however, Toynbee foresaw no way for the human race to avoid wholesale starvation unless it faces "the problem of limiting the birth rate." This could be done, said he, by persuading or compelling parents to limit the size of their broods. It would be necessary, of course, added Toynbee, to persuade some people to change "some of the tenets of their ancestral religion . . . Man's new religion may hardly be recognizable."

After having graced most lists of the world's best-dressed women ever since she became a best-dressed duchess (in 1937), the redoubtable **Duchess of Windsor** abruptly slapped the hands of the arbiters who have long applauded her. Snapped she: "How could such a list be anything but phony, when most of the judges sell dom see me or the other people they are voting for?"

Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* printed a translation of a poem composed to extol his war in Indo-China by Viet Nam's spaghetti-bearded Red Boss **Ho Chi Minh**. In one stanza Ho seemed to allow that sometimes he lounged back in headquarters, boozing it up while his boys were out sniping at the French: "Leisure after work/on army affairs; autumn/wind/autumn rain and autumn cold/ Chills; then one hears/the sound of flutes/coming through the hills; guerrillas have returned/and I rejoice that wine enough is left for them."

Manhattan gossipists worked hard to fill the gaps made in their columns by the departure for Hollywood of robustious (40-18-35!) Actress **Jayne (Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?) Mansfield**. With a truffle hound's nose for publicity, Jayne quickly found filmland agog by flapping her charms at anyone who could rush her into print or picture. Lurching with the New York *Herald Tribune's* Hollywood Legman Joe Hyams, Jayne, bubbling over her first film stardom ("Everybody calls me Miss Mansfield") in a movie to be released under the titillating title of *The Girl Can't Help It*, modestly explained what the "It" stands for: "Sex appeal, what else? This girl I play has the most fabulous body in the world, but she's unaware of her sex appeal. All she wants to be is a wife and mother, but sex keeps getting in the way. She's like me, you might say." Collaring a local United Pressman, she crowed for quotation: "They're not hiding too much of me. Just enough so people can hear the dialogue." However, Jayne reserved her most intimate confidence—about her current flame, protein-packed Mickey ("Mr. Universe") **Hargitay**—for Columnist Sidney Skolsky: "Mickey is a 52-inch chest expansion and I measure over 40 inches—and we both have short arms. All this makes dancing difficult."

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CAMEMBERT

A soft, delicate cheese, Camembert is one of the world's classic dessert and tray cheeses. Served at room temperature it boasts a rich, full but mild flavor. The interior is yellow and creamy in texture, the outside has a thin, natural crust. The Italian version, Bel Paese, is similar in character but more firm and mild. Camembert was created by Marie Harel in 1791. It was Napoleon's favorite, and was named by him in honor of the French village where it was first produced. Try it on slices of pears or apples, or crackers!



PROVOLONE

A smoky, masculine cheese of Italian origin, Provolone is light in color and firm to the touch. You can spot Provolone by its distinctive "rope" marks from the sling in which it is suspended while aging. Serve it in finger slices with beverages, as a tasty partner to holiday turkey plates, or with fruit.



BLUE

Blue cheese comes from a famous family of cheeses whose history dates back to 1070. Blue is a semi-soft, crumbly white cheese veined throughout with blue mold. Its flavor is sharp, piquant and distinc-



tively pleasing. Add Blue to salad dressing, crumble it over salad greens, or serve Blue with toasted crackers for dessert. And connoisseurs know—it's a perfect foil for the bland flavor of turkey.



BRICK AND GOUDA

Cheese jollity personified! Clad in holiday red, the oval Gouda or the big, round Edam! Holiday cheese boxes look the part with either of these... holiday cheese trays brighten with their red-bordered slices. Plump and cheery as St. Nick's own cheeks... what a gift!

Brick is as socially acceptable as Cheddar, but with a bit of added zip to make life interesting. Brick Cheese combines the pleasure of both Cheddar and Limburger in flavor. Smooth, easy slicing, creamy in color, this tempting cheese stars during the holidays for snacks and nibbles... and, of course, with beverages.



SWISS

Swiss is called the "King of Cheeses." You know it by its distinctive holes and light yellow color. Gruyere, a variety of Swiss, has smaller holes and added body. The mild, nut-like flavor of Swiss makes it one of America's favorite cheeses. Swiss is a hard cheese that slices smoothly, and while it is primarily thought of as a sandwich or snack cheese, it has many cooking uses.



CHEDDAR (or American)

Cheddar is by far the most popular of all cheeses. It ranges in flavor from mild to very sharp, depending on the aging, and in color from creamy white to yellow or orange. Popularly known as American Cheese, Cheddar actually gets its name from an English village. Cheddar comes in wedges for easy slicing, club style for smooth spreading, and in packages for utmost convenience. It's a versatile cheese, being used for soups, desserts, cold snacks and hot dishes.

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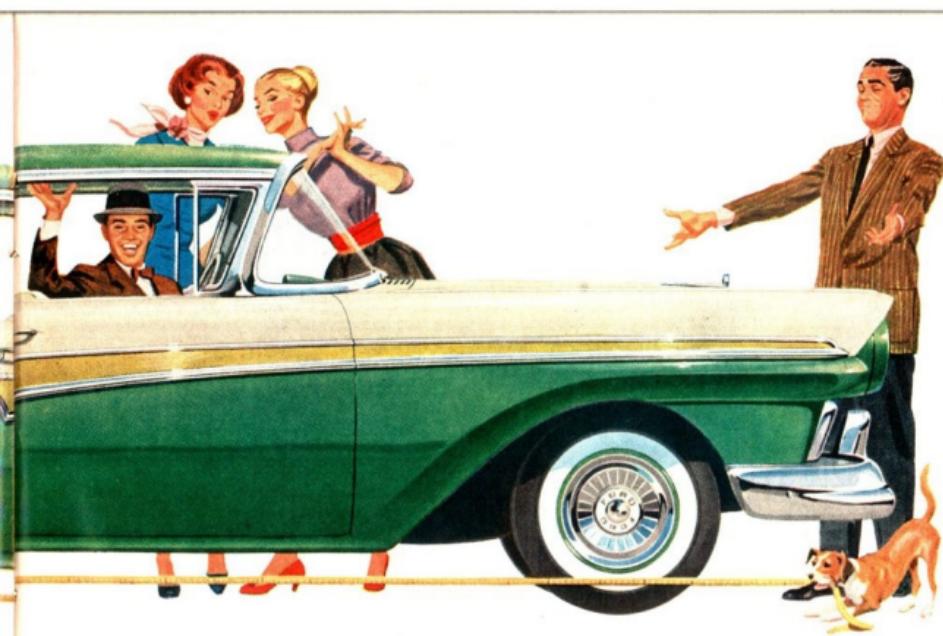


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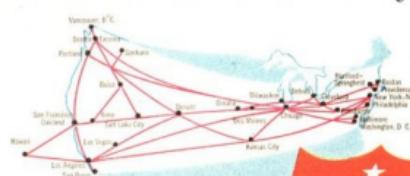


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Together

The 1826 prospectus described the *Christian Advocate* as "an entertaining, instructive and profitable family visitor." This week, in one of the most ambitious ventures in the history of church publishing, the U.S. Methodist Church split the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* into two visitors—one entertaining and one instructive.

The instructive visitor is for ministers: a trim, digest-sized monthly called *The New Christian Advocate*, packed with 22 pithy articles under such headings as Church Administration, Architecture & Building, Pastor & Parsonage. Illustrations and features enliven the pages between pastoral shoptalk ranging from "Preaching on Controversial Issues" to "Psychiatry Needs Religion." The centerfold is devoted to a spread of new gadgets calculated to gladden a ministerial eye, like the Carryor ("enables the minister to carry his pulpit robe easily"; \$8.75) or the miniature pew ("makes youngsters enjoy attending church"; \$5.95). The purpose of the new *Advocate*, said Los Angeles' Bishop Gerald Kennedy, will be to "bring back to men who have been beaten down by routine, the memory of their ordination and the sense of the dignity of their high calling." Initial circulation: 25,000.

For lay families the Methodist Publishing House has launched a spanking new slick-paper magazine called *Together*. Edited by Leland D. Case, onetime editor of *The Rotarian* (circ. 302,202), this 88-page "Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families" aims to have something for everybody. Manhattan's crowd-pulling Preacher Ralph W. Sockman contributes the lead article on "What My Religion Means to Me," but religion as such is subordinated to fiction and features; e.g., a movie guide with plus or minus recommendations broken down for adults, youth, children and family, a picture



HUNGARY'S ORDASS
On second thought, not guilty.

essay on a child with a cleft palate, an account of the world's record drop-kicked field goal (63 yards, in 1915, by Dakota Wesleyan's Halfback Mark Payne). Eye catcher is a color portfolio of portraits of Christ, vividly demonstrating how men have altered Christ's image to accord with the temper of their times and of themselves. The portraits range from the sad ascetic of the earliest 2nd century drawings through the agonized Renaissance Christ of Flemish Painter Albrecht Bouts to the smiling companion of Contemporary Ohio Painter Ivan Pusecker.

Prepublication demand has been so great that the initial print order was upped from 600,000 to 700,000. By the end of the year, *Together* expects to have 1,000,000 subscriptions.

The Bishop's Return

Lutheran Bishop Lajos Ordass (rhymes with war-dash) is a tough and gallant churchman. He was a valiant center of Hungary's anti-Nazi resistance during the occupation; in 1945 he was made Bishop of Budapest. The Communists found him no easier to handle than the Nazis had; he stubbornly resisted the nationalization of church schools. In 1948 the Communists arrested him on trumped-up charges of currency-law violation and sentenced him to two years in prison. Yielding to Communist pressure, the Hungarian Lutheran Church court deposed him as bishop. After his release in 1950, he retired to live quietly with his family in a Budapest apartment.

But Lutherans never ceased to work for the rehabilitation of Bishop Ordass. And as the leaders of the United Lutheran Church in America met last week for their 20th biennial convention in Harrisburg, Pa., good news came from Hungary. "The Presidential Council of the Supreme Court," growled Radio Budapest, "has declared Lajos Ordass not guilty for lack of evidence." The news was particularly gratifying to Manhattan's Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, re-elected president last week for his seventh term. Last summer Dr. Fry, chairman of the central committee of the World Council of Churches was in Galatyatö, near Budapest, for a meeting of the committee (TIME, Aug. 13). Rehabilitation was in the air and the Reds were courting the good opinion of the West; Dr. Fry seized his chance. He opened direct negotiations with the Hungarian government. Together with World Council Secretary W. A. Visser 't Hooft and Lutheran Bishop Hanns Lilje of Hannover, Dr. Fry made many a hurried trip between Galatyatö and Budapest and sat through many a tough-talking session before the Communists gave Dr. Fry assurance that Bishop Ordass would soon be completely exonerated. In addition to rehabilitation by the state, the Hungarian Lutheran Church has also revoked its deposition of



St. Bartholomew Church, Genoa



IMAGE OF CHRIST: 2ND CENTURY; BY ALBRECHT BOUTS (1455-1549); BY IVAN PUSECKER (1908-)
A sad ascetic, a tear-stained sufferer, a smiling companion.



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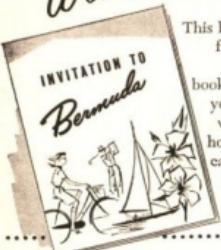
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52

HIGH FIDELITY
by BELL & HOWELL

Ordass, will soon reinstate him as Bishop of Budapest. "Until then," said Ordass last week in a letter to his church, "I have agreed to serve as theology professor. I abdicate only temporarily until the obstacles to the return of my former office are cleared away."

Sex & Censors

Is sex necessary on newsstands? Most U.S. citizens are content to leave the problem to the courts. But many an outraged parent is not inclined to wait for the slow-grinding mills of the law to protect his children from cheap and easy smut. The result may be a well-intentioned pressure group that tries to boycott and bully all available reading matter down to a soap-opera level. Writing in the current issue of *Harper's*, Editor John Fischer thinks he has found just that in what he calls "a little band of Catholics . . . conducting a shocking attack on the rights of their fellow citizens. They are engaged in an un-American activity . . . harming their country, their Church, and the cause of freedom."

Fischer's target is the National Organization for Decent Literature, headed by Msgr. Thomas Fitzgerald, director of the Chicago Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women. NODL's method, according to Fischer, is to put pressure on newsdealers, booksellers and drugstores to remove from their counters all books on a blacklist, which includes work of such literary mandarins as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, George Orwell, Emile Zola, Arthur Koestler and Joyce Cary. "In some places—notably Detroit, Peoria and the suburbs of Boston," Fischer writes, "the organization has enlisted the local police to threaten booksellers who are slow to 'cooperate.'"

In Chicago last week, Msgr. Fitzgerald retorted that Editor Fischer and NODL were really in "substantial agreement" on how to deal with the problem. Threats or boycotts should never be used, he said, but only "persuasion." NODL was no pressure group he insisted but merely a "clearinghouse for information, suggestions and current news for the men and women who generously devote their time and energy to the fight for decent literature."

But not all Catholics agree with Msgr. Fitzgerald, and many would not quarrel with Fischer's basic point: it is one thing for a minority to persuade readers not to read certain books, but it is quite another to in effect deprive all readers of books the minority declares unsuitable. Fischer quotes the eminent Roman Catholic moral theologian, Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., of Woodstock College, Md. "No minority group has the right to impose its own religious or moral views on other groups, through the use of methods of force, coercion or violence," says Father Murray. It is especially unwise for Catholics, he adds, "lest the Church itself be identified in the public mind as a power-association. The identification is injurious; it turns into hatred of the faith."

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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1956



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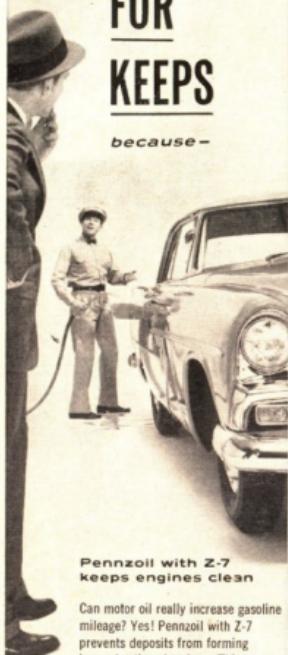


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THE PRESS

On the Spot

Mississippi officials feel strongly that the Northern press, through "sensationalism," has been misrepresenting the facts on segregation in their state. Last week Mississippi invited 20 small-town New England editors and publishers to come down at the state's expense to learn "the truth about what segregation is, and why." For seven days the editors toured the state as guests of the Mississippi Sovereignty Commission, set up by the legislature with \$250,000 to protect the state's "way of life." The commission's press-agent, Hal DeCell, 32, promised "to show them whatever they want to see, because we have nothing to cover up."

Before the Yankee editors got started, Mississippi's Governor J. P. Coleman explained that segregation would continue in Mississippi "for at least the next 50 years. We don't intend to obey the Supreme Court's decision because it is not based on law." But, he assured the newsmen, "there is no tension or malice or ill will between the races. I have not heard of any trouble where [Negroes] have voted." Most Negroes do not vote, he said, because of unwillingness to pay the poll tax or failure to pass a literacy test.

As the chartered bus sped from Jackson along the historic Natchez Trace, some of the editors were surprised to find no segregation in places of business. Editor J. Clark Samuel of Massachusetts' Foxboro Reporter was struck by "fine colored schools" and the sight of Negroes and whites "living in compatibility." Publisher John C. Bond of Massachusetts' Rockland Standard noted "a real effort to lift the level of the Negro educationally."

But the editors found that Mississippi did not live entirely up to Governor Coleman's billing. Items:

¶ Mound Bayou, the biggest (pop. 1,350) all-Negro town in the state, votes in every election. Vice Mayor I. E. Edwards said, but the ballots are never counted by election officials at the county seat.

¶ In some areas, said Mound Bayou's Postmaster C. V. Thurmond, it would be suicide for a Negro" even to attempt to vote. One minister who came to Itta Bena (pop. 1,725) to meet the editors said that when he had voted, his house was burned.

¶ In Cleveland (pop. 6,747) wealthy Attorney Ben Mitchell earnestly told the group: "The Negroes are just naturally and inherently inferior to white people."

¶ In Natchez (pop. 22,740) Negro leaders reported that the White Citizens' Councils have added to segregation practices. "We used to pay taxes at the same window," said one, "but now they have one marked colored and the other white."

Midway through the tour, Editor Paul Cummings Jr. of New Hampshire's Peterborough Transcript told a Southern colleague: "I wasn't sure what to believe before I made the trip. Now I find the worst is true. We don't condemn you for

practicing segregation. What we can't understand is how a people can be denied the right to vote in the U.S. To me this is unbelievable. I just couldn't believe it until I came down here and heard it firsthand." Then Editor Cummings turned to Pressagent DeCell, who also edits a weekly, and demanded: "Why did you people do this? Bring all of us down here, I mean. Doesn't it just show you up?"

"We just wanted to let you see for yourselves that Mississippians are not like the pictures painted by some Northern publications," replied DeCell.

"But we've only found out that basically those stories we read are true," said



Thatcher Walt—Clarkdale Press Register
INTERVIEW IN MISSISSIPPI*

The truth hurt.

Cummings. "Oh, they are sensationalized, but according to what we were told today, they are basically true."

As the end of the tour approached, a few of the New Englanders, like Editor Samuel, thought that "there will never be integration. Mississippi's way of life will remain as it is." But most of the editors felt that segregation was doomed even in Mississippi—though many believed that it might well linger as long as Governor Coleman's 50 years. Said Editor Cummings: "Equal justice must come. Our system makes no allowance for 47 states and Mississippi."

Randolph v. The People

As a small chip off a great old oaken block, Sir Winston Churchill's only son Randolph is one of Fleet Street's masters of the art of abuse, especially when he chooses the British press as a target

* The Rev. H. H. Humes of Greenville (foreground) with Editor John P. Kelly of the Bridgeport, Conn. Herald and Editor Paul C. Cummings Jr. of the Peterborough, N.H. Transcript.



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(TIME, Dec. 26). But though he can dish it out, Randolph Churchill, 45, last week showed he did not have to take it; he went to court to demand damages for libel from *The People*, mass-circulation (5,075,351) Sunday paper.

In an editorial during last year's rough-and-tumble election campaign, *The People* denounced Randolph's "wild blatherings" and called him "ignorant," an "egregious failure," "that slightly comic son of our great statesman," and one of the "paid hacks" writing "biased accounts of the campaign."

Randolph, his lawyer told the court last week, objected to "paid hack." Those words were accusing him of being "a journalistic prostitute and of writing for



Terence Le Goubin
NEWSMAN CHURCHILL
No hack he.

money what he was told—a common literary drudge." Actually, argued the lawyer, Randolph's value to editors was "the fact of his complete independence." He called witnesses from Fleet Street who testified that Randolph was indeed clamorously independent.

The most impressive witness to his independence was burly Randolph himself. Under cross-examination by Defense Barrister Gilbert Paull, he admitted readily that he had launched a campaign against the press, including *The People*, with a speech in 1953. "Was it not offensive?" asked the lawyer. Snapped Randolph: "Yes, it was meant to be."

Was it true that Churchill had described Lord Rothermere, publisher of the *Daily Mail*, as "romping around in the gutter?" Replied Randolph: "That is rather good stuff. Lord Rothermere is very much ashamed about it, but he goes on doing it. He will not thank you for giving further publicity to it in this court."

Q: You spend your life saying the most outrageous things about everybody?

A: About everybody I think is acting against the public interest.

Q: You called Sir William Haley [editor of the London *Times*] an automatic suppressor of news?

A: That was meant as a joke. He invited me out to lunch after I said that.

Q: You called my clients "lowest mongrel curs"?

A: That derives from a Fleet Street metaphor that dog does not eat dog. I continued the metaphor from the canine world.

Q: Did you call Mr. Attlee a "tardy little marionette"?

A: Yes. It is a rather good phrase.

The barrister for *The People* then flung his sharpest harpoon. Had Randolph even used the very expression "old hack" to describe Charles Eade, editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* (circ. 2,549,228)? Randolph freely admitted it, added: "So would you if you read the *Sunday Dispatch*. I suppose if Mr. Eade thought 'old hack' was a lie or a libel, he would have written to me."

A jury of ten men and two women retired to ponder Randolph's complaint and *The People's* defense that its words had been "fair comment on matters of public interest." After 45 minutes, they decided that Randolph had been libeled and fixed his award at a handsome £5,000 (\$14,000), plus costs.

Old Acquaintance

When Stanley Walker, sometime of the New York *Herald Tribune*, retired to his native Texas ten years ago, he had a place as Manhattan's most celebrated city editor since the New York *Evening World's* hard-boiled Charles E. Chapin*—and one of the few city editors in newspaper history who could write a decent paragraph. Last week, a successful rancher and freelancer at 57, Walker turned up in Dallas, 140 miles from his ranch, at the Southwest Journalism Forum. In a rattle of pronouncements on the state of U.S. journalism, he proved as tart as ever.

Q: On "objectivity" in newswriting: "It produces something like a symmetrical pile of clam shells with all the succulent goodness carefully removed."

Q: On the new generation of reporters: "Too many young people are entering newspaper work merely as a steppingstone to something else—usually a good press-agent's job. Newspaper work needs people with affection for it, who feel it offers no other steppingstone than to better newspaper work."

Q: On the editorial page: "The editorial pages of New York papers, except possibly that of the *New York Times*, have hit the lowest ebb in all history." He thought that the Chicago *Tribune* and St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* were still going strong, but noted a slump in the Baltimore *Sun's* editorial vigor.

Q: On freedom of the press: "Newspapers have the legal right to make fools of themselves, but the newspaper's critics and readers also have the right to attack it for making a fool of itself."

* Who fired 105 men, and died in Sing Sing in 1930 on a life stretch for the murder of his wife.

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Too Late the Phalarope (adapted from Alan Paton's novel by Robert Yale Libott). It is too bad that so much of the serious writing for the theater should be mere rewriting—that playwrights should turn to novels for their plays, as though the best way to make a chair were to cut down a sofa. Alan Paton's dramatized African novel, like so many other adaptations, including Joyce Cary's dramatized African novel, *Mister Johnson*, loses the swell and amplitude of fiction without achieving the drive and intensity of



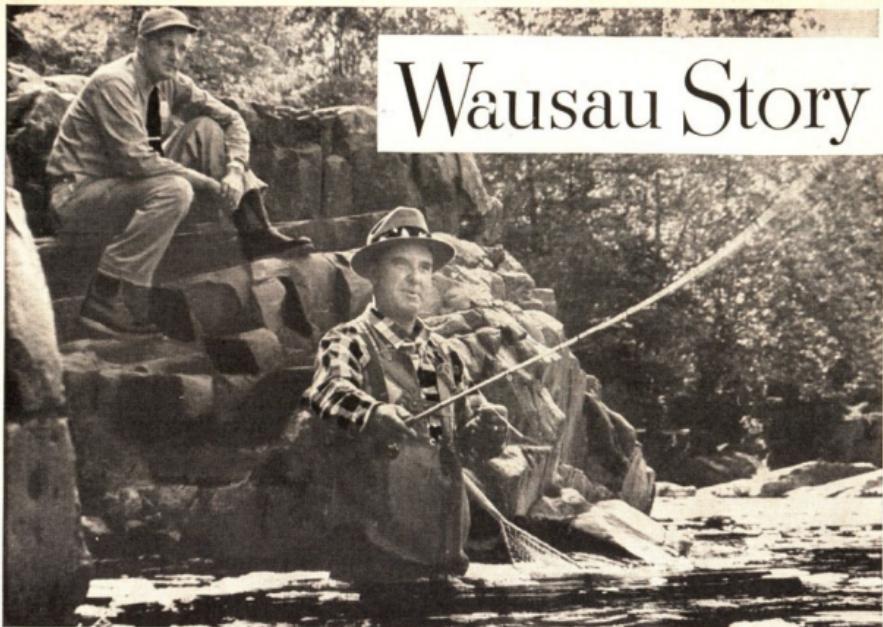
Eileen Darby—Graphic House

FINLAY CURRIE & BARRY SULLIVAN

The sofa becomes a chair.

drama. It is in some ways too obvious, in others too obscure; its scenes are choppy hitched on to one another like so many train coaches—and with the engine unfortunately at the wrong end.

This is the more costly in that *Too Late the Phalarope* has to fuse a variety of themes and a welter of relationships, while the story's very background is impious. The play involves the division between the Afrikaners and the English as well as between whites and blacks. Its young policeman hero (Barry Sullivan—who, by sinning with a native girl, tragically violates both the law and a relentless social code—stands in as fissuring a relationship to his bigoted Puritan father (Finlay Currie) as to his narrow, unresponsive wife. There are half a dozen sources of voltage and half a dozen reasons for crossed wires; and such a complex of race and religion, of family and sex, cannot be cut down without having something like the heart of it cut out. Adapter Libott has nowhere vulgarized the story. Director John Stix has nowhere sensationalized the storytelling. Scene Designer George Jenkins has almost everywhere



State Conservation Warden Bill Rollman guides John Cornelius to choice Wausau fishing spot.

**American Heritage Foundation President
discovers spirit behind Wausau's drive
for 100% voter registration**

by JOHN C. CORNELIUS

"THEY tell us when we're in Rome we should 'do as the Romans do.' So when I visited Wausau, I was out fishing in less time than it takes to say 'Register and Vote!'

"Actually, that's what I'd come to Wausau to say. The American Heritage Foundation is out to persuade all Americans that the way to safeguard our freedoms is by participation in the affairs of our nation. That means registering, informing yourself, and voting.

"I found Wausau people were well aware of that. They were out to get 100% of the eligible voters registered before the November elections. That would make Wausau the 'votingsest' city in America. I won't be a bit surprised to hear they've accomplished their goal.

"I'll tell you why I say that. Wausau people are blessed by the greatest natural treasures anyone can find anywhere...lakes and streams and wooded lands. They draw deeply from these treasures to build a good way of life.

"I've heard these people are 'good people to do business with.' They're 'good people to go along with' on their march to the polls."

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- Signs, posters, tags, announcements—reminders everywhere to get people to register and vote.
- Whatever is needed to get people to register is provided... everything from transportation to baby sitters.

*Girl Scouts Celeste Duckworth
and Marjorie Goldberg pin a
"vote" tag on Mr. Cornelius.*



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intensified the atmosphere, but there is seldom any living sense of drama or deep-felt sense of tragedy.

Pieter Van Vlaanderen's relations with his father, his wife and the native girl, far from creating a tight, nooselike knot, never wholly intertwine. Considering the terrible known consequences of such an act, the affair with the girl lacks compulsion; and Pieter's relations with his wife, if clearly blueprinted, are stiltedly conveyed. When, at the end, the father harshly casts out his son and sternly seals up his house, the play comes suddenly to life, with a scene of vibrant theater. But it is still a standing broad jump of a scene, without the running start, the rising momentum of a whole play behind it.

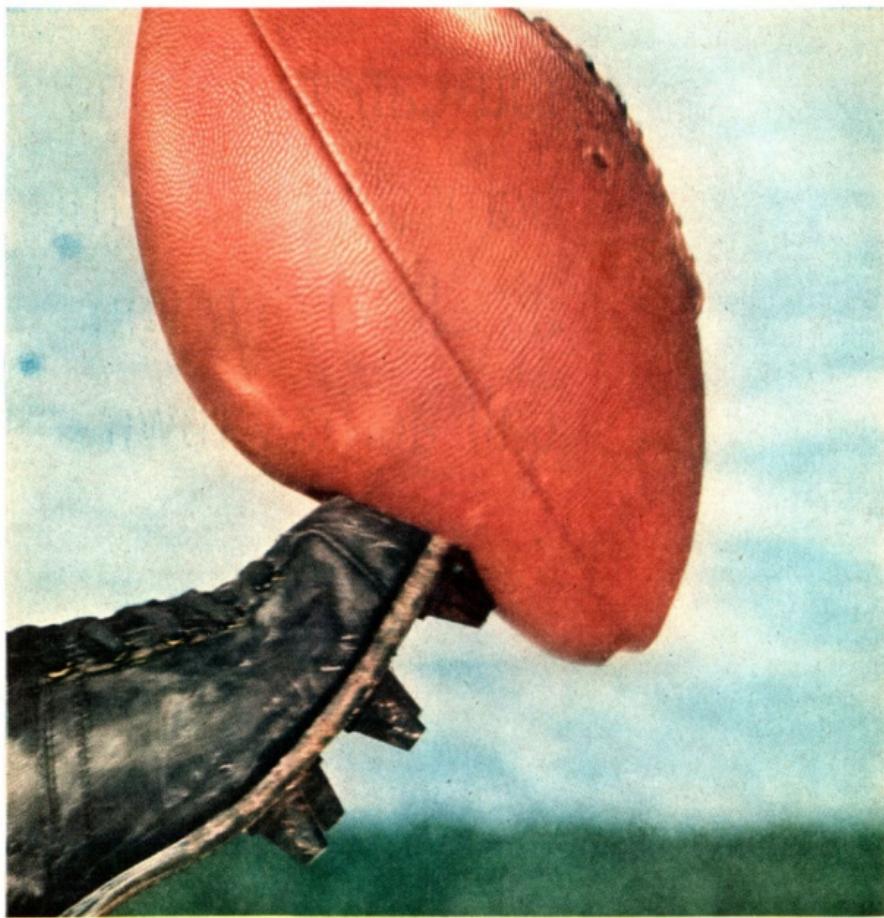
The Reluctant Debutante (by William Douglas Home) is the latest smart trifle from London, where it has been a hit for over a year. In a succession of glossy costume changes, it tells of a determined society matron's efforts to find a gilt-edged husband for her uncooperative debutante daughter, while the girl herself falls in love with a cad. In one of those splendid reversals of the seeming truth, the shakoed young palace guardsman whom Mother favors proves morally unworthy of such exalted employment, while the handsome cad emerges not only a veray parfit gentil knight but, at the last moment, a duke as well.

Though Playwright Home is not above dishing up such a leftover of belovestairs fiction, he gives it all the frills of carriage-trade playwriting. If thickly interlined with snob appeal, it also has its fun with snobs. If all its people are frightfully well born, half of them seem ostentatiously ill bred. Hen-brained, hard-driving Mama, a kind of chic Jane Austen's Mrs. Bennet, is paired off against a sardonic but kindlier Mr. Bennet of a father. Mama and her friend Lady Crosswaite, who also has a gel to marry off, coo at each other like doves while scratching like wildcats. So much of the dialogue is delivered into a telephone that the instrument is listed among the cast of characters. The author's chief problem is to make banality seem fresh, stupidity amusing, and vulgarity stylish.

But the more acute problem of a play like *The Reluctant Debutante* is to assemble one of those impeccable drawing-room comedy casts who, with the elevation of an eyebrow or the slumping of a shoulder, can enliven, disown, or if necessary obliterate the text. For, though sometimes pleasantly droll, Playwright Home is seldom witty, and even his small talk all too often goes from badinage to wortinage. Despite Cyril Ritchard's suave direction, the play lacks first-rate ensemble playing. As the father, Wilfred Hyde White—a master of dry, quiet, casual acting—is delightful; as the mother, Adrienne Allen is, amusingly brisk; and Anna Massey has a style of her own as the girl. But most of the supporting players lack finish, so that there is not quite enough spin to make up for a shortage of sparkle.

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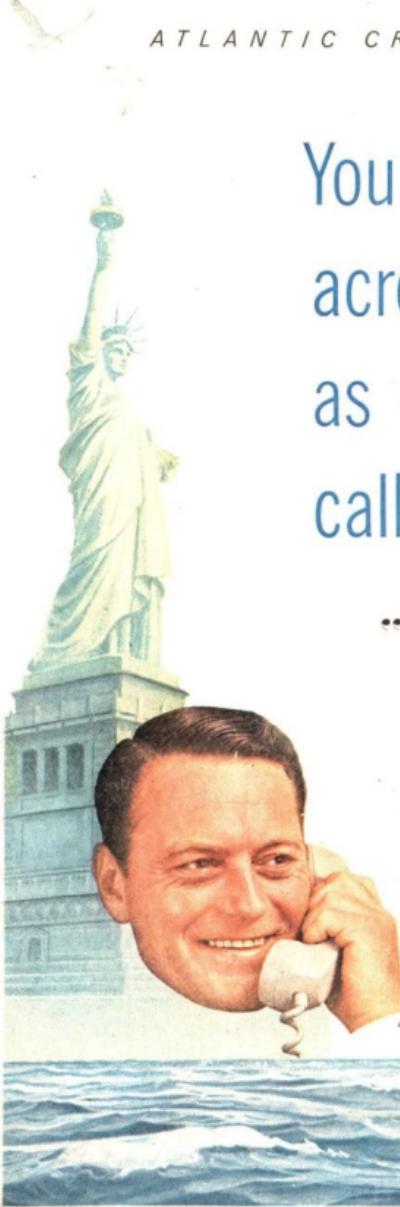
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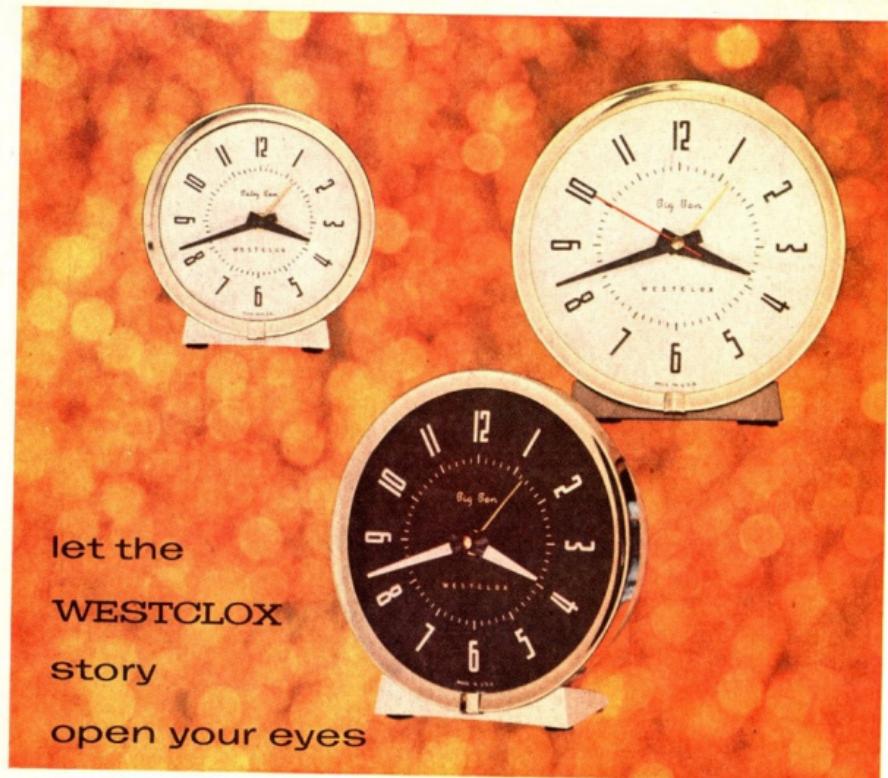


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SCIENCE

6,864 M.P.H.

The fastest rocket the public has heard about so far is a four-stage "bird" only 8 in. in diameter. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has been shooting it over the Atlantic from Wallops Island, Va. Intended for high-altitude research, the rocket has climbed 200 miles, reaching the peak speed of 6,864 m.p.h. The first two stages are solid-propellant boosters of the type used to toss the Army's Nike missile into the air.

The nose of the NACA's rocket contains instruments and telemetering equipment for transmitting data to earth. Although it is not in the class of Project Vanguard's satellite launcher, which must move at 18,000 m.p.h. 300 miles above the earth, the four-stage bird speeds almost as fast as the satellite during critical portions of its flight in comparatively dense air. Study of its behavior will help the satellite's designers.

Pictures for Pilots

As the speed of aircraft increases, the strain on the pilot's judgment increases even faster. A good part of the trouble, thinks Commander George W. Hoover of the Office of Naval Research, is that the aircraft's swarm of instruments make their reports in figures, usually the positions of needles on round dials. The pilot's brain, however, is designed to work with pictures taken from a visual world. Before the instrument readings mean anything to it, the brain must transpose and combine them into something like a visual picture. It takes time for the brain to function as a rather slow computer, and the time permitted by modern aircraft grows less and less.

Commander Hoover believes that the

best solution of this problem will be to make the instruments' reports as visual as possible. A simple example is to make the altimeter display a line that rises with increasing altitude, instead of the present clocklike dial, which demands interpretation by the pilot.

The ultimate instrument system, says Commander Hoover, should be completely visual. When the pilot runs into thick weather and loses sight of the ground, a screen before him will light up, showing him a map of the ground below. The moving silhouette of a small airplane will tell him his position, and a luminous curve on the map will tell him how far he can fly without running out of fuel. Another luminous screen will show him a radar view of the terrain ahead, with mountains or other obstacles. These meaning-packed pictures will be the output of a lightweight computer that will do most of the necessary routine thinking. It will take crude information from many sources and turn it into a form that the pilot can use instantly, without interpretation. When fully developed, it will take over the actual flying. The pilot will look at his luminous pictures and decide what he wants to do. He will dial a flight plan into the computer, which will make all the necessary calculations in only a few thousandths of a second and put the airplane on its proper course. Or the pilot can press an overriding button, ask the computer for guidance and work the controls himself.

The details of how all this can be accomplished are still secret. Radar is not the whole story. The luminous screens will probably be flat cathode ray (TV) tubes, and they will get their information from all of the airplane's sensing instruments. The computer will be able to watch more instruments than the pilot's eyes and brain could possibly handle. If asked to do so by the pilot, it could come to a complex decision and act upon it in the second or so that is all future flight speeds will permit.

The Beetle Eaters

"Since years I am behind Pygmies," says Austrian-born Father Martin Gusinde, 69, who teaches anthropology at Washington's Catholic University of America. Starting in 1934, he studied little brown people in Central and South Africa, the Philippines and the Andes. This year, with the help of a grant from Philadelphia's American Philosophical Society, he went to the interior of Australian New Guinea, where a little-known race of Pygmies lives in the rugged Schrader Mountains. "Such a terrible country!" says Father Gusinde. "In Austria the Alps are a kind of avenue compared to those mountains."

The Pygmies live on high, steep slopes, where they were driven by the bigger, fiercer people of the Ramu valley, and Father Gusinde found them the poorest of the poor. Their rudimentary culture is pre-Stone Age; their few stone weapons



Religious News Service

FATHER GUSINDE & PYGMY FRIEND
Miltown from a tree trunk.

and tools they did not make for themselves but got from Stone Age neighbors. In spite of the mountain cold, they wear only G-strings and their little grass huts contain nothing but ashes from their fires. Food is usually scarce, and women are scarcer. Male births among the Pygmies, says Father Gusinde, outnumber female births four to one, and young Pygmy women are apt to be stolen by big, bad lowlanders. "Good number of bachelors roaming around," says Anthropologist Gusinde.

In spite of their hardships and deprivations, Gusinde reports, the Pygmies are a smiling, happy people. They commit no crimes and they wage no wars, while the better-fed people of the lush lowlands are both dour and bloodthirsty.

The contentment of the Pygmies puzzled the anthropologist, and he searched for a reason for it. After studying their diet, he decided that their euphoria is due to one of their favorite dishes: big beetles and their larvae, the size of small sausages. A lucky Pygmy may find as many as 100 larvae in a riddled tree trunk. He bakes them with hot stones in a hole in the ground (New England clambake technique), and when he has eaten his fill, he feels as contented as a Hollywood agent tranquilized with Miltown.

The effect of the happiness beetles, thinks Father Gusinde, is due to their vitamin T, which gives "an agreeable feeling." Other insects contain it too, and other insect-eating people are notably contented with their miserable lots. The only trouble is that neighboring people, who do not eat happiness beetles, get pushy and steal their women. When Father Gusinde, no beetle eater, was in the country of the tranquilized Pygmies, the young women were hidden. During his stay he saw only one, about 15 years old, darting across a clearing. The Pygmies were taking no chances with a non-beetle eater.



Ben Martin

AIRMAN HOOVER
Help for eye and brain.

MUSIC

Barnstorming Opera

The band played, floats lined the streets, a mob jammed the station and cheered. South Bend, Ind., was out in force to greet the NBC Opera Company as if it were a conquering football team. When the curtain opened on Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* in the new \$2,500,000 arts center of St. Mary's College, the house was packed; when it closed, the audience was happily enthusiastic. It was a rousing send-off for a costly experiment by NBC—to send its opera company barnstorming across the country to bring first-rate opera to towns that may never have seen it before.

Seven years ago, NBC had no opera company and wanted none. Sponsors considered TV opera poison to listener ratings. Then in 1949 a Czech-born conductor named Peter Herman Adler got together with NBC's General Music Director Samuel Chotzinoff. The reason the ordinary listener did not appreciate opera, they argued, was that he could not understand the words and the stilted acting made the whole thing seem ridiculous. "If we don't understand the singer's words," says Adler, "we cannot know whether he acts or even sings in accordance with them. And the moment we lose interest in this acting, we lose interest in the character he portrays and eventually in the opera itself."

Vocal Sacrifice. Adler and Chotzinoff rounded up a group of young singers, among them one Mario Lanza, schooled them in acting, had them rehearse English versions of *La Bohème* and *Figaro*. As Adler tells it, one night he "trapped" RCA Boss General Sarnoff at a dinner party, and hustled out his little group to sing. When the music ended, Sarnoff looked



Art Shay

CONDUCTOR ADLER
Act, act, act.

accusingly at Adler, then sighed: "O.K., put them on the air." Adler & Co. went on the air in 1949, have been on ever since.

Stars were accustomed to sauntering in to sing their parts through, then departing while the rest of the cast rehearsed. With Adler and Chotzinoff they found they were expected to rehearse from 10 in the morning until 6 at night with the whole company, and for days on end. Adler insisted on good acting, unhesitatingly sacrificed some voice quality for it. "We will not take someone who weighs 400 lbs. simply because she can sing well. We



Art Shay

NBC's "MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" IN SOUTH BEND
The 400-pounders were out.

will instead take a voice that is not quite so good, provided the singer looks the part and can act, act, act."

Bumpy Exit. NBC's Opera Theater has been widely admired on television, but sponsors are still wary. This year NBC decided that if more people could hear their brand of intelligible and dramatic opera in person, they would tune in television opera in droves.

In South Bend last week, the NBC company ran into some of the troubles that all barnstormers are subject to: e.g., the sidelights were so blinding that one soprano twice bumped them heavily as she exited. But even so, the company had its listeners chortling at the gags as well as applauding the arias. Adler's opera is not great opera musically; it is not designed to be. But it may well prove his argument that opera can be popular and as easy to take as musical comedy. In the next weeks, the company, 10 strong including a 41-man orchestra, will do 54 performances of *Figaro* and Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*, sometimes in communities as small as Lake Charles, La., and Pittsburg, Kans. If there is a customer for every seat at every performance, the tour will still lose at least \$150,000. But if the company makes that many new *aficionados* for opera, NBC will consider the money well spent.

New Records

Mozart: Requiem (the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Westminster Choir, conducted by Bruno Walter on a Columbia LP; Vienna Symphony and State Opera Chorus conducted by Eugen Jochum on Decca; Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Academy Chamber Choir conducted by Hermann Scherchen on London Ducretet-Thomson). The limpid choruses of Mozart's last work have always resisted the efforts of record makers, and are still a bit troublesome on these three latest versions. Conductor Walter's has a certain dramatic excitement but also a rather thick tone; Scherchen's (in the same performance recorded two years ago on the Westminster label) is a bit shaky in the soprano area, and his lugubrious tempos do not help; Jochum's is sometimes buried in sound, but all in all, his version is the best of the lot. The soloists (Soprano Irmgard Seefried is on both Columbia and Decca) are all excellent.

Music at M.I.T. (Unicorn). Recorded in M.I.T.'s new Kresge Auditorium (TIME, Dec. 26), records in this series are hard to beat for sheer aural excitement. Roger Voisin and the remarkable brasses of the Boston Symphony add a dimension of rare virtuosity to four modern works in *The Modern Age of Brass*. Beethoven Piano Sonatas (Op. 109, 110) make the instrument sound iridescent and almost inhumanly clear, which is as it should be, and Ernest Levy's performance has the ring of truth.

Schubert: Octet (David Oistrakh and other Soviet artists; Angel). The Op. 166 that 27-year-old Franz Schubert wrote for a clarinet-playing patron gushes bewitching melody and charm, gets a fine per-

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formance from the distinguished ensemble.

Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 30, 31, 32 (Glenn Gould; Columbia). Young triple-threat (composer, conductor, pianist) Musician Gould again displays his phenomenal ability to make the piano talk. He indulges his youthful exuberance, which results in some spectacular speed but also—at least in this late Beethoven—gives the impression of skimming the surface.

Cello Colours (André Navarra; Capitol). A varied recital of fine celloing, effective whether in the melancholic atmosphere of Faure's *Elégie* or the gee-whiz intricacies of Tchaikovsky's *Pezzo Capriccioso*. French Cellist Navarra gives the lie to the old saying that cellists are incurable sentimentalists.

Debussy: Songs (Suzanne Danco, soprano; Guido Agosti, piano; London). A dozen samples of ecstasy in the French manner, *i.e.*, the music sometimes croons languorously, sometimes soars dizzy, sometimes seems almost paralyzed with rapture. Debussy is the perfect composer for all this, French is the perfect language, and the pure, true, warm voice of Suzanne Danco is practically ideal.

Gottschalk: *The Banjo* (Eugene List, piano; Vanguard). A reminiscence of pre-Civil War New Orleans in the form of brief compositions by a one-time resident, Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829-69). The first American to win an international reputation as pianist and composer, Gottschalk's arrangements of Creole songs and dances were as popular in Paris of the mid-19th century as Chopin's mazurkas.

Poulenc: *Concerto for Organ, Strings and Timpani* (Richard Ellsasser; Hamburg Philharmonia conducted by Arthur Winograd; M-G-M). A highly colored work that finds Composer Poulenc at his most charming. It is tuneful, with moments of surrealist shiftiness, brooding melancholy, sheer pyrotechnics. The disk has excessive surface noise.

Prokofiev: *Love for Three Oranges* (members of the Slovenian National Opera conducted by Bogo Leskovich; Epic, 2 LPs). The fairy-tale opera whose failure when first produced by the Chicago Opera Association in 1921-22 caused Prokofiev to leave the U.S. in dismay and disgust. (Twenty-seven years later it was a big success at the New York City Opera.) This recording is in Russian, but the performance is high-spirited and technically brilliant.

Strauss: *Scenes from "Salomé" and "Elektra"* (Inge Borkh, soprano; Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner; Victor, 2 LPs). A rising German-born soprano in two of her finest roles. The excerpts include her biggest scenes, including the only warm moments in *Elektra*—when the demented woman recognizes her brother. The orchestral climax is terrible in its intensity; Borkh is splendid.

Stravinsky: *Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments* (Nikita Magaloff; Suisse Romande Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet; London). A wry and multigaited 1924 masterpiece, which also reflects the dawning jazz age. Pianist Magaloff makes it lively listening.

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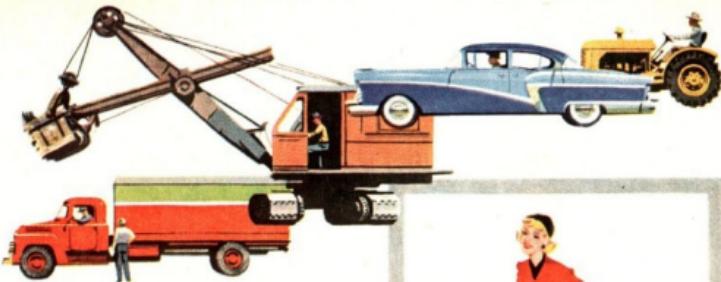
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MEDICINE

Shop Talk for Surgeons

Into San Francisco last week streamed some 7,200 surgeons to participate in their profession's biggest shop-talking session of the year: the annual congress of the American College of Surgeons. Through a week of addresses and panel talks, they compared successes, discussed failures, reported on experiments, in the kind of fructifying and useful exchange that keeps a whole profession advancing on the heels of its specialists.

Witches Every Month

Women who become impossible to live with for a few days each month are more to be pitied than blamed, and they are entitled to more help from the medical profession than they are getting, declared Dr. Erle Henriksen, a surgeon-gynecologist who is head of the University of Southern California's Department of Gynecology.

The women in point, whom he described as "part-time witches," are victims of premenstrual tension. Dr. Henriksen and his colleagues estimate that about one half of all their women patients between the age of 30 and menopause suffer from periodic witchiness. They classify them as grade-one, grade-two and grade-three witches, according to the severity of their symptoms. A grade-three witch, he said frankly, is a woman to be avoided on her bad days unless she gets effective treatment.

Pains from Head to Foot. For as long as a week before menstruation, such women may suffer from emotional tension, extreme nervousness, great irritability, easy fatigability, insomnia, headaches (often resembling migraine), vertigo, depression, abdominal bloating and swollen breasts, increased weight (up to 14 lbs.), aching thighs, swollen feet, nausea and vomiting. No one woman is likely to have more than a few of these symptoms, but a few are enough to make her miserable and a source of misery to her long-suffering family. The symptoms usually disappear with dramatic suddenness at the beginning of menstruation.

Starting in the 1940s, a few doctors across the country decided that the abdominal bloating was the most discomfiting feature of these periodic attacks and tried treating it with diuretics. A standard treatment was to limit a patient's water intake to a quart a day, forbid her any table salt or food cooked with salt, and make her take ammonium chloride. This was unpleasant, and effective in only 40% of cases. In a few extreme cases, since the bloating seemed to be the result of an ovarian hormone disturbance, women were subjected to X-ray castration. "This," remarked Henriksen dryly, "was pretty rugged treatment."

"You're Just Nervous." Chief difficulty in the past has been that most women do not recognize their complaint for what it is. It creeps up on them



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... and you needn't be giving your paper those sarcastic twitches!"

gradually, beginning in their late 20s, and reaches a peak of severity around age 40. Others think of their premenstrual discomfort and depression as part of the price they must pay for womanhood. They try to dismiss it, but they do not succeed, and their families suffer as a result. Furthermore, said Henriksen, too many doctors do not understand it and are likely to give a tense, depressed patient a brush-off: "It's all in your head . . . You don't have enough work to keep your mind off yourself . . . You're just too nervous." In 18 years, Dr. Henriksen said, he has treated 400 patients suffering from premenstrual tension; in only one case did the referring physician mention it as the patient's specific complaint.

Dr. Henriksen has experimented with 25 different drugs, was getting good results in 40% of cases with Diamox. Then



Robert Lockenbach

GYNECOLOGIST HENRIKSEN

Keep away from grade three.

he tried the new mercurial diuretic, Neohydrin. "Our patients," he said, "now call it the turquoise miracle pill." They take it for a few days toward the end of each menstrual cycle for two or three months. It dries them out dramatically, causing a prompt loss of weight or, if taken in time, preventing the unwanted gain. Most patients can go two or three months without treatment before symptoms return. Dr. Henriksen reported the drug gives substantial relief in 90% of all cases. Only a few patients complain of nausea, and no other side effects have been reported with the light dosage (one to four tablets daily) prescribed. Husbands and children, said Dr. Henriksen, express more gratitude to him than do the families of women on whom he has operated for cancer.

Danger: Perfectionism. Dr. Henriksen says that premenstrual tension is a little-understood complex of emotional and physical factors and that he is giving only symptomatic treatment. But this, he insists, is justified by the results. He does not think that premenstrual tension is the result of a hereditary tendency. But he has found it is common to see both mother and daughter suffer from it. In these cases, mother is invariably a perfectionist, and has imbued her daughter with her standards.

"In medicine," said Dr. Henriksen, "the word never is almost taboo. But I can safely say that we never see this disorder except in the group of so-called perfectionists."

To assess their Neohydrin results, Dr. Henriksen's team treated and studied a group of 200 patients for three years, checked this treatment with a blind placebo test. They have found that the dummy pills may work for one month—but not for longer. Their best guess as to why draining off excess water improves the emotional state: when the body is bloated, so is the brain. In support of this thesis they point out that there is direct evidence of pressure on the mechanism of sight: many women complain of fuzzy vision, which is relieved when they lose weight.

Short Cuts

Hundreds of new gadgets and wrinkles were described at San Francisco:

¶ A metal spring developed by the Elgin National Watch Co., so far tested only in dogs, gives promise of relief for a common disorder of the human heart, reported Dr. James H. Wible and colleagues of Detroit's Wayne University College of Medicine. Called "Elgiloy," the metal is formed into a valvelike flap and covered with nylon. The surgeon fits it into the heart in place of a sub-par mitral or aortic valve. Within 48 hours normal tissue begins to grow around it, in about two weeks completely encloses it. The metal is expected to retain its springiness beyond the patient's life expectancy.

¶ Because certain cancers take up phosphorus more readily than healthy tissues do, a University of Minnesota team headed by Dr. Donald B. Shahon tried using a

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radioactive form of the element (phosphorus 32) to reach hard-to-find cancers of the intestinal tract. It has helped surgeons to detect diseased tissues in a stage before full-blown cancer could be proved. ¶ An aneurysm (ballooning blister) often develops on the muscular wall of the ventricle after a heart attack (estimated U.S. incidence: 25,000 to 200,000 cases a year). Famed Philadelphia Surgeon Charles P. Bailey believes that many such aneurysms can be greatly improved by surgery. By clamping off the blister sac, amputating it and stitching up the ventricle wall, his team got good results in seven out of eight cases—far better than the “dismal prospects with conservative management.” ¶ Stoppage of the heart on the operating table is probably the commonest cause of

ton believes. His prescription: an adjustable back rest on the labor table so that the mother can be in a propped position with her back curved.

¶ When a burn victim has so little healthy skin left that it is difficult to find enough for grafting, it may be stretched by mincing it in a Waring Blender and applying it with a spray, reported San Francisco's Drs. John S. Najarian and Horace J. McCorkle.

Bitter Choice

Even if it is detected early, cancer of the eye (retinoblastoma) imposes a harsh and agonizing choice: loss of one and often both eyes, or certain death as the disease spreads along the nerves to the brain. Last week the parents of two little



DAVID ANDERSON & MOTHER
Blindness was the price of life.

United Press

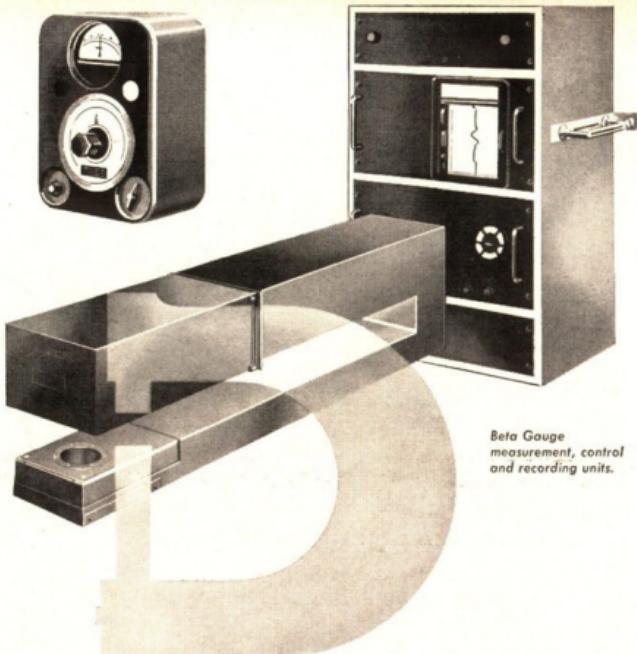
death during surgery. Prompt and heroic repair measures are often reported, but Drs. K. William Edmark and Henry N. Harkins of the University of Washington outlined something better—a way to anticipate and thus prevent the stoppage before it happens. They use a cardiotachometer, with two electrodes taped to the patient's chest. A heart about to stop, they find, gives a full 30 seconds' warning by a drastic slowdown. The same electrodes can be used to give the faltering heart an electrical boost so that it promptly picks up again.

¶ The conventional position (on the back with legs flexed on the abdomen) for a woman in the second stage of labor is “simply a newfangled fad,” said the University of Mississippi's Dr. Michael Newton. “Sitting, kneeling, squatting or other positions have been used for countless generations . . . In discarding age-old positions, have we adopted a technique which is simply more convenient for the mother's attendants?” The primitive positions enable the woman to use her uterine contractions much more effectively, Dr. New-

victims of the disease faced up to that choice.

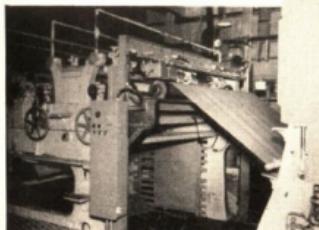
In West Milton, Ohio, 16-month-old David Michael Anderson gave his mother a big hug (*see cut*) as he returned home after an operation in which both of his eyes were removed. The son of a factory worker, David has been gradually losing his vision from the time he was three months old. The New York specialists who operated on him gave him a 50-50 chance to live. Said Mrs. Anderson: “I had faith all along. I feel God is going to let us have our baby.”

In Atlanta, Arnold Pair, 36, father of five-year-old Johnny Pair (TIME, Oct. 1) finally consented to allow surgeons to remove his son's sole remaining cancerous eye. It was a decision he had agonized over for five weeks. “I've cried myself to sleep every night since I made the decision,” he said, “but it's the only way to save his life. The doctors convinced me of that.” After the operation, surgeon pronounced Johnny's chances of recovering from cancer “reasonably good.” Two days later, Johnny's doctor explained to him



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what had happened: "The eye was sick, and I had to take it out to keep you alive. When I take this bandage off, don't open your eye because you won't be able to see, Johnny. You won't be able to see again, but you'll be all right." "O.K." said Johnny. Then he went out to play on his tricycle, guided by his older brother. At home, he felt his way around, found his way to the refrigerator for some mayonnaise to spread on bread. "I'll get it," he said when his mother offered to help. "You just tell me when I'm touching it." Said his mother: "I hope he understands. I believe he does."

Capsules

¶ Dental injections with improperly sterilized needles are frequently responsible for the transmission of hepatitis, warned Dr. Francis Foley and Dr. Ralph Guthheim of the Rochester (N.Y.) General Hospital. During a two-year study the doctors detected 15 cases of hepatitis that had been transmitted during the injection of procaine before a tooth extraction. Three of the cases were fatal.

¶ Sloan-Kettering Institute's Director Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads announced that he and fellow researchers had confirmed the long-suspected existence of a "cancer-immune mechanism" in normal human cells. In a series of tests at Ohio Penitentiary begun last spring (TIME, June 4), laboratory-cultivated human cancer cells were transplanted to 14 cancer-free convict volunteers. Similar transplants had previously grown well in patients already suffering from cancer. But in the healthy convicts they "evoked a most vigorous, inflammatory reaction," and "were promptly rejected and disappeared." When the mechanism that rejects the cancerous cells is finally identified it could lead to a chemical cure of cancer, Dr. Rhoads believes.

¶ After generations have testified that mother's milk is best for babies, scientists have discovered one more reason why: it contains more protein-dissolving enzymes than other milks. Armour & Co., sponsors of the research, hope to boost sale of cow's milk to which such enzymes are added.

¶ In the air man breathes a small proportion of all the molecules of nitrogen and oxygen are ionized by cosmic rays—they become positive ions if they lose an electron, negative ions if they gain one. Philadelphia researchers have found that almost two-thirds of hay fever victims won quick relief in air that was heavily negative-ionized, snuffed and sneezed far more in air that was artificially positive-ionized. As a result, Philco Corp. plans to market a negative-ionizing air conditioner.

¶ Automobile-accident victims often report "brain concussions" and are admitted to hospitals for study, but in 10% of cases studied by Manhattan Psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo they prove to have no physical injury. Instead they are suffering from mental shock. His prescription: mental first aid by any available doctor soon after the accident to save victims from neurotic guilt and horror feelings.



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THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

They're Getting Away from It All by the Millions!

The biggest factor in today's explosive exodus
from city to suburb is the automobile



HOW many Americans would you say live in the suburbs today? Five million? Twelve million? Or perhaps even twenty million?

The answer: more than 45 million, or more than one-fourth of the total U. S. population of 168 million. And a suburban population of more than 63 million is predicted for 1975!

Suburban homes once were regarded as within the means of only the well-to-do. But Suburbia today is fast becoming the away-from-it-all retreat of America's great middle-income group . . . families whose earnings average about \$6,500 a year.

What's Behind this Revolution?

This concerted, postwar rush to the suburbs could hardly have come about without the automobile.

By freeing the American worker from the necessity of living in the immediate area of his job, the automobile made possible a more pleasant, a more spacious, a generally more enjoyable way of life for millions of people.

And it's a way of life now solidly based on automotive transportation—the family car, the delivery truck, the school bus. For even most of those who commute to the city by train or bus, drive or are driven to the station or bus stop.

Suburban living is mobile living. It is revolutionizing marketing practices, supplying a dynamic stimulus to our whole economy. It has opened up elaborate new networks of roads and expressways for swift, convenient linking of city and suburb. It has created magnificent new shopping centers with acres and acres of parking space, where everything from the homeliest of necessities to the costliest of luxuries is available.

It has made the drive-in an American institution. Today, the suburbanite can bank, shop, eat, be entertained, leave and collect laundry, without ever leaving his car.

It's a Two-Car World

Suburbia, with its new patterns of business and living, is probably the largest single reason for today's rapid

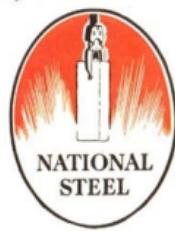
growth in the number of multi-car families. The pursuits of different family members vary widely; longer distances must be traveled by each. One family car is no longer adequate.

Today, two cars are virtually a family must . . . with the popular and versatile station wagon widely favored as the "second car." So the automobile has greatly expanded the scope of suburban living, and Suburbia reciprocates by creating the need for more and more cars.

National's Role

We at National Steel take pride in the great contribution of the automobile to the health and well-being of our people and our nation. Because National Steel, through three of its major divisions—Great Lakes Steel at Detroit, Michigan, Weirton Steel at Weirton, West Virginia, and The Hanna Furnace Corporation at Buffalo, New York—is an important supplier of the steel and iron used by automobile manufacturers.

Through the skilled engineering and manufacturing of the automobile industry, this nation each year enjoys safer, stronger, more economical cars. Our constant goal—through research and cooperation with the automobile industry—is to make better and better steel for still greater safety, strength and economy in the cars and trucks of today and tomorrow.



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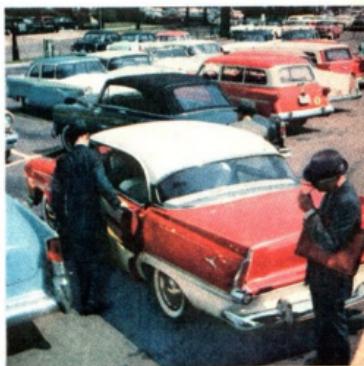
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Splendid suburban business centers, with every possible shopping facility and acres and acres of adjacent parking space, are only a short drive away for suburbanites.



Typical of the motoring conveniences of Suburbia today are the drive-ins. Motorists can eat, do their banking, buy groceries, see movies—all without leaving their cars.



Ease and speed of access to the breadwinner's job in the city, through the automobile, are multiplying the number of suburban-dwelling commuters to and from our cities.





San Diego, City-Harbor Panorama

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By dealing through Bank of America you can be on the scene—in 350 California communities where this bank is located.

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Bank of America offers the out-of-state businessman *on-the-spot* assistance with local problems.

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SPORT

Decline & Fall

The chap-fallen Dodgers shuffled off to Japan. "We'll win every game," said Captain Pee Wee Reese, just as if it mattered. Back in Manhattan, Charles Dillon Stengel creased his 66-year-old wrinkles in a broad grin. Retire? Well, he might have said something about it. But the fact was that he had just signed a new contract to manage the Yankees for another two years at a fat \$80,000 a year. What were 66 years to a man who had just won his sixth World Series



International

CATCHER BERRA & PITCHER LARSEN
His curves had eyes.

and seventh pennant in eight years as the Yankees' manager?

Youth and the yawning expanses of Yankee Stadium had been the undoing of the aging Dodgers. Hits that would have sailed into the Ebbets Field stands for homers settled in Yankee gloves for long outs. Pitchers that the Dodgers had murdered in Brooklyn beat them handily in The Bronx. Brooklyn fans, talking of winning four straight after the Dodgers' first two thumping victories, suddenly recognized that something had gone out of Brooklyn's aging pros.

Perfect Game. There was brief hope as the week began. Crafty Sal Maglie was rested and ready. The Yanks were gambling on Don Larsen, a lighthearted playboy noted most for spectacular achievements such as wrapping his car around a Florida telephone pole during spring training. In the second game, he had lasted less than two innings.

Maglie was sure and sharp. He gave up only five hits and two runs. But after the first few innings, Sal Maglie was just the second-best pitcher in the game. Towering (6 ft. 4 in., 220 lbs.) Yankee Larsen was scarcely wasting a pitch. Only once,

against Pee Wee Reese in the first inning, did he go to a full count on a batter. His sharp curves found the plate as if they had eyes. He needed no more than 97 pitches (75 of which were in the strike zone) to dispose of the absolute minimum of 27 Dodger hitters, and not a single Dodger got to first base. While the crowd watched tensely, the Dodgers put up their 27th batter, Pinch Hitter Dale Mitchell. He took a ball, then a called strike, missed a curve for strike two. He fouled another off and settled grimly in the batter's box. Larsen pitched. Mitchell checked his swing, watched the third strike whiz by. The crowd let out its breath and roared. Yogi Berra leaped into Larsen's arms. Don Larsen had pitched the first perfect major-league no-hitter in 34 years, and the first no-hitter* of any kind in World Series history.

Thin Victory. Dodger hearts felt the chill forebodings of impending defeat. If Maglie could not win, who could?

For the sixth game, back at Ebbets Field, Manager Walter Alston started his bullpen specialist, Clem Labine. Inning after scoreless inning, he matched the Yanks' bulky "Bullet Bob" Turley, an erratic speed merchant who seldom wins the way he ought to. Then, in the tenth, hefty Jackie Robinson briefly remembered the skill that once made him one of the roughest hitters in the league. He laced a rising liner over the head of aging Enos Slaughter in left field and drove in the only run of the game. It was a thin victory, but the Dodgers were still alive.

Payoff in Home Runs. For the payoff game the Dodgers had no one left but Don Newcombe, who had started four World Series games, lasted through none. Tormented by the fate that dogged him in the big ones, Big Newk wound up with all he had. When he was on target, his fast ball hummed into life, but when he was wide of the strike zone, he was not wide enough. Even the pitches he wanted to waste hung close to the plate. Squat Yogi Berra, the best fast-ball hitter in the majors, whacked one of them for a homer in the first inning, another into the stands in the third. After that, the tense series degenerated into a shambles. In the fourth inning, Yankee Outfielder Elston Howard tagged Newk for another homer, and the home-town stands belched

* No one has pitched a perfect game in the major leagues since 1922, when Charlie Robertson of the Chicago White Sox won 2-0 over the Detroit Tigers; Larsen's was the seventh perfect game in all major-league history. Most colorful was the one between the Boston Red Sox and the Washington Senators in 1917, which was only recently declared "perfect" by baseball's official historians. The first Senator to bat actually reached first base, but he was walked by Pitcher Babe Ruth, who was promptly thrown out of the game for closing Plate Umpire Brick Owens to his expense.

The runner was caught stealing, and Relief Pitcher Ernie Shore, called in cold from the bullpen, disposed of the next 26 Senators without walking one or allowing a hit. The Red Sox won 4-0.



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It was here in sunny Genoa, some 500 years ago, when Columbus first had the idea that the world was actually round. Today a fleet of Round-the-World "Presidents" verifies this, making regular calls at picturesque Genoa and more than 20 other world ports. If you have the venturesome spirit of a Columbus, try circumnavigating with the "Presidents" . . . And shippers: you'll find our Round-the-World service is clockwise in more ways than one! Your Freight Forwarder or Travel Agent will give you all the facts.

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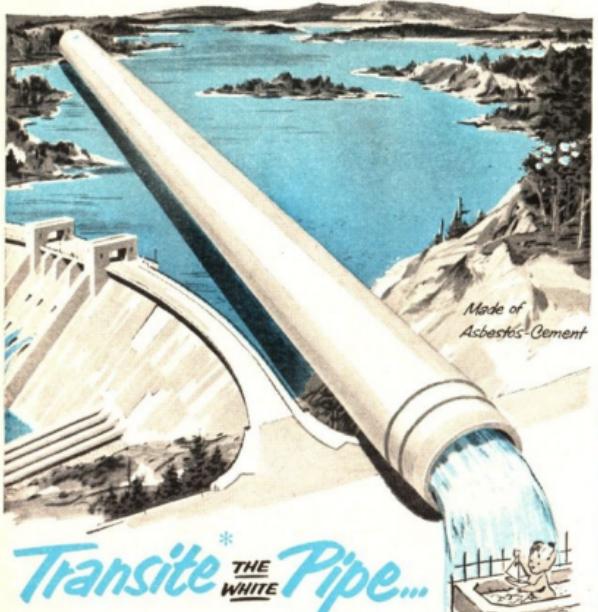
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Clean, corrosion-resistant Transite Pipe water mains are serving thousands of Canadian communities, maintaining pure water quality from treatment plant to user. This Transite advantage, together with its long life, brings important benefits and savings to taxpayers.

Transite Pressure Pipe is nonmetallic and therefore cannot tuberculate. Since deposits from this form of corrosion cannot build up, its flow capacity stays high to keep community pumping costs low.

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an ugly chorus of boos as the big man sadly slouched off the field. First Baseman Bill Skowron reached Dodger Reliever Roger Craig for a grand-slam homer to push the final score to 9-0. All the while, Yankee Pitcher Johnny Kucks held the Dodgers to three hits, and the Yanks had won back their championship four games to three.

Sad Arithmetic. The story of the series was the story of young Yankee pitchers and aging Dodger batters. For the first two games the Dodgers hit at a .313 clip. Then they collapsed. In the last five games Dodger hitters hit at an appalling .142 clip. They finished with a sad total of .195. No team had ever done worse in a seven-game series.

The oldest Yankee pitcher is Ford, at 28, the youngest, Kucks, at 23. All season long no combination of Yankee pitchers had put together four consecutive complete games. When the championship was at stake, five of them pitched five in a row.

Except for stalwart Enos Slaughter, the Yankees looked young enough to stay champions for a long time; the Dodgers will be a long time recovering. The big names that brought them to the top—Campanella, Robinson, Reese, Snider—are aging fast. No matter how they add it up, the sad arithmetic of their decline will always be the same. Said Communist Bugs Baer, with embarrassing logic: "When you score only one run in three games, you gotta lose two."

Big Bust in Dallas

"We have two big weekends a year," said a Dallas businessman last week. "One is New Year's. The other is the Texas-Oklahoma game." Dallas hotel rooms had been reserved for months, airlines and railroads hauled capacity crowds, the Cotton Bowl itself had been sold out since August. The Chamber of Commerce candidly figures the fans, swarming into city nightclubs and to the State Fair, leave at least \$2,000,000 in the city's till—making football enthusiasts of every merchant in town.

For Texans it was all a bust. A pair of fleetfooted Sooner halfbacks, Tommy McDonald and Cleondon Thomas, sifted through the Texas defense with embarrassing ease, scored three touchdowns apiece. Final score: Oklahoma 45, Texas 0. It was Oklahoma's 33rd consecutive victory, equaling a record set by the Pitt Panthers in 1919.

Elsewhere, collegiate football ran up more than its share of big scores:

¶ Still smarting from their defeat by Michigan State's Spartans, the University of Michigan's Wolverines took out their anger on the Army, forced the Cadets to fumble eight times and humbled one of the best teams in the East 48-14.

¶ In East Lansing, Duffy Daugherty's Michigan State held a practice session at the expense of Indiana, won 53-6.

¶ Baffled by the deft passing of Purdue Quarterback Len Dawson and the hard driving of Fullback Mel Dillard, Notre Dame dropped its second game 28-14.

¶ In the Ivy League Harvard bounded

Robert Crossley a contractor's banker from division J

It's a contractor's dream—*South Dakota's Oahe, second largest earth dam in the world.* One contractor who wanted part of the job needed a loan to participate. So, as had been his policy for the past 10 years, he called at The First National Bank of Chicago. He talked with Robert J. Crossley.

Bob Crossley heads our Division J, handling financing for contractors large and small. With the knowledge and experience acquired in 16 years as a loaning officer, he was able to go to work on the problem. With his understanding of the contractor's experience and personnel, the size of machinery required, and possibilities of "down-time" because of weather, Crossley sketched a mental picture.

It looked good; the loan went through and the contractor is now carving out his part of this enormous project.

"Industry specialized" bankers staff each of the 10 Divisions of our Commercial Department. The officers of each Division serve one group of industries exclusively, so they know their assigned businesses from balance sheets to merchandising methods.

One of our Divisions specializes in *your* business—knows its individual problems and characteristics. From aircraft to gun powder, there's an officer who can provide a complete, comprehensive banking service.

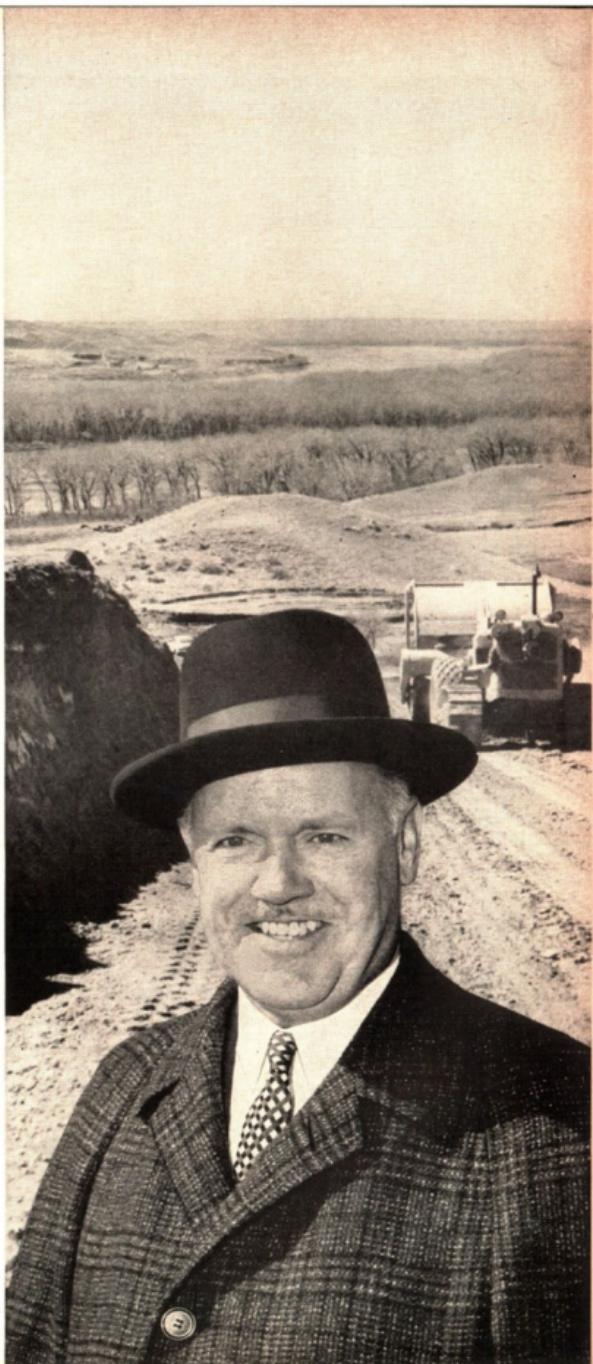
Why not talk your situation over with a man from The First—a banker who speaks your business language?

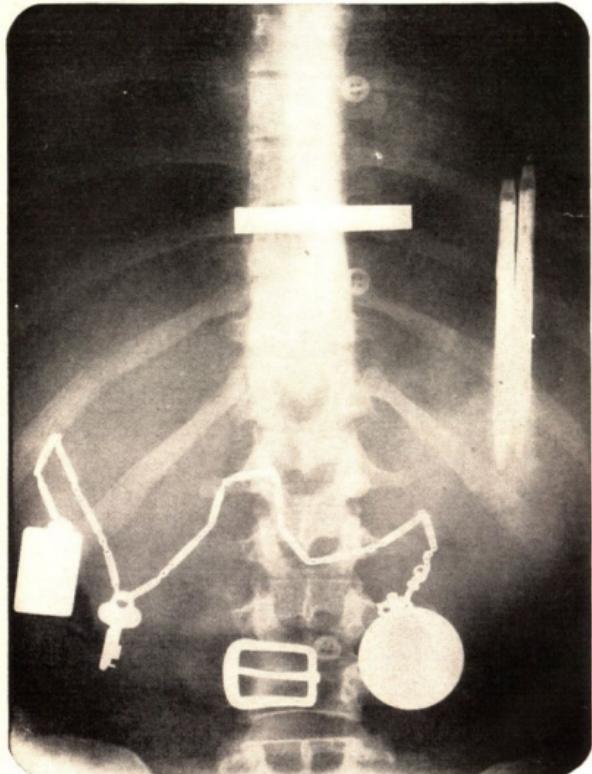
The First National Bank of Chicago



Building with Chicago since 1863

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION





What happened to his hearing aid?



A few years ago you couldn't have missed it, but that was when hearing aids were still fairly bulky mechanisms. Now it's cleverly hidden in the sidepiece of his glasses.

Today, seed-size transistors developed by Raytheon make it possible to conceal hearing aids in eyeglass frames, in the hair, or in a tiny unit behind the ear. These transistors are so small, more than a dozen could fit into the case of your watch! Rugged, long-lived and power-saving—it's no wonder there are more Raytheon transistors in use than any other make!

By producing this diminutive, reliable component for "invisible" hearing aids, Raytheon provides another example of how "Excellence in Electronics" is contributing to the health, well-being and security of the American people.



Excellence in Electronics

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY

WALTHAM 54, MASSACHUSETTS

RADIO, TV & MICROWAVE TUBES—TRANSISTORS—MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL EQUIPMENT

back from its upset by Tufts and over-powered Cornell 32-7. Princeton mauled a weak Penn team 34-0, and Yale ran into unexpected opposition before beating Columbia 33-19.

The Champ Retires

The very first day he went to the races, the highbred bay colt won, and brought home \$2,600. Before the year was out, he had earned \$192,865. As a three-year-old, William Woodward Jr.'s Nashua was an odds-on favorite to win the 1955 Kentucky Derby. But from the first there were horseplayers who refused to recognize the signs of greatness. He's lazy, they said. He's a clown. He'll stop to count the



Associated Press

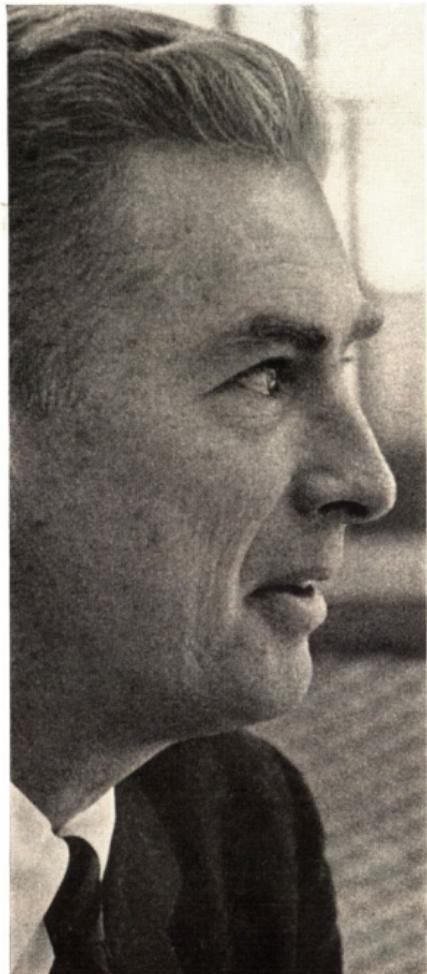
NASHUA WINNING GOLD CUP
They called him a clown.

house in the stretch. And when a California upstart named Swaps ran off with the Derby, Nashua's detractors nodded wisely.

But Nashua went right on winning. In August of 1955 he went out to Chicago for a match race with Swaps and put the Derby winner in his place by 6½ lengths.

After Bill Woodward was accidentally shot and killed by his wife (TIME, Nov. 7, 1955), Nashua went on the block along with his stablemates of the Belair Stud. If there were any doubts left about the big bay's standing, they were banished when Nashua was knocked down to Leslie Combs II for \$1,251,200. No other thoroughbred has ever brought as much.

Last week Nashua went to the post in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park. It was his 30th start, and it was to be his last. Whatever happened, Combs had decided, it was time to retire the horse to stud. Nashua made a lordly farewell. He galloped the two-mile Gold Cup distance in 3:20½ for a new American record and won going away. With the Gold Cup's \$36,600 purse tucked away, Nashua retired with earnings of \$1,288,565—the richest horse that ever lived.



*What sold me
on microfilming?
The price, mister-
plain and simple.*

*And what a price!
The new Micro-Twin
recorder-reader costs less
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pay for a recorder alone!*

Now you, too, can give the old heave-ho to overflowing filing cabinets and ceiling-high stacks of yellowing records. For Burroughs has come up with microfilming equipment you can afford!

Fact is, this new Micro-Twin costs substantially less than any other up-to-date microfilming system . . . yet offers all the protection and speed features you need.

The secret? Bell & Howell's 2-in-1 engineering. For unlike other microfilming systems, the Micro-Twin combines both Recorder and Reader in a single, compact unit. And that's where the big saving comes in.

Naturally, separate recorder and reader systems demand two cabinets, two stands, two costly precision lenses, etc. But not so with Micro-Twin. Thanks to more practical single-unit design, just one of each is all the Twin needs to master both the recording and reading jobs.

Yes, mister, plain and simple here's microfilming you can afford! Of course, your set-up may require units in various departments or branches. In which case, you might find the low-cost Model 205 Recorder and separate Model 206 Portable Reader the economical answer to your microfilming needs.

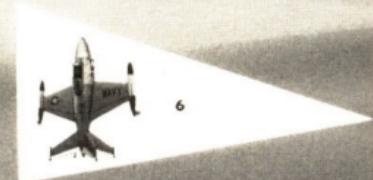
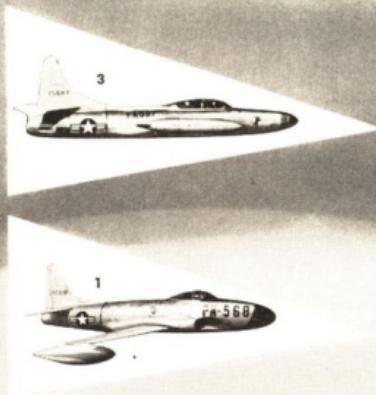
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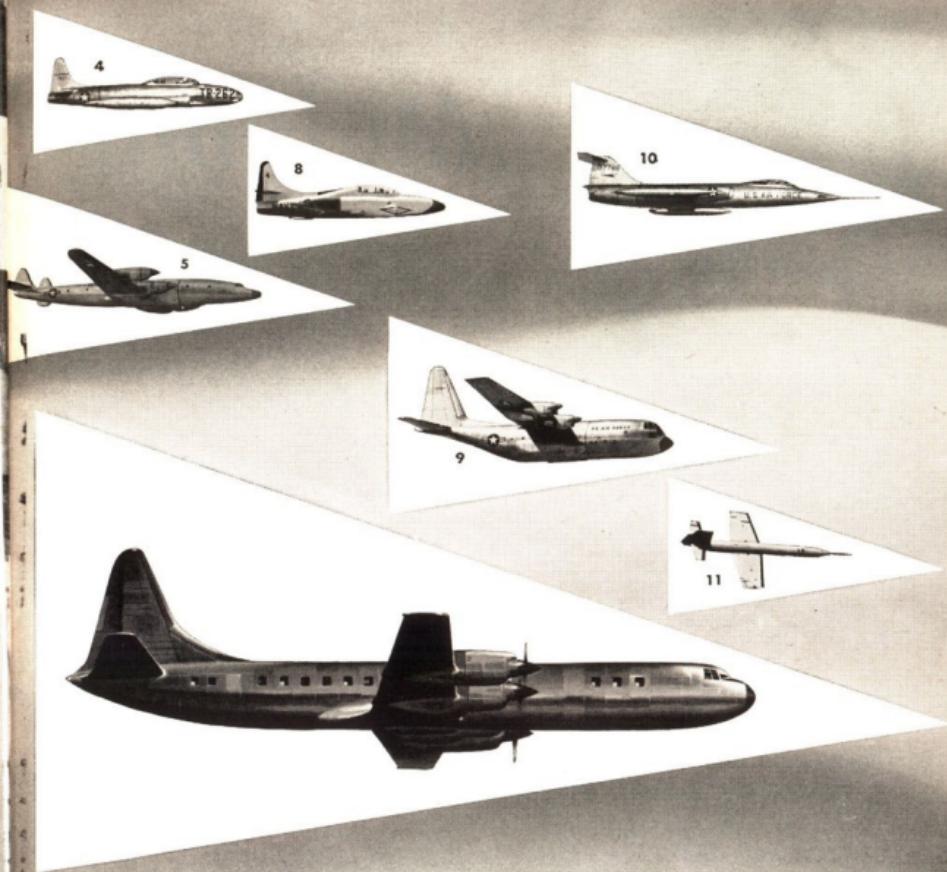
Sleek aerodynamic beauty, time-tested structural stamina, unique high-performance capabilities and exceptional economy of operation and maintenance are but a few of the LOCKHEED ELECTRA's points of superiority. Its mighty Allison propjet engines, combining jet thrust with proven propeller dependability, enable it to whisk passengers into and out of existing air-terminals which now handle nearly 98% of total U. S. air passenger traffic.

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Unexcelled for short-to-medium range flights, the LOCKHEED ELECTRA brings the advantages of jet age air travel to all of the people, of all cities, everywhere—with commuter-like timetables affording travelers a wide choice of flights.

Now in production, the LOCKHEED ELECTRA starting in 1959 will go into service for American, Braniff, Eastern, KLM-Royal Dutch, National, Western and other leading domestic and foreign airlines—extending Lockheed's jet-powered leadership around the world.



ELECTRA



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2. JET F-90 Penetration Fighter, first U. S. aircraft to dive through sound barrier routinely—proving supersonic flight not awesome as pilots then thought.

3. JET F-94 Starfire, first of the almost-autonomous fighter aircraft with jet engines—pioneered application of modern electronic equipment in jet aircraft.

4. JET T-33/T-42 Trainer—world's first successful jet trainer, which gave America its vitally needed backlog of military jet pilots in record-breaking time.

5. PROPIET R7V-2/C-121F Super Constellation—world's fastest propeller-driven transport developing valuable new data for U. S. on high-speed prop-flight.

6. PROPIET XEV-1 Vertical Takeoff Fighter with 2 jet turbines, 2 counterrotating props—expedited valuable VTO flight research/development.

7. JET-ASSISTED P2V-7 Neptune—7th in a hardy line of far-ranging U. S. Navy patrol planes, equipped with jet power to increase attack and evasion capabilities.

8. JET T2V-1 SeaStar Trainer—"World's Safest," first production plane utilizing Boundary Layer Control for slow, safe landings and takeoffs on USN carriers.

9. PROPIET C-130 Hercules—the versatile new heavy-lift aircraft, everything "state-of-the-art" of the USAF that led America into a new era of swift, low-cost movement of heavy cargo.

10. JET F-104 Starfighter—World's Fastest Jet Fighter, "America's Missle" in flight, in 1.1 sec. of overtaking and destroying any aircraft.

11. RAMJET X-7 Missile, designed and built by Lockheed's Missile Systems Division, is one of a family of supersonic vehicles testing and developing air-breathing ramjet engines.

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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1956

The Biggest Playhouse

To TV's already heavy schedule of drama came a promising addition: CBS's *Playhouse 90*, the first hour-and-a-half drama factory in TV history. For eight months Playhouse Producer Martin (*Clipmax!*) Manulis has skirted the globe to corral top properties; he signed Keenan Wynn in Tokyo, Phyllis Kirk in London, Louis Jourdan in Paris. Of his upcoming teleplays—31 live and eight on film—most are being penned by big-time talents, e.g., H. Allen Smith, Gore Vidal. Each



JACK PALANCE & KIM HUNTER
More than fur and feathers.

will cost some \$100,000 to produce. Currently, four *Playhouse* directors are alternating assignments so that at least three complete units are in rehearsal on the big Hollywood sound stages at once. On the basis of last week's production, *Playhouse 90* indicated that TV drama was at last coming of age.

Rod (*Patterns*) Serling's play *Requiem for a Heavyweight* was a taut, disconcerting glimpse into the shabby world of prizefighting. The plot dealt with an all-star pug (Jack Palance) who is put out to pasture after 111 bone-bruising bouts, and finds it jarringly hard to adjust. He is a tough, disfigured blob of flesh who "could take a cannon ball in the face"; but he is also a gentle man, painfully aware of his ugliness. He is bounced around by some seedy managers and hangers-on ("Why is it," asks Trainer Ed Wynn, playing his first straight part on TV, "so many people have to feed off one guy's misery?") until a pretty employment agent (Kim Hunter) helps him find himself. As the articulate punch-drunk Actor Palance stammered his way through a powerful, sensitive performance.

But the real hero of the evening was

Teleplaywright Serling, 31, an ex-amateur boxer himself. He did not intend, he says, for *Requiem* simply to daub tar and feathers on the fight game—"I tried to dramatize the rejection of a human being by a segment of society. It could have been played out against any background at all." One of the medium's most prolific authors (100-odd plays), Serling is serving TV (at a record \$7,500 a script) some of the most tightly constructed, trenchant lines it has yet spoken. "I love TV," he confesses, "but writing is mostly just fighting discouragement. Sponsor taboos are still the big bugaboo." Discouraging or not, Serling is scheduled to grind out three more teleplays for *Playhouse* before its first season is played out.

The Great Medicine Show

The phony doctor (in real life a member of Actors' Equity) slips into a white smock, faces the camera, and the biggest gasoline-torch medicine show in history has begun. A cigarette is soothing to the T-Zone. A miracle pill will start the natural flow of liver bile. Try a certain elixir for worn-out blood—and a toothpaste for a brave new cavity-free world.

Last week the Federal Trade Commission, admonished by the U.S. Senate to watch more closely for "false and misleading" TV advertising, announced that it would begin monitoring radio and TV commercials for the first time (heretofore the FTC has merely scanned scripts picked at random).

Outright warfare between the American Medical Association and the networks over "quack M.D.s" ended three years ago, but there have been brief skirmishes ever since. Under the terms of a 1953 code drawn up between the A.M.A. and the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters, any commercial featuring a phony Dr. Kildare requires an accompanying announcement making it clear that the media is really a grease-painted TV actor. Recently, however, sponsors have dropped the qualifying "disclaimer" or have found means of skirting the principle of the code; e.g., just before the show goes off the air, comes a vague rider: "Portions of tonight's commercials were dramatized," a device not likely to destroy the listener's faith in the pincened pitchman with the stethoscope.

There are other ways of by-passing the code, which stipulates that a broadcaster "should not accept advertising material which describes or dramatizes distress," e.g., commercials showing muscles throbbing with pain. Also questionable is the indiscriminate use of such words as "safe," "without risk" and "harmless." Broadcasters also often resort to pseudopharmaceutical names or impressive "scientific" terms that the average viewer may not understand ("If you're tired from lack of thiamin and riboflavin . . ."). Others relate doctors and celebrities to a product by innuendo.

A sampling of the kind of commercial



Modern factories
make their employees
happier by supplying
fresh cotton
garments and crisp,
clean continuous
towels from Linen
Supply. You can tell
they care!

Linen Supply

Association of America
and National Cotton Council

22 W. Monroe St., Chicago 3, Ill.

 Mr. Businessman: It's easy to
show you care—with low-cost, de-
pendable Linen Supply Service.
Your LOCAL SUPPLIER is listed in
the classified directory under LINENS
SUPPLY or TOWEL SERVICE. Call
him—or write us for free descriptive
booklet.





You'll feel like this when the postman brings you BOAC's new book of Target Tours

Target Tours—New and exciting plan-it-yourself private car tours of Europe—go anywhere you wish within your target range. Unlimited mileage—unlimited cities at a fixed all-inclusive cost! Full-page zone map helps you plan—fly city to city or drive as you wish, your car is always at hand. Take these budget tours for winter vacations and business trips. Here's a brand new idea in European travel. Special group rates and Family Plan reductions...for each of two people from \$698.

If you have set your sights on more distant places, here's a greater range of tours:

African Safari—Explore wild and unspoiled Africa in comfort and luxury under the leadership of a renowned travel expert and specialist on Africa. 58 days of natural wonders, savage tribes, wildlife—contrasted with Africa's modern cities—industries—places of entertainment. All-inclusive \$2495.

Globe Trotter Tours—“Something different” to tempt the travel connoisseur

See your travel agent or write for your free kit of new travel ideas. Dept. ASEF-3, British Overseas Airways Corporation, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Murray Hill 7-8900.

fly 
B.O.A.C.
ALL OVER THE WORLD

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION	
Dept. ASEF-3, 342 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, MU 7-8900	
Please send me your free kit of travel ideas.	
I am particularly interested in	
<input type="checkbox"/> Target Tours <input type="checkbox"/> Air/Sea Cruises	
<input type="checkbox"/> African Safari <input type="checkbox"/> Globe Trotter Tours	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____ Zone _____ State _____	

—heard on both the big networks and local stations:

¶ “Two tablespoons of liquid Geritol . . . contains twice the iron in a pound of calf's liver. Don't let TIRED BLOOD drag you down.”

¶ “Medical science has discovered a healing medication called Preparation H. It shrinks hemorrhoids without surgery!”

¶ “Javitol contains 85% choice coffee blends, combined with a vegetable extract that lets you literally drink that extra weight right off your body. Can you imagine?”

¶ “Dormin is the original, genuine, non-habit-forming, safe sleeping capsule, so safe no prescription is needed . . . you'll sleep naturally.”

¶ “Rem is the only cough medicine compounded of its 14 medically approved ingredients, works through the upper chest and bronchial tubes to ease that tight feeling, help break up phlegm and wheezy congestion.”

¶ “Intra-Rub speeds up the flow of fresh, rich blood, thus helps drive away pain-causing pressure.”

¶ “This doctor's discovery is called Sustamin 2-12. Doctors of three leading hospitals personally witnessed amazing results. They saw agonizing, crippling pains relieved day and night.”

Probably the bitterest battle is being fought between Carter's Little Liver Pills and the FTC. Since 1943 the commission has been after Carter's on grounds that the product is nothing more than an ordinary laxative, with “no therapeutic effect” on the liver. The case has been endlessly dragged through the courts, is still unsettled. Last week FTC again demanded that Carter Products, Inc. drop the word “liver” from the brand name. Sample Carter commercial: “Five New York doctors now have proved you can break the laxative habit . . . Carter's Little Liver Pills improve the flow of liver bile needed for natural regularity.”

Some physicians are so disturbed that they go out of their way to explain TV's excesses to patients. “Advertisers,” warned one A.M.A. spokesman, “should not forget that the public is not so lastingly gullible as they seem to believe.”

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Oct. 18, Times are E.D.T., subject to change

TELEVISION

Playhouse 90 (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS) **Sizeman and Son**, with Eddie Cantor

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC) **With Pearl Bailey**

Washington Square (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC) New series starring Ray Bolger

The Chevy Show (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC) **Bob Hope, James Cagney**

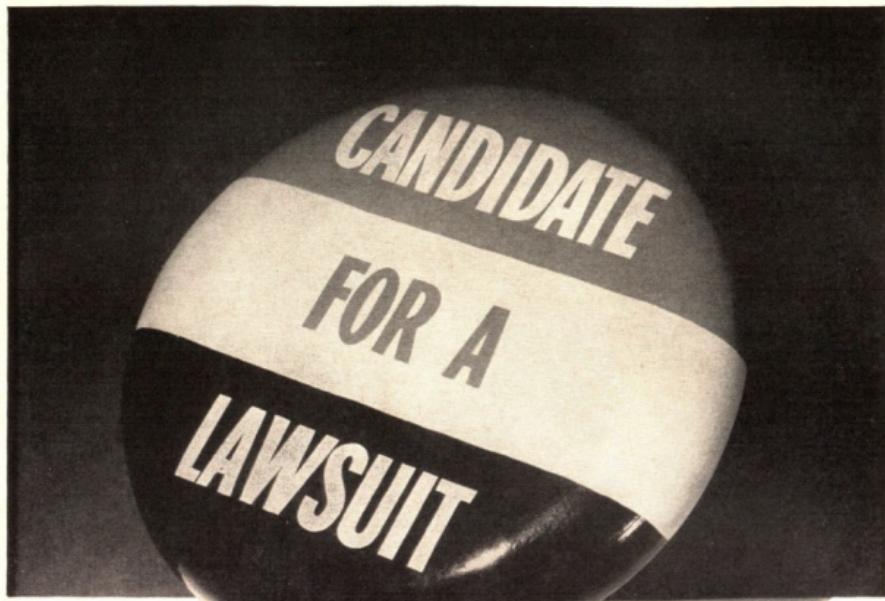
Omnibus (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC) **Barnaby Conrad's Manolet, the Greatest Toreador**

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC) New giveaway.

RADIO

Face the Nation (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS) **John Foster Dulles**

"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"

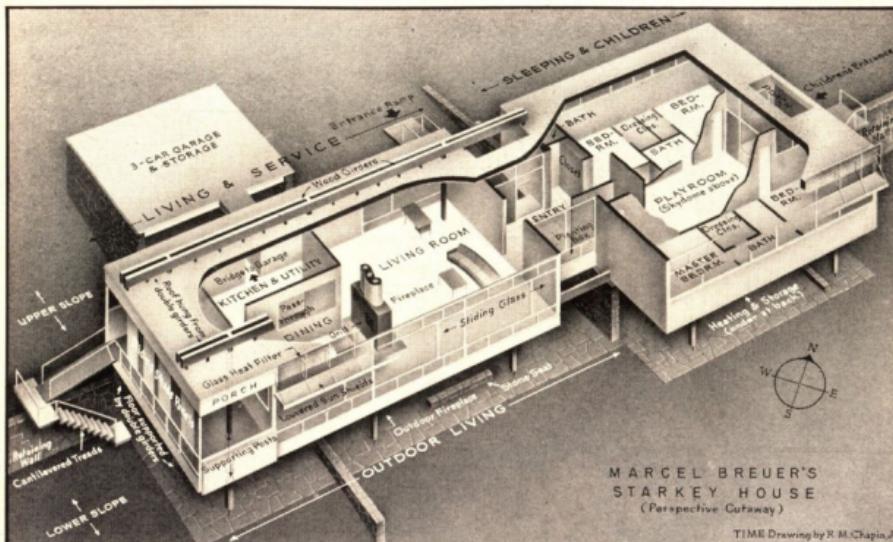


ANY MINUTE NOW, you may be nominated to defend yourself against a damage claim. It only takes a simple thing to put your name up. Your guest slips on a rug. A customer is injured in your store. Your golf ball hits another player. Or your dog bites a neighbor. Every day, liability claims for personal injuries or property damage can undermine a business...cut into people's savings...attach their salaries...force them to mortgage their homes or other possessions. Don't you get elected to pay a five-figure claim. Protect yourself with a Maryland Comprehensive Liability Policy. See your Maryland agent or broker today. Remember: *because he knows his business, it's good business for you to know him.*

MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY

Baltimore 3, Maryland

Liability Insurance is only one form of Maryland protection for business, industry, and the home. Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds, and Fire and Marine Insurance are available through 10,000 agents and brokers.



MARCEL BREUER'S
STARKEY HOUSE
(Perspective Cutaway)

TIME Drawing by R. M. Chapman

Floating Box

"Building seems to be a national passion of the U.S.," says Hungarian-born, Bauhaus-trained Architect Marcel Breuer, 54, whose precisely detailed, cleanly functional stone and wood houses have established him as one of today's top U.S. architects. And Architect Breuer has good reason to know. Famed in his youth as the designer of the first tubular steel furniture, he came to the U.S. in 1937 to teach architecture at Harvard and soon began building houses (until 1941 in partnership with Bauhaus Founder Walter Gropius) that opened new architectural frontiers in the U.S.

The success of Breuer's 50-odd custom-built houses, ranging from his own \$5,300 box-on-stilts cottage on Cape Cod to a \$350,000 modern mansion on Long Island, has paved the way for his small, topflight firm of 15 architects to move into Big Architecture, with current commissions on four college campuses and a share of the V-shaped UNESCO headquarters in Paris (TIME, May 25, 1953). But unlike many architects who are only too happy to give up designing houses as being low-profit, time-consuming ventures, Breuer (whose fee is a flat 15% of construction costs) insists that one or two houses be on the drafting table at all times. Says he: "A house presents so many problems that the man who can design one successfully can build anything." A prime example of such a house in the over-\$100,000 class is the Starkey house in Duluth, Minn. (opposite), completed less than a year ago, which not only provides specific solutions to the

client's living pattern and selected site, but incorporates so many of Breuer's trademarks (e.g., sliding glass panels, bold use of color) that it has become a showpiece of the best in modern design.

Design for Living. When young, recently widowed June Halverson Alworth (now Mrs. Robert J. Starkey) first walked into Marcel Breuer's office more than two years ago, she knew only that she wanted a house large enough for herself and her three children that would make the best possible use of her rocky hillside site with its sweeping view of Lake Superior. The site problems were made to order for Breuer, who feels the hillside house can ideally combine both the snug, down-to-earth feeling, where the building is an-

chored to the upper slope, with a soaring cantilevered view out over the landscape. Because his client planned to do her own cooking and housework, liked to entertain frequently, he laid out the house in well-defined zones, separating the sleeping and children's quarters from the living and dining rooms, paid particular attention to timesaving housekeeping details, e.g., a handy pass-through between kitchen and dining room.

In the construction Breuer suspended the living areas from two massive, laminated double beams placed above the roof to give an uncluttered expanse of ceiling stretching from wall to wall. Then, to emphasize the airy, floating effect, he left space between the box structure and retaining wall, connected house to ground with gangways. The main supporting columns reinforce the theme by stopping just short of the ground, where the weight is transferred to iron rods (which also protect the wood from termites). Says Breuer: "Where there's structure, it is always nice to express it."

For color, Breuer followed his own favorite recipe, leaving the rich contrasting texture of fieldstone and natural wood exposed wherever possible. "Where you can have white, why use anything else?" is a favorite Breuer adage. For contrast and added visual impact, Breuer used outside sliding panels of cadmium yellow and vermilion red, white and grey as sun shades, silk panels of cobalt blue inside.

Bi-Nuclear Plan. Though the Starkeys have lived in their new house less than a year, they have nothing but cheers for the result. June Starkey finds that she can



ARCHITECT BREUER



Photographs for TIME by Arthur Siegel

HILLSIDE HOUSE by Marcel Breuer floats above Duluth, Minn. landscape. Ramp (left) leads to garage and terrace. Colored panels block late sun.



FLAGSTONE PATIO with fieldstone benches under house has tub-centered fireplace. Steel rods at bottom of laminated posts save wood from decay.



DINING ROOM has Breuer-designed teak table and cabinet, Danish chairs, Philippine rush carpeting, natural silk curtains. Pass-through (right) opens to kitchen; rear door leads to porch.

LIVING ROOM with sweeping view outside, focuses within on bushhammered concrete fireplace with opening for charcoal burner and view into dining room. Broad ceiling is plywood.





Demonstrating his skills in an art so old that it predates history, Charles F. Jones interprets the famous Mead trade-mark in gilded and beautifully decorated porcelain.



FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP DEMANDS FINE PAPERS

Would you add drama, excitement and showmanship to all your printed selling? Begin, then, with good art, buy good engravings, good composition, and instruct the printer or lithographer of your choice to print on Mead Papers. It's as simple as that, as important as that, for paper forms the backdrop for every printed piece. Mead Papers are among the finest available.

You can specify their use with every assurance of getting the results you want at the price you wish to pay.

No matter what the process or the purpose, you'll find a paper made by Mead suited to your need and budget. For announcements, for catalogues and brochures, for booklets and folders, for any printed piece, specify Mead Papers, the papers the experts use.

THE MEAD CORPORATION

Papermakers to America

Sales Offices: Mead Papers, Inc., 118 West First Street, Dayton 2, Ohio • New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Atlanta

manage her one-level home with only a twice-weekly cleaning woman and a college girl live-in helper. Features she likes best:

¶ The zoned living space provided by Breuer's "bi-nuclear" plan, which separates living from soundproofed bedroom and children's area; the separate, skylighted playroom, with built-in storage wall, direct access to the upper terrace; the stone-paved dividing hallway, ideal for children's muddy shoes.

¶ The curtained, full-length wall windows which are protected in summer by Breuer's sunshade of solar glass and sun slats; the sliding-panel windows opening on the porch—"You just slide the windows open and put everything onto a table."

¶ The main fireplace, which acts as a room divider between living room and dining room, houses a charcoal broiler.

¶ The long, narrow kitchen ("You don't have to run all over") and teakwood counters that double as cutting boards.

¶ The under-cover, flagstone patio with its open fireplace—"We can have a barbecue even in the rain."

¶ Low, easy-to-use furniture (most of it designed by Breuer or Knoll Associates) and the contrasting textures of rush matting, raw silk, teak, and a specially woven Moroccan rug.

Duluth's reaction is still one of intrigued skepticism, as even June Starkey admits. "People will stop and stare," she says. "But once inside, they say, 'Well, it is nice looking.' They seem surprised. As a matter of fact, I think they are glad we did it. They wouldn't themselves, but they get a kick out of seeing ours."

Victory for Victory

To Berliners, no statue was more beloved than the great copper-plated goddess of victory driving her four 12-ft. horses proudly atop the 69-ft.-tall Brandenburg Gate. Completed in 1794, the *Quadriga of Victory* was the most famous work of a minor Prussian court sculptor, Johann Gottfried Schadow. But it caught the admiring eye of Napoleon as he rode in triumph through the gate in 1806, and the conqueror ordered it carted off to Paris. Brought back again by the Prussians in 1815 (when it acquired an iron cross surrounded by an oak leaf topped by an eagle), it remained in place until Russian artillery knocked it to scrap during the Battle of Berlin in World War II.

Last week Berliners rejoiced with the news that the *Quadriga* would once again be back in its place. East Berlin's Mayor Friedrich Ebert had originally suggested restoring the *Quadriga* to its place. Last week West Berlin Mayor Otto Suhr, whose Staatliche Museen has the original 1,000-piece mold stored in its cellar, agreed. The task of assembling the statue will cost \$38,000, take more than a year to complete. Though the goddess of victory will then preside triumphantly over Communist East Berlin, West Berliners noted one fact with satisfaction. With the *Quadriga* back in place, there would be no room for the hated red flag now flying atop Brandenburger Tor.



The Olivetti Audit 202: this new super-automatic two-register accounting machine is one of a complete line of Olivetti bookkeeping machines and calculators, each designed to meet a specific group of business-figure problems, and each providing a fast, efficient, money-saving solution. Like all Olivetti figure-work machines, the Audit 202 provides complete printed proof. Other Olivetti bookkeeping machines are the Automatic Carriage Printing Calculator, and the Electrosomma CR, the CR-S and the CR-B. For information on Olivetti machines (including standard and electric typewriters), write to Olivetti Corporation of America, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.



olivetti

How much do checks



cost you in travel time?



Here's a unique plan that cuts down the travel time of checks and converts them into working cash almost immediately

A special service here at the Continental Illinois Bank accomplishes a surprising thing: It brings its users substantial increases in working cash *without borrowing and without changing their financial structure.*

It's not unusual under this plan for a firm to increase its working cash by hundreds of thousands of dollars. For large businesses, increases of several millions are not exceptional.

Many of the checks sent to you by your customers travel back and forth across the country, often for days, before they reach the paying banks.

And because your company actually does not have use of these funds until the checks are collected, any unnecessary day of travel is expensive.

Also, your credit department cannot legally consider an account paid until the check is collected. This can tie-up credit lines and restrict sales.

The Flow of Funds Plan

Under the Continental's Flow of Funds Plan, this wasteful travel of checks ("float") is dramatically short-cut. Your customers' remittances are intercepted, specially rushed to collection, and converted into SPENDABLE DOLLARS in a fraction of the time they normally spend in "float."

A time saving of up to 5 days can generally be expected. In particular cases, 7 days, and even more, are saved.

This is no infant plan. The Continental has had it in operation for several years with firms whose names you know well. Its utter simplicity, its practicality are being proved every day. Our total volume of check transactions under it is now in excess of \$2,000,000,000 annually.

Would you like to know how a Continental "Flow of Funds Plan" can be tailored to your business? We'd be glad to give you a complete and detailed description.



CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS
NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF CHICAGO

... well named the "Continental"

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Milestone

The U.S. has passed a historic wage milestone. In September, for the first time, said Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell last week, the average pay of American factory workers climbed above \$2 an hour for a total of \$81 a week. Furthermore, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that in mid-September nonfarm employment (52.1 million) was at an alltime high. There was no sign that the boom was letting up in 1956's final quarter—or that it would do anything but climb higher in 1957.

With that in mind, Treasury Under Secretary W. Randolph Burgess took the occasion to answer those businessmen who grumble about the current credit squeeze. Said Burgess: "If everybody could borrow as much money as he wants when the economy is already working close to capacity, the net result would be a scramble for scarce materials and scarce labor, and prices would go up." Burgess promised that there will be no general easing of credit.

But the Administration was already easing in some spots where the squeeze was too tight. The Veterans Administration announced a series of special steps designed to ease the pinch on builders and buyers. From now on, the VA will grant direct loans to home buyers in small-town and rural areas where ordinary VA-guaranteed loans are unavailable on small down payments, will also make loans to veterans planning to buy homes on farm sites.

As for manufacturers, General Electric President Ralph J. Cordiner noted last week that G.E. sales for 1956's first

half had reached a whopping \$1.9 billion and a level 18% higher than 1955. "You hear a lot about tight credit," he said, "but we haven't noticed it in our business." He predicted that demand for electrical goods would double in the next eight years, quadruple within 16 years. And to prepare for the new markets, said Cordiner, G.E. had decided to spend another \$315 million on new plants and equipment over the next three years, which would shell out a total of \$500 million by 1960.

INDUSTRY Faded Rainbow

What's wrong with color TV? General Electric's President Ralph J. Cordiner last week gave the answer: "If you have a color set, you've almost got to have an engineer living in the house."

As Cordiner and virtually every other U.S. electronics manufacturer are well aware, color TV has turned out to be the most resounding industrial flop of 1956. The year started with the rusty prediction of RCA's Chairman David Sarnoff that up to 1,500,000 color sets would be in operation by mid-1956. As of last week, not more than 75,000 color receivers were in use (there are about 40 million black-and-white sets). Compared to black-and-white sales of 7,200,000 this year, color sales are scarcely a speck on the nation's TV screen. At best, the industry does not expect to sell more than 250,000 color sets by year's end. In fact, one big manufacturer estimates the total at closer to 30,000.

Where the seers went wrong was in reasoning that the customer would clamor for color as soon as prices came down (1955 minimum for color sets: \$700) and weekly color programming went up (from less than two hours a week last fall). Now both barriers have fallen. RCA, Admiral, Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward have been advertising color sets for \$500 or less since early last summer. G.E. will bring out its first under-\$300 color set this month. NBC is scheduling at least one color show a night, plans to telecast 120 hours of color during the last three months of 1956; rival CBS is telecasting another five hours of color weekly. Yet even in Chicago, where 38.3 hours of color a week sparkle out from the first U.S. "all-color" station (WNBQ), not more than 5,000 sets are in operation. The prevailing U.S. apathy to tinted TV was echoed last week by an idle viewer at Rich's department store in Atlanta. "I know the grass is green at Ebeths Field," he said. "It isn't worth \$400 more to find out how green."

"Premature Tub Thumping." While the public still has to be sold on color TV, few retailers across the country are yet in a selling mood. As a San Francisco dealer said last week: "The less I sell, the better. There's a shortage of proper technicians to repair them, and I don't think



Alfred Eisenstaedt

RCA'S SARNOFF
No pickup.

the buyer is always happy with what he gets." Dealers complain that prices, including the standard \$100 one-year service policy (v. \$40 for black-and-white), are still too high, and retail markups are too low to justify aggressive advertising.

Some dealers, on the other hand, have made hard promotion pay off. By renting color sets at a loss (\$1 a day including service) and buying multimillion local TV commercials to hymn the "adventure into a rainbow," Chicago's huge Polk Bros. center has sold 1,600 color sets this year—more than any other one-city U.S. retailer. By contrast, another chain has been quietly showing color TV for six months in six Chicago stores, by last week had sold only two sets.

Zenith Radio Corp.'s President E. F. McDonald Jr. (whose company has cautiously avoided color TV) charged last week that RCA had deliberately oversold the industry on color since 1953. In 1954 industry-wide licensing agreements, by which RCA collects royalties from other manufacturers using any of thousands of its radio, black-and-white and color TV patents, were due to expire. With affiliated NBC charged McDonald, RCA engaged in "premature tub thumping" for color television to induce manufacturers to sign up for a new license term of five years, and to continue collecting millions of dollars a year from the rest of the industry. Many TV men, on the other hand, point out that RCA is doing more than the rest of the industry combined to get color out of the red. But few differ with McDonald's conclusion: "Color TV has been slow to take hold for the simple reason that our industry has not yet produced a good enough color picture to make people want to pay the extra price."



Robert Lockenbach

SECRETARY MITCHELL
No letup.

TIME CLOCK

The Hue Is Blue. The trouble goes deeper than the quality of color. The black-and-white programs that make up the vast bulk of TV fare (80% on color-conscious NBC) often seem wan and whisky on color sets. Color reception takes such keen tuning that many a would-be customer loses heart while the salesman fumbles. Moreover, color reception must be live to be good. In the West, where night network shows are often Kinescoped to meet the time differential, viewers complain that all the hues come out blue.

Virtually all manufacturers are trying to hasten TV's rainbow age with simpler set design and cheaper tubes that may pare as much as \$100 from the cost of a color receiver. Bigger cuts will not be forthcoming until the industry can sell at least 1,000,000 sets a year, the point at which it expects to make a profit. For the record, the industry now expects to top that mark in 1958.

AUTOS

Two for the Road

As General Motors last week rolled out its 1957 Chevrolet, the big news was hidden under the hood. Chevy is the first U.S. automaker to bring out a fuel-injection engine for standard production-line cars. It is a 283-h.p. V-8 engine, turning up nearly 60 h.p. more than last year's most powerful Chevy engine. It will be standard equipment on Chevrolet's Corvette sports car and optional (estimated at \$190 extra cost) on every other model. Instead of using a carburetor, the fuel-injection system shoots gasoline and air directly into each cylinder, thus gives faster cold-weather starts, quicker warmups, and better fuel economy.

Even without fuel injection, Chevy buyers will get plenty of snap in 1957. The company will offer no less than seven other engines, from a 140-h.p. six-cylinder model up to a 270-h.p. V-8 just a notch below the Corvette fuel-injection special. Another engineering change: a new "turbo-drive" transmission for cars with the big engine, which combines a triple turbine and variable blades (like Buick's Dynaflo) for speedier getaway and better highway mileage. On bodies, Chevy spent some \$50 million for a face-lift: a new grille; higher, more sharply swept tail fins; a splashier chrome-and-paint treatment for the side panels. The new cars will cost more. Prices will be from \$50 to \$166 more per car depending on the model.

American Motors also got into the auto race this week with the 1957 Rambler, which it hopes will pull it out of the financial red next year. Like the Chevrolet, the new Rambler, completely redesigned in 1956, is getting only a face-lift this year. Main improvement: a more conservative rear-body treatment to de-

TOP EXECUTIVE SALARIES averaged \$87,000 last year, reports National Industrial Conference Board after survey of 899 companies in 27 industries. Highest payers: rubber companies, whose chief executive officers got average \$140,000 annually. Lowest: construction companies, whose No. 1 men averaged only \$56,000 annually.

NEW CREDIT CARD is being pushed by American Hotel Association to combat other pay-later systems, notably the 300,000-member Diner's Club, which charges hotels and restaurants 7% of the user's bill. Association's "Universal Trav-ecard" costs the same as Diner's Club membership (\$5 a year), is recognized by 6,000 of U.S. hotels, the major car-rental chains, and some theaters for charging bills, cashing personal checks.

ATOM-POWER FIGHT, starring public- v. private-power champions, will have a showdown at AEC public hearings next month. Argument will center in safety of "fast breeder" reactor plant being built by Detroit Edison-led private combine near Monroe, Mich. Public-power proponents want AEC to halt "unsafe" Monroe project, favor government development of "fast breeder," which is reactor type with most economic promise.

OCEAN FREIGHT RATES to Europe are being pushed up for second time in twelve months by brisk shipping demand. On Feb. 1 rates will rise 10% on scheduled liners plying between U.S. and West Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium, French Atlantic coast.

MEXICAN NATURAL GAS will be imported into U.S. for first time. Federal Power Commission gave final approval to 20-year deal between Mexico's Pemex oil and gas agency and Texas Eastern Transmission Corp. to import some 200 million

emphasize the car's boxy appearance. The Rambler will give buyers a choice of three engines, ranging from a standard 125-h.p., six-cylinder model to its first V-8 engine, rated at 190 h.p. Introducing the new Rambler, American Motors President George Romney said that his company can break even with sales of only 25,000 more cars in 1957's model year than in 1956, or a total of 150,000.

HIGH FINANCE

How to Loot a Company

A prime example of how a raider loots a company was spread on the record in the U.S. District Court in St. Louis last week. The raider: Sydney Albert, 49, who in the past two years, through a jumble of fantastic stock swaps, stitched together 70 companies into the Bellanca Corp., then saw most of it crash last June (TIME, June 25). The victim: St.

cu. ft. daily for Eastern customers. Texas Eastern will spend \$83 million on a program which includes a 30-in. pipeline running 422 miles from Mexican border at McAllen, Texas, to Beaumont.

APPLIANCE DEALERS' complaints of unfair competition from homebuilders will be investigated by Federal Trade Commission. Dealers told FTC some builders are selling appliances at cut rates to stores. Builders get appliances direct from manufacturers, below wholesale cost, ostensibly for installation in new homes.

CIRCUS DEAL is brewing between John Ringling North and Sports Promoter Bill Veeck, one-time owner of St. Louis Browns, who wants to keep his top operating by buying North's Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey. Veeck's group reportedly offered \$2,500,000 for performers, tents and animals, but North wants more.

G.M.-GREYHOUND FEUD is being patched up out of court. Greyhound gets a settlement for dropping its threat to sue automaker on charge that half the 1,000 double-deck G.M. Scenicruiser buses bought by Greyhound developed mechanical trouble. Greyhound is now ordering 500 single-level coaches from G.M. for \$17 million, remains G.M.'s top civilian customer.

TIDELANDS DRILLING will be resumed after four-month stalemate between State of Louisiana and U.S. Government. Though battle over ownership of area more than three miles offshore must finally be settled by U.S. Supreme Court, Louisiana and Government have signed interim operating agreement so that oilmen can keep on drilling and exploring until court rules, probably some time next summer.

Louis' venerable N. O. Nelson Co., a large plumbing-supply house. Only last autumn Nelson had twelve-month earnings of some \$200,000, plus \$500,000 in cash surplus, more than \$2,000,000 in accounts receivable, \$5,000,000 in inventory. But last week N. O. Nelson Co. was smothered in a huge debt and had been forced to file under the bankruptcy act for more time to pay its debts. Said Bankruptcy Referee William J. O'Herin: "This company was looted."

Double Loan. Syd Albert was attracted to Nelson a year ago by its fat assets. The founding family that controlled the company snapped up his offer to pay \$43.50 a share for 97% of Nelson's stock or a total of \$4,850,000. To raise most of it, Albert borrowed \$4,500,000 from Mastan & Co. of New York, pledging his Nelson holdings as collateral.

Then he got Chicago's Walter E. Heller & Co., a factoring house, to lend \$3,-

SUNDAY SELLING

A New Service Raises a Hot Dispute

WHEN A New Jersey clothing chain opened a new branch at Union Township one day this month, 20,000 first-day shoppers from a 30-mile radius jammed highway 22 for four solid miles. Main reason for the stampede: the store opened on a Sunday, thus permitting entire families to do their shopping together. Such booming Sabbath business has become a nationwide phenomenon—and one of the hottest controversies in U.S. retailing.

From New Orleans' Schwengmann supermarket (whose bar dispenses brand-name liquor for 30¢ a shot on Sunday) to Los Angeles' \$6,000,000-a-year, 24-hour-a-day Ranch Market, grocery stores now find that Sunday is the third biggest day of the week (after Saturday and Friday). As supermarket stock levels have expanded in postwar years to include goods ranging from shovels to shotgun shells, discount houses, clothing stores, furniture and appliance dealers have turned to Sunday selling. Many department stores even hold "Sunday special" sales. For auto dealers, Sunday trade often amounts to 50% of total weekly sales. Even in Mormon Salt Lake City and Baptist Atlanta, where the Sabbath is scrupulously observed, real-estate agents say that Sunday is still the heaviest day of the week by far.

In Milwaukee, Seattle and New Orleans, the Sunday boom has spurred vigorous countercoffensives by merchants' associations, which resist Sunday selling as an unfair pressure on the businessman. Church groups have joined in the criticism. Decrying "this insidious and fast-growing practice," Cardinal Spellman last month urged New York's Roman Catholics to "help others who unwittingly or unwittingly may be breaking God's Third Commandment," by refusing to do Sunday buying.

The great majority of retailers contend that seven-day selling is indefensible in the face of nationwide pressure for a four-day week. While small businessmen say they are forced to open Sundays to meet low-margin chain-store competition, many chain-store operators have found that Sunday volume has become too big to jettison. A big Arkansas supermarket operator who returned to the six-day week found that receipts dropped 40%. In Indianapolis, after agreeing to close on Sundays, the Kroger chain was forced to reopen nine of its 16 markets.

Determined attempts by businessmen to keep store doors locked on Sundays have proved ineffectual in most areas. In Los Angeles, where

Sunday shoppers come from towns 50 miles away, more than 95% of auto dealers approached by a trade association agreed recently to observe a six-day week. While some 85% have kept the pledge, five of the city's 31 Buick dealers have already reopened Sundays. Union efforts to give members their traditional day of rest have also boomeranged. Merchants take punitive wage costs in stride while union members vie eagerly for double time Sunday duty.

Although 38 states have laws banning nonessential Sunday work, the laws in most cases are antiquated, vague, unenforced or unenforceable. In Arkansas, Colorado and Michigan, blue laws have either been ruled unconstitutional or are under appeal. In New York, an accountant who was arrested last January for working on Sunday was acquitted by a judge who pointed out that baseball stadiums and theaters have long violated the Sabbath with impunity. In many cities where Sunday-closing ordinances are enforced, merchants sidestep the law by selling from branches outside city limits. Rather than turn away customers, businessmen in such cities as Newark and Little Rock, Ark., have repeatedly paid fines and continued to cater to Sunday trade.

Critics of the blue laws argue that they ignore a profound shift in U.S. living and shopping habits. In an era of full employment, many husbands and wives both hold jobs, find it impractical to shop on weekdays. Moreover, merchants who try to solve the problem by keeping late weekday hours report that most customers prefer to shop (and invariably spend more) on Sunday, when they can take their time and bring the family. With the exodus to the suburbs and the growth of one-stop shopping centers (TIME, Oct. 15) in outlying areas, families have become accustomed to shopping by car. Says a Cleveland housewife: "Getting up late Sunday and shopping with the kids after a slow breakfast is fun. It's like going to the fair."

Thus many retailers genuinely feel that Sunday service, however burdensome, is a necessary and legitimate response to consumer needs. In Chicago, Courtesy Motor Sales President Jim ("World's Largest Ford Dealer") Moran, a Roman Catholic, relies on Sunday deals for 25% of his weekly volume. Says Moran: "It's no sin. As long as saloons are open on Sunday, I don't see anything wrong with selling automobiles."

600,000 to Nelson. When Heller's agents came to inspect the Nelson plant and books, the officers protested that they needed no loan, were loaded with cash. But Albert had his hand-picked executive vice president, Keith Munroe, sign the Heller note when Nelson's president was sick in a hospital.

Nelson never even saw the \$3,600,000 borrowed in its name. Munroe directed Heller to deposit the check in the bank account of Albert's Bellanca Corp., which used it to pay off the bulk of the Mastan debt. But Nelson had to start paying back the \$3,600,000 loan in monthly installments of more than \$100,000, including 12% interest.

Paper Deal. In return Nelson got only an I.O.U. from Bellanca for the \$3,600,000. Albert worked a slick trick to



BELLANCA'S ALBERT
The cupboard was bare.

pay off the note without using any cash. He ordered Nelson's board to vote a \$33-per-share dividend, even though Nelson did not have that kind of money. Since Bellanca held all but 3% of the stock, its dividend totaled just about \$3,600,000. Instead of paying the dividend, Albert told Nelson to credit Bellanca with the amount. The declared but unpaid dividend would in effect cancel out the \$3,600,000 debt to Nelson. Thus Nelson was committed to pay \$3,600,000 of its \$4,850,000 purchase price, while Albert's Bellanca Corp. paid the remaining \$1,250,000.

Later Albert sold Bellanca's holdings in Nelson to Automatic Washer Co. in exchange for 687,000 shares of Automatic, then worth about \$5,600,000. Automatic also canceled an I.O.U. it held from Albert in the amount of \$1,525,000. Therefore, Albert's investment in Nelson of \$1,250,000 brought him a return of more than \$6,000,000.

For Nelson, cleaned of its cash and burdened by debt, there was no course



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New Issue

\$3,000,000

Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation

4 1/4% Subordinated Debentures, due October 1, 1976
(Convertible into Common Stock to and including October 1, 1966)

Price 102% and accrued interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the several underwriters, including the undersigned, only in States in which such underwriters may lawfully offer the securities.

Hallgarten & Co.

October 10, 1956

These Notes have not been and are not being offered to the public. This announcement appears only as a matter of record.

\$4,000,000

Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation

4 1/4% and 4 1/2% Term Notes

Maturing December 31, 1959-1966

A Loan Agreement negotiated by the undersigned provides a Revolving Credit of \$4,000,000 until December 31, 1957, and for issuance on that date of these Term Notes.

Hallgarten & Co.

October 10, 1956

Clark, Dodge & Co.

left but the bankruptcy courts. Last week, after he took over, Bankruptcy Referee William J. O'Herin ordered that no more payments be made on Nelson's debt until the courts can determine whether the original stockholders can legally win back possession of Nelson and the \$1,000,000 the company has already paid out on the loan.

Slow-running Waltham Watch Co. last week ticked off its sixth major management switch in the last ten years. Control of the oldest U.S. watch company was sold by Sydney Albert's Bellanca Corp. to a group headed by Joseph Axler, 44, who owns three wholesale watch companies, claims to be the largest U.S. watch distributor. He became Waltham president. In as board chairman went Max A. Geller, 57, who was president of New Haven Clock & Watch Co. from 1949 to 1954.

Axler, Geller and friends paid \$600,000 for 16.6% of Waltham's stock, almost exactly what Bellanca paid for it a year ago. They got a company with 483 employees, sales of \$4.8 million in 1955 (down from \$11.2 million in 1947), and earnings last year of \$70,764 (just 4¢ per share). Axler hopes to win back Waltham's almost nonexistent consumer trade in the \$39.75 to \$125 watch market, also expand the industrial division (speedometers, gyroscopes, aircraft equipment) that now does 90% of Waltham's total business.

GOVERNMENT

The Highway Man

As chairman of the New York State Thruway Authority, Bertram D. Tallamy can take credit for building one of the most scenic and safest superroads in the U.S. (2.8 deaths per hundred million vehicle miles). But if Tallamy had it to do all over again, the 427-mile Thruway from New York City to Buffalo would be even better; he says he would avoid all scenically dull stretches, make roadways at least 80 ft. apart, build them at different levels for greater safety and so that oncoming traffic would not spoil the view. Last week Highway Man Tallamy got his chance to put these ideas in effect all over the U.S. President Eisenhower chose him as the Government's first Federal Highway Administrator in charge of its \$33 billion program for a coast-to-coast network of superroads.

Bert Tallamy, 54, a civil engineer who spends his winter weekends snowshoeing in the mountains near his West Sand Lake, N.Y. home, has been building public projects ever since he graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1925. He got his first job building sewers and water mains in Buffalo, soon after formed his own firm contracting for municipal water systems, dams and sewage-disposal projects in upstate New York. In 1945, when New York embarked on an \$800 million public-works program, Governor Thomas E. Dewey asked him to become deputy superintendent of public works in charge

Advertising in TIME



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of coordinating all the various highway and building projects, quickly moved him up to superintendent of public works and in 1954 put him in charge of the New York State Thruway project.

Completed this year at a cost of \$1 billion, the Thruway has proved so popular that the first sections opened in 1954 netted \$7,000,000 in tolls on 522 million miles of travel. This year the completed road will take in three times that amount. In his new \$20,000-a-year job, which he plans to start early next year, Tallamy will be responsible for one of the most ambitious single public-works projects in history—41,000 miles of superhighways as well as hundreds of miles of spur and connecting roads stretching into every corner of the U.S. Says Highway Administrator Tallamy: "The highway program will not only bring more rapid and safer transportation, but will also lead to a decentralization of industry. All along the new highway system new industries will spring up."

INSURANCE Over the \$400 Billion Mark

"Life insurance in force in the United States has reached \$400 billion. This is twice as much as the amount outstanding at the end of 1948 and four times the aggregate of life-insurance protection in 1936." This size-up of one of America's biggest businesses came last week from Executive Vice President Claris Adams at the 51st annual meeting of the American Life Convention in Chicago. This year, added Adams:

¶ A record \$50 billion additional protection will be written, 2½ times more than a decade ago.

¶ Life-insurance company assets will rise by \$5 billion to \$95 billion.

¶ Benefits for the 103 million policyholders—80% of the U.S. population, 75% of its families—will go to \$6 billion, over twice the 1946 total.

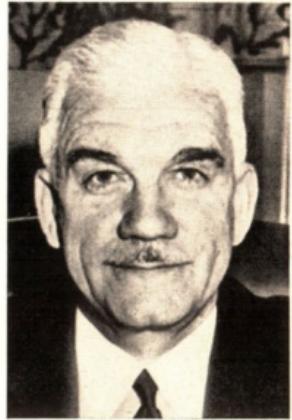
Said Adams: "The totals are large, but the average protection per family (slightly over \$7,000) is less in proportion to income in the U.S. than it is in Canada, and less than it was in this country 15 years ago."

FOOD

The Inquisitive Yankee

"Go around asking a lot of damfool questions and taking chances. Only through curiosity can we discover opportunities, and only by gambling can we take advantage of them." This was the credo of Clarence Birdseye, an inquisitive, bright-eyed Yankee tinkerer. By asking questions and taking chances he revolutionized America's eating habits, made his name a household word, and founded a billion dollar industry.

One of the damfool questions Clarence Birdseye asked himself 40 winters ago when trading furs in the wilds of Labrador: Why did the fish and meats that he quick-froze taste better when thawed out than the same foods slow-frozen? The



International
ROAD BUILDER TALLAMY
For speed and safety.

curious Yankee cut thin slices of the frozen food and found the answer: quick-freezing prevented large ice crystals from forming, thus kept the food cells intact and firm; slower-freezing in milder temperatures created big ice crystals that ruptured the food cells, producing a pulpy, tasteless mass.

\$7 Investment. Six years later in Gloucester, Mass., curiosity turned to opportunity as Birdseye went into the wholesale fish business. Up to then fish shippers had been turning out a slow-frozen, cold-storage product that looked like fish and often tasted like mush. Investing \$7 in buckets of brine, blocks of ice and an electric fan, Birdseye started to quick-freeze fish. Birdseye's process



INVENTOR BIRDSEYE
From damfool questions.

turned out well; his finances, however, were not equal to the strain of setting up a large manufacturing and distributing organization, and he went broke. Unfazed, he hocked his life insurance and gambled again. This time he won; in 1929 Birdseye, who now had powerful backers, sold his General Seafoods Corp. and 168 quick-freeze patents to the Postum Co. (later renamed General Foods) and the Goldman-Sachs Trading Corp. for \$22 million. Said Birdseye proudly: "That was, I believe, the largest sum ever paid for a patent in this country."

Actually, Birdseye did not invent quick-frozen foods. Eskimos had followed the practice for centuries; European scientists had developed the theory to a fine point. Said Birdseye: "My contribution was to take the Eskimos' knowledge and the scientists' theories and adapt them to quantity production." Brick-hard, brick-size frozen food packages became a staple in U.S. kitchens. Many of the housewives who used the product never knew that Birdseye (spelled Birds Eye on General Foods packages) was a man. But, they paid him the greater compliment of using frozen foods so enthusiastically that in 1955 the industry that Clarence Birdseye had pioneered for \$7 soared to nearly \$2 billion gross, shared by 1,551 companies⁹ packaging some 2,000 brands.

\$50,000 Income. Though he was enjoying a \$50,000-a-year income by his 40s, the restless Yankee would not retire, kept insisting: "There is always a better way of doing almost anything." He kept finding it. An inveterate fisherman, he contrived a one-man kickless harpoon gun to spear whales; a window-shopper, he invented a one-piece display lamp and reflector for shopkeepers, then founded a successful electric company to produce the unit, though he admittedly did not know the difference between an ohm and a kilowatt. He even found time to write a book on wildflowers.

Just a year ago, Birdseye returned to the U.S. after two years in Peru, with another triumph to his credit: a method of converting sugar cane wastes to paper pulp in twelve minutes v. nine hours for the old process. Though he suffered from heart trouble and had to lead a strictly regulated life for the past 20 years, he said: "Still other ventures are afoot, and the days are not long enough for me to take advantage of all the opportunities I see."

Last week in Manhattan death came to Clarence Birdseye, 69, and ended his restless quest. Behind him he left 300 patents, a characteristically tart self-description: "I do not consider myself a remarkable person. I am just a guy with a very large bump of curiosity and a gambling instinct."

⁹ Among them Buitoni Foods, which last week sent President Giovanni Buitoni back to Italy to set up a frozen-food industry. The 129-year-old, world wide Buitoni organization started freezing lasagne, ravioli, macaroni and cheese in the U.S. in 1950, did so well it decided to market them to Italian housewives, using Italy's ice-cream dealers as outlets.

New Issue

318,098 Shares

United Aircraft Corporation

Preference Stock, 4% Series of 1956

\$100 par value (convertible prior to November 1, 1966, unless previously redeemed)

The Preference Stock, 4% Series of 1956 was offered by the Corporation pro rata to the holders of its Common Stock, for subscription at \$100 per share.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities but appears only as a matter of record. Capital of the Province under which the offering was made is obtainable from the underwriters and such other dealers as may lawfully offer these securities in the respective States.

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A Word of Advice

Said the University of Toronto's President Sidney Smith to his students: "If you choose to work, you will succeed; if you don't, you will fail. If you neglect your work, you will dislike it; if you do it well, you will enjoy it. If you join little cliques, you will be self-satisfied; if you make friends widely, you will be interesting. If you gossip, you will be slandered; if you mind your own business, you will be liked. If you act like a boor, you will be despised; if you act like a human being, you will be respected. If you spurn

... official . . . bank clerk . . ." But all the little Orientals could think of to say was "Ben-Gurion," for they had never heard of a bank clerk or a poet. As a matter of fact, in their first six years of life, they had absorbed almost nothing. Gradually, they stopped trying to answer any questions at all.

What Does a Tailor Do? For Israel's teachers such scenes are all too familiar. In the 20% of the schools that have mixed classes, the vast difference between the knowledge of the Europeans and the Orientals has become the nation's most frustrating educational problem. Many of the



MIXED FIRST-GRADERS IN JERUSALEM
Some need a catapult.

David Rubinger

wisdom, wise people will spurn you; if you seek wisdom, they will seek you. If you adopt a pose of boredom, you will be a bore; if you show vitality, you will be alive. If you spend your free time playing bridge, you will be a good bridge player; if you spend it in reading, discussing and thinking of things that matter, you will be an educated person."

Integration in Israel

Before the first-grade class began in the Luria school in Jerusalem, there seemed little difference between the behavior of one six-year-old and another. The dark-skinned "Oriental" children, whose parents come from North Africa and the Middle East, were almost as well dressed and just as well scrubbed as the Europeans. In the scramble for seats, they showed the same giggling eagerness. But then the teacher began the lesson—and the class was promptly split in two.

The Oriental children had no idea what the Hebrew words for exercise book, pencil, eraser or ruler are. When the teacher asked, "What kind of grown-up uses a pencil?" the Europeans shouted, "Poet

Oriental children have never slept in a bed or used a knife and fork. Some of the North Africans have been brought up in caves. Since Kurdish children are to be seen and not heard, their parents seldom converse with them, and the children never learn how to ask questions. They have never seen a book or heard a bedtime story. They cannot write their names. Their inquisitiveness blocked almost from birth, they succumb to total passivity. By the time they reach school, they can speak only about ten words.

When asked "What does a tailor do?" the Oriental children are apt to answer: "Slaughters chickens," "makes shoes," or "builds houses." While in a fourth-grade reading test the Europeans missed only one word in every nine lines, the Orientals flubbed eleven. In a special intelligence test given 13-year-olds, the Europeans scored 51 out of a possible 60. The scores for the Kurds and Yemenites: 2.7 and 3.1.

What's a Ghetto? In the past few years, as more and more Orientals flounder, flunk and repeat, some European parents have begun demanding separate schools for them. "The Oriental child," says

Psychologist Moshe Smilansky of the Szold Institute for Child and Youth Welfare, "just can't compete. The cultural patterns of his home don't give him a chance. My son was in a mixed school for a time. The average IQ of the Europeans in his class was 125, but the average of the class was only 85." Meanwhile, other adults have suggested revising present courses. Says Sociologist Dinah Feitelsohn: "Our reading primers are just silly for Oriental children. The pictures show typical European families. The stories are frequently about life in East European villages or ghettos about which the Oriental has never heard."

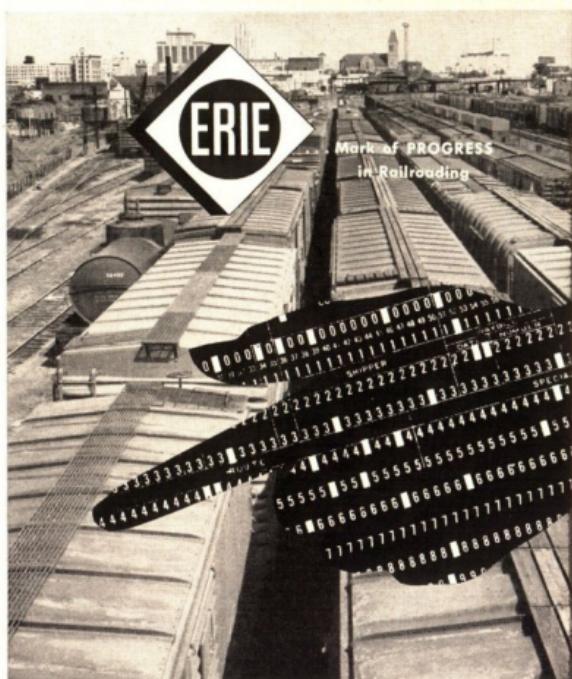
On the subject of segregation, however, the government—and many educators—are adamant. "In a few years," explains Headmistress Hadassah Brill of the Luria school, "the Europeans will be in a minority in Israel. We must integrate with the Orientals to form one people, and if this isn't done in the schools it will never be done." Adds Moshe Avidor, Director General of the Ministry of Education: "Until East and West have identical standards, there is no future for Israel. Somehow these Oriental children have to be catapulted from the Middle Ages or earlier to the 20th century, from the culture of the Atlas Mountains to the Atomic Age." But as of last week, there was still one question even the ministry could not answer: How is the catapulting to be done?

Integration in Officialdom

Whatever his motives for asking the question, Georgia's Representative James Davis, chairman of the House subcommittee investigating integration in the capital's schools, could well have caused a flurry of embarrassment in Government circles. How many officials, he wanted to know, have been willing to send their children to desegregated schools? Last week Davis got his answer.

One of his obvious concerns was the U.S. Supreme Court. But none of the Justices now living in Washington has children of school age. Last year Vice President Nixon's two daughters attended the Horace Mann School, which had one Negro. Among their schoolmates were the son of Interior Secretary Frederick Seaton and the children of Senators Estes Kefauver of Tennessee and Thomas Kuchel of California.

Bonnie Benson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, went to Roosevelt High School, which had 518 Negroes. Her sister attended Powell with 214 Negroes and 138 whites. The daughter of Allen Reed, presidential legislative analyst, went to school with 20 Negroes, and the three daughters of Maxwell Rabb, secretary to the Cabinet, attended integrated schools. At Jackson Elementary School, which New Jersey Senator Clifford Case's son attended, there were 39 Negroes. Even some of the Southern and border-state Senators have become color-blind. The daughters of Louisiana's Russell Long went to Horace Mann. The daughter of Texas' Price Daniel and the son of Indiana's William Jenner went to Alice Deal, which had five



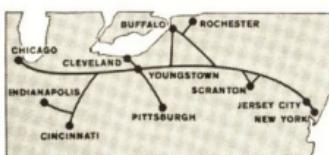
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Negroes. Mary Laird, daughter of West Virginia's William Laird, attended Western High with 77 Negroes, while the daughter of Texas' Lyndon Johnson went to Murch with four.

One Southerner was sticking by his racist guns. The private Sidwell Friends School revealed that Mississippi's James O. Eastland had withdrawn his son and daughter. Reason: one little Negro had been taken into kindergarten.

Report Card

¶ In the wake of the firing of County Health Officer Deborah Coggins for lunching with a Negro nurse in a white restaurant (TIME, Oct. 8), Florida's Jefferson County school board added its own unsavory sequel to the story: it ordered Fifth-Grade Teacher Flo Way to resign after she defended Dr. Coggins at a pub-

lic meeting. But Teacher Way was carrying on as usual. "I feel I have the right to free speech," said she.

¶ Though the university's huge endowment had gone up another \$56 million to \$478,739,000 last year, the Harvard Corporation wanted to make it clear that prosperity—like peace—is relative. While the market value of the endowment has gone up 8%, said the Corporation, costs have gone up 7%. In the long view, things seemed even worse. In the last 25 years the cost of running the college has quadrupled, while its endowment income has only doubled.

¶ Celebrating its 100th anniversary, the First National Bank in St. Louis found a heartening way to express its gratitude to its community: gifts of \$50,000 apiece to the city's two privately supported universities—Washington and St. Louis.

MILESTONES

Married. Donald David Dixon Ronald O'Connor, 31, cinema song-and-dance man (*Anything Goes, Call Me Madam*); and TV Starlet Gloria Noble, 23; both for the second time; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Divorced. Charles Samuel Addams, 44, necrographic cartoonist for *The New Yorker*; by slinky, lank-haired Lawyer Barbara Barb, 36, live ringer for Addams' lady lurker; after two years of marriage, no children; after Lawyer Barb established "residence" in a 45-minute divorce-mill hearing in Athens, Ala.

Died. Eliena Krylenko Eastman, 61, Polish-born Russian landscape painter, muralist and sometime (1921) secretary to Maxim Litvinoff (then Vice Commissar of Soviet Foreign Affairs), sister of Nikolai Krylenko, sometime Soviet chief prosecutor who was purged in 1938, and wife of oldtime socialist Max (Reflections on the Failure of Socialism) Eastman; of cancer; in Gay Head, Mass.

Died. James Percy Priest, 56, craggy, countryfied sometime (1926-40) reporter for the Nashville *Tennessean*, who resigned (1940) when Democrat Joseph W. Byrns, his paper's candidate for re-election from Tennessee's Fifth Congressional District, voted to delay the draft for 60 days, ran and beat Byrns as a New Deal independent, was elected seven more times, won respect from both parties as Democratic whip (1949-53), chairman of the House Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce (since 1953), and as a campaigner for public health measures; after surgery for a duodenal ulcer; in Nashville.

Died. Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, 67, slight, white-bearded yachtsman, watercolorist and world-renowned architectural historian, who taught for 38 years (1916-54) at Columbia University, wrote prolifically, edited (1952) the scholarly, encyclopedic *Forms and Functions of Twen-*

tieth-Century Architecture, capped his career by winning a Pulitzer Prize (1956) for his biography of Benjamin Latrobe, the U.S.'s first professional architect; of a heart attack; in Beaufort, S.C. Architect Hamlin delivered Wrightian judgments, called Los Angeles ("very bad Spanish architecture") the ugliest U.S. city, summed up New York: "One vast slum with oases . . . for the wealthy."

Died. Clarence Birdseye, 69, who started his career as a teen-age taxidermist, later pioneered in the development of quick-frozen foods; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan (see BUSINESS).

Died. Hassard Short, 78, British-born stagecraftsman, director of more than 50 Broadway and West End shows; in Nice, France. Light-struck Hassard Short began (in *Honeydew*, 1920) a spectacular series of stage innovations by slingling an electrician over the stage in a bosun's chair to handle overhead spots, later installed the first permanent lighting bridge (*The Music Box Revue*, 1921), and the first revolving stage (*The Band Wagon*, 1931), startled Broadway by staging the Easter parade scene in *As Thousands Cheer* (1933) in rotogravure brown.

Died. Msgr. Lorenzo Perosi, 83, long-time (since 1898) director of the Vatican's Sistine Chapel Choir, and foremost Italian composer of sacred music, who wrote 14 oratorios (most famous: *The Resurrection*) and 30 Masses, destroyed much of his work in despair during a mental breakdown (1922); in Vatican City.

Died. Gordon Ferrie Hull, 86, long-time (1903-40) professor of physics at Dartmouth College, who gave solid evidence of the electromagnetic nature of light by demonstrating (with the late Ernest Fox Nichols, in 1901) that light exerts pressure, later did research in microwave radio, radar, supersonic airfoil design; in Hanover, N.H.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Giant (George Stevens; Warner). Texas, as the saying goes, is a state of mind; and as such, it is not bounded by thirty-six-thirty and the Rio Grande. Indeed, the bestselling 1952 novel by Edna Ferber, on which this picture is based, bellowed from the bookstalls that Texas in modern times is a microcosm of materialism, a noisome social compost of everything that is crass and sick and cruel in American life. Texas bawled like a branded dogie when the book was published, not without reason; if Author

For a while, the pace is distinctly depressing; nothing seems to happen. And then slowly the spectator gets the big idea of this picture; slowly he realizes that he is not supposed to be watching a story, even though in its own sweet time the picture tells a pretty good story. He is supposed to be watching life.

And as a slice of Texas life, *Giant* is something an audience can really sink its teeth into. As in life, what happens is not so important as how it happens, and thanks to Director Stevens' precise and sensitive control of the whole production—script and setting, color and sound,



JAMES DEAN & ELIZABETH TAYLOR
One-damn-thing-after-anotherness.

Ferber was telling the truth, it was certainly not the whole truth about Texas. And in the film, though Director George Stevens has pulled some of Author Ferber's wilder punches, Texans will probably still find plenty to holler about. But moviegoers in other parts of the world will surely find even more to cheer at. In the hand of a master moviemaker, *Giant* has been transformed from a flashy best-seller into a monumental piece of social realism.

In mood, in movement, *Giant* is something the film colony often claims but seldom achieves: an epic. And this epic was achieved by an act of singular artistic courage. At the serious risk of losing the customer's interest—and with it the \$5,000,000 production cost of the picture—Director Stevens slowed the pace of his story down to a deep-Texas drawl. With a more than Homeric lento, almost as though it were inching along in one of those venerable jalopies that still wheeze across the hot pink flats between El Paso and San Antonio, the camera moves for almost $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours through what at first appears to be a flat and featureless tale.

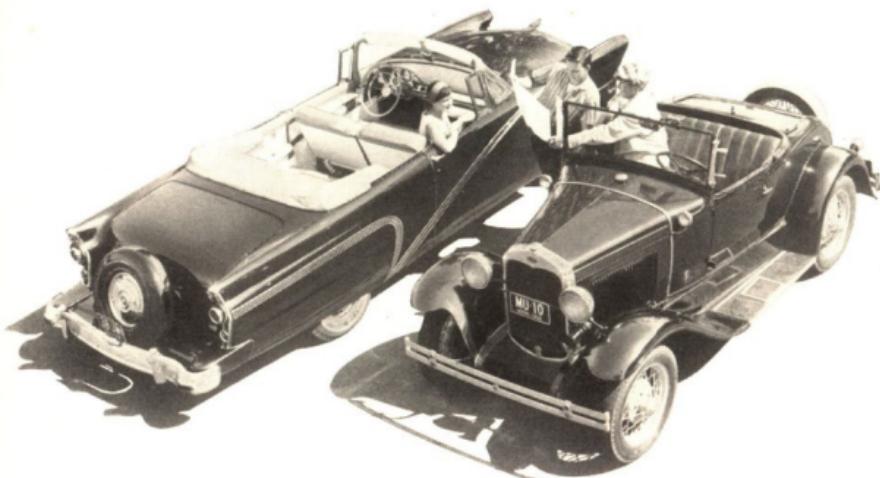
camera and actor—almost every moment in this movie happens with the sort of one-damn-thing-after-anotherness that carries a conviction of reality. The actors, for example, are amazingly well behaved. Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor, neither of whom has been widely hailed as an outstanding acting talent, keep thoroughly in character throughout long and difficult roles. In a shorter part, Mercedes McCambridge plays with vigor, economy and taste.

James Dean, who was killed in a sports-car crash two weeks after his last scene in *Giant* was shot, in this film clearly shows for the first (and fatefully the last) time what his admirers always said he had: a streak of genius. He has caught the Texas accent to nasal perfection, and has mastered the lock-hipped, high-heeled stagger of the wrangler, and the wry little jerks and smirks, tics and twitches, grunts and giggles that make up most of the language of a man who talks to himself a good deal more than he does to anyone else. In one scene, indeed, in a long, drunken mumble with Actress Carroll Baker in an empty cocktail lounge,

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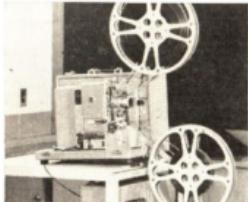
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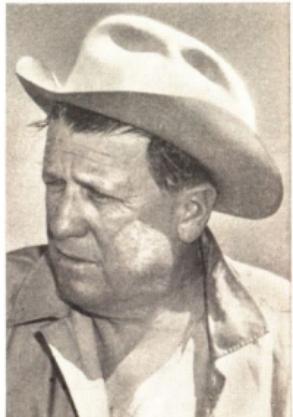
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the actor is able to press an amazing variety of subtleties into the mood of the moment, to achieve what is certainly the finest piece of atmospheric acting seen on screen since Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger did their "brother scene" in *On the Waterfront*.

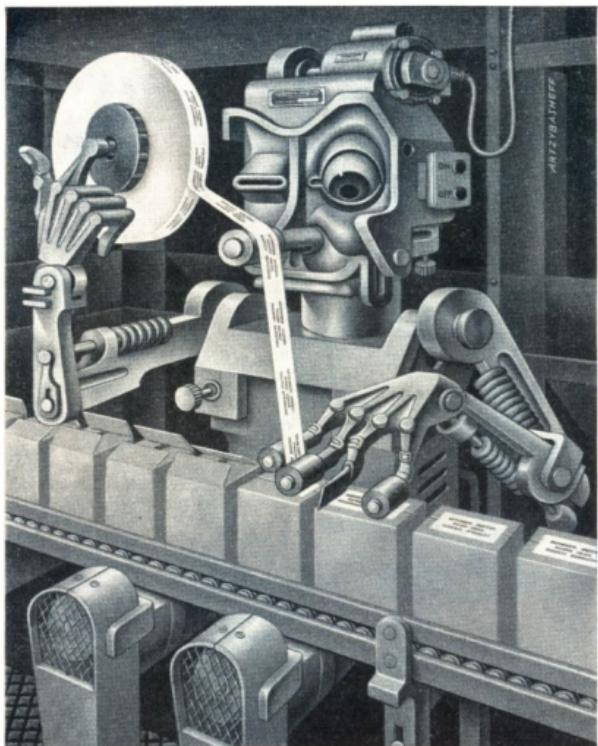
Yet, despite the blazing up of this lost light, the picture belongs to the director. Scene after scene—a cultivated dinner party, a brawl in a diner, a quarrel between a conventional father and a free-thinking son—is worked over with a care for the meanings beneath the meanings on the surface: something that Hollywood almost never takes the time for. And most of the hidden meanings, as they come shining darkly through, add



PRODUCER-DIRECTOR STEVENS
For comic effect, make the baby cry.

an undertone of intense irony to the picture, and color its mood with something like ferocity as the climax comes on—a climax in which a horde of guzzling millionaires are summoned to their supper by a cattle call. The director's passionate disgust—not for Texas, but for all that Texas signifies in this picture—comes to a burning point in the film's final frames; they constitute what is probably the most effective declaration against racial intolerance ever shown on the screen.

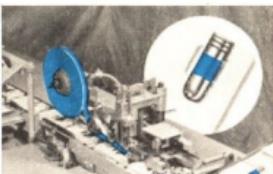
Producer-Director George Cooper Stevens, 51, is a meaty, mild-mannered man who believes in making entertaining movies (*A Place in the Sun*, *Shane*) that shine with a high technical polish and say something about the human condition. In his dedication to that creed, Stevens is willing to spend more time than his shooting schedule allows, more money than his budget permits. A perfectionist, he shoots every scene from a multitude of angles, goes to the cutting room with masses of exposed film, spends months editing and assembling the finished product, insists that 25% of the



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creative process of moviemaking take place in the cutting room.

The product of a turn-of-the-century San Francisco theatrical family, Stevens got his Hollywood start at 19 as a cameraman after his father nipped a budding shortstop by forbidding him to play pro baseball. Young Stevens shot dozens of two-reel comedies, became a gag writer, developed into a director of shorts, made the shorts longer and longer until he had built himself into a director of full-length features. By that time he had a passion for realism and a contempt for cim-moguls. To achieve realism, Stevens has terrified horses into rearing in a mad frenzy for his camera (by turning men disguised as bears on them), stamped cattle into hurling themselves in panic at wooden barriers (by playing an air hose on them), made babies howl with grief for a comic effect (by ripping toys out of their hands). To ensure his independence, he once had a contract forbidding Columbia Boss Harry Cohn to so much as speak to him about his pictures.

If Producer Stevens had not been as good a businessman as Director Stevens is an artist, *Giant* might never have been made. Hearing the high Hollywood price on Novelist Ferber's bestseller, Stevens did not even consider bidding for *Giant*, although he admired it as a story. Later, hearing that there were no Hollywood takers for the novel, he decided to do it if the money went into the film rather than into buying the property. So he persuaded Author Ferber to become his production partner for a percentage of the profits—if there were any. At this point it looks as if Novelist Ferber has made a good bargain too.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Grand Maneuver. René Clair, vintage 1936, *brut*—a bubbling tale of love and languishment; with Michele Morgan, Gérard Philipe (TIME, Oct. 15).

Yang Kwei Fei. A Japanese interpretation of an old Chinese legend, as slow but sometimes as beautiful as a pipe dream (TIME, Oct. 1).

Lust for Life. Perhaps the finest film biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh) ever made in Hollywood; almost a hundred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown in full, fulminating color on the screen; with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some of the best battle pieces ever seen on film; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands and corrals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit; with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

New concept in weight control

You don't have to give up sugar

Modern weight-control programs are based on cutting down portions, not cutting out foods you like

You may find that it's easier to cut down when you use sugar

Sugar helps keep your hunger satisfied on less food

Studies show that people who used sugar lost as much weight as those who gave it up

Here's how the satisfaction you get from sugar actually helps you save calories

Perhaps you've heard people who tried artificial sweeteners say, "They just don't give you the same sense of satisfaction that sugar does."

They've hit on something that is now recognized to be very important in a weight-control program.

The sense of satisfaction that you get from sugar is more than just an appeasement of the sense of taste. It is a fast, natural effect on the brain centers that help to determine how hungry you are.

The New Approach

That is why the amount of sugar you have become accustomed to using over the years may be just the right amount for keeping your weight constant. It is also one of the reasons sugar has been taken off the "don't use" lists in many of the newer weight-control programs being recommended by nutritionists and physicians.

These are nothing like the drastic or one-sided "wonder diets" that are continually cropping up. It has often been noted that *lost pounds are less apt to be gained back when the diet allows the same foods that would normally be eaten*. Instead of cutting out, you simply cut down!

How Sugar Helps

Sugar can make it easier for you to cut down because it satisfies appe-

tit faster than any other food. Even when you are very hungry, if you eat or drink something that contains sugar shortly before a meal you will find it is much easier to be satisfied with less food. A nutrition authority calls these hunger-pacifying snacks "scientific nibbles".

And you can top off your smaller meals with simple desserts that contain sugar. They help you get as great a feeling of satisfaction from your smaller helpings as you would get from a much larger, but sugarless meal.

The calorie savings you make with artificial sweeteners, on the other hand, are often just "paper savings". Since they do nothing to help curb an oversize appetite as sugar does, they leave you as hungry as ever. You may find you are actually eating more—and more than making up the calories you supposedly saved.

Important New Findings

This was borne out by a recently reported three-year study of the diet experiences of more than 300 overweight people. A leading university in cooperation with the dietary department of one of America's foremost teaching hospitals found that **people who gave up sugar entirely and used artificial sweeteners lost no more**

weight than those who used sugar regularly in their diets.

Most of the people who tried the artificial sweeteners didn't learn to like them even after three years of use.

But just about everybody likes sugar. Isn't it good to know that science gives us reasons for enjoying the things we like?

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Trouble at Lacey

THE VOICE AT THE BACK DOOR [334 pp.] — Elizabeth Spencer — McGraw-Hill [\$3.95].

The people of Lacey, Miss., had reason to be proud of themselves and of their town. After a history stained by lynching and violence, they had acquired a new sheriff who was outspokenly determined to apply justice equally to blacks and whites. The leading politician, Kerney Woolbright, backed the sheriff's policy. So did Jason Hunt, the town's rich man. Even Bootlegger Jimmy Tallant was willing to accept this manifestation of the "new South"—provided his business was left alone.

But Sheriff Duncan Harper is too high-

disciplined mind and an invigorating economy to her third novel. Time and again, an imaginative phrase pins a character to the reader's consciousness. Jimmy Tallant's lonely face "made you think of telephone poles leaning infinitely on along a highway that went forever toward the mountains." A sub-moronic deputy is "the third best shot at the pool hall"; 10-year-old Cissy was "poised that summer at a moment of femininity so intense that her virginity seemed scandalously out of order in the universe."

Trouble at Lacey builds up like a thundercloud as its people, white and black, find the knot of race too tangled for unraveling by words and seek relief in action—no matter how blind or brutal. The voice at the back door sounds insistently throughout the book; it is the plaintive, smoky voice of the Negro asking his eternal "Why?" and getting, as always, a dusty answer.

To Eden & Back

THE LOST STEPS [278 pp.] — Alejo Carpentier — Knopf [\$3.75].

Rare is the urban man of the 20th century who has not dreamed of a return to a life more innocent and less complicated. A weekend of fishing will answer for some. Others dream of a chicken farm when the annuity begins to pay off. The lucky ones actually buy an island in the Caribbean or off the coast of Maine. But they seldom stick it out. For the tragedy of the modern Robinson Crusoe is that he cannot seem to shake off the hold of modern life. Was primitive man really happier? Is contemporary civilization really a flop? One of the finest fictional forays toward an answer is *The Lost Steps* by Alejo Carpentier, a Cuban-born writer who now lives in Venezuela.

Carpentier's hero is a Manhattan musician, married to a successful actress. Working for radio and TV, his relations to his busy wife reduced to brief bedroom encounters on Sunday mornings, he has turned to drink and a mistress. His chance comes when a university museum sends him to a South American jungle to search for primitive musical instruments. He takes his mistress along. But, confronted with life in the raw, the girl loses her nerve along with her complexion. What had been overwhelming sex appeal in New York now becomes whining femininity, and a native woman named Rosario, the kind who "picked up her bundle and followed her man without question," wins the hero away with a simple mixture of sex and compliance. The mistress is sent back to New York, and in a hidden valley the hero finds a new life attuned to the quiet rhythms of the good earth. When he composes, it is such music as he had never dreamed of in Tin Pan Alley. Then, when a plane spots him and comes down for the rescue, the hero makes his mistake. He feels a brief, sharp hunger for another taste of modern life. He will go back, get



NOVELIST SPENCER

Virginity out of place.

principled to let anything illegal alone. So Bootlegger Tallant fights him. His weapon: Beckwith Dozer, a Negro stubborn enough to demand his "rights" and supple enough to let the embattled white men think they are using him. Tallant intends only to discredit the sheriff by forcing him to defend an "uppity" Negro. But the design gets out of hand when Tallant is shot by a shady associate. Dozer is suspected, and Sheriff Harper, trying to drive Dozer to safety in the next county, is killed when a slashed front tire blows out. Before he dies, Woolbright and Hunt have fled his side, the town has cried for his blood, and Lacey's Negroes have again heard the growls of the lynch mob. The brief reign of the "new South" in Lacey dies also, leaving the survivors with nothing more than bitter knowledge of failure.

Author Spencer, who was born and raised in Carrollton, Miss. (pop. 475), has, like many Southern writers, a poet's sense of words. Unlike most, she brings a

a divorce, clean up odds and ends and return to Rosario and his jungle Eden.

The hero does return. But Rosario is married and nothing seems quite the same. Author Carpentier, who is equipped with an elegance of perception and distinction of style that W. H. Hudson might envy, offers no final judgment. But he proves himself, even on the way to final indecision, a more rewarding guide than many a more decisive pundit.

God & Man

THE SACRIFICE [346 pp.] — Adele Wiseman — Viking [\$3.95].

Subtitled "a novel of fathers and sons," *The Sacrifice* takes its theme from the Bible, the talk of its old people from the folklore of Sholom Aleichem and the chatter of young from the Bronx locutions of Arthur Koher. Abraham is a patriarch



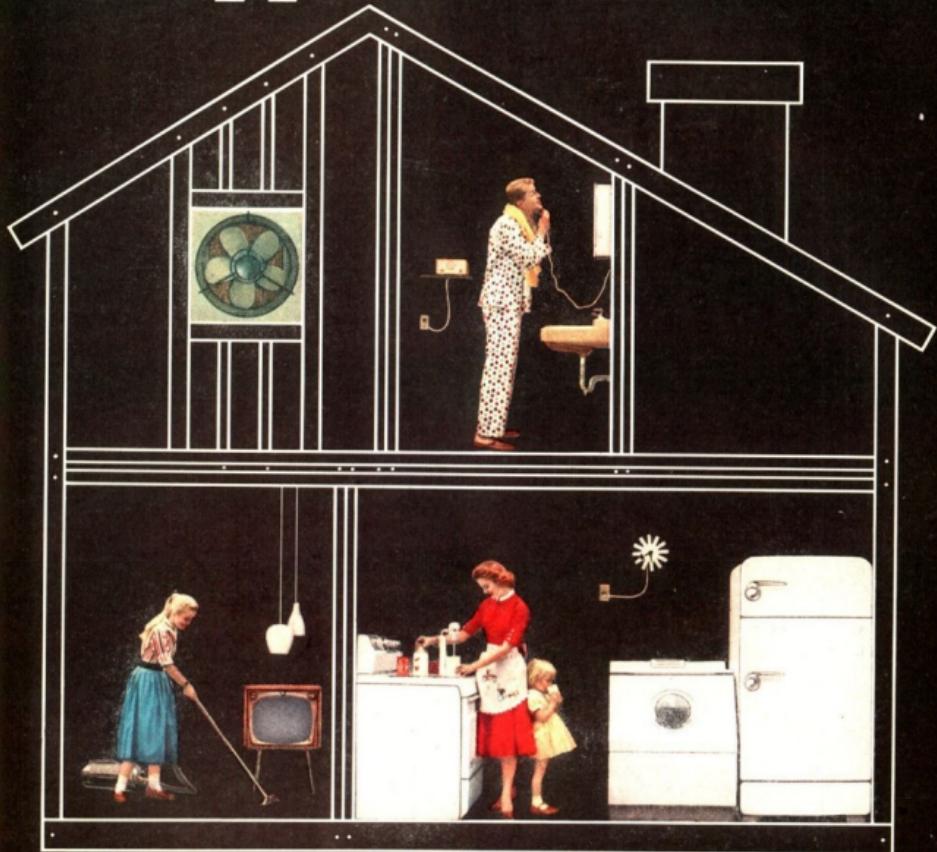
Associated Press

NOVELIST WISEMAN
Mystery beyond illumination.

in the classic mold—huge, fork-bearded, devout. When two of his sons are murdered in a pogrom, he flees from the Ukraine to Canada. The tragedy briefly robs Abraham of his faith in God, turns his wife Sarah into a mindless zombie, and weighs down the frail shoulders of his remaining son, Isaac, with the necessity of making up for the loss of his talented brothers.

In the New World the only threat from the surrounding Gentiles is the occasional shouted taunt of "Dirdyjoo, dirdyjoo." Still, Abraham and his family retire into the same womblike, ghetto society from which they had fled. He works for Polksky, an earthy, ham-handed butcher, engages in subtle Talmudic debate about the ways of God and man, irritably suffers the attentions of Laiah, an opulently curved harlot, grows in peace and contentment as his son marries and makes him a grandfather. Then God tests Abraham once more, this time with the death of Isaac. Abraham

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breaks under the accusation that he destroyed his son in a sacrifice to his own ambition. Abraham's collapse is total and brings him to murder, the most abominable crime: "Who has to take a life stands alone on the edge of creation. Only God can understand him then."

In this first novel, Canadian-born, 28-year-old Author Adele Wiseman, currently a social worker in Britain, grapples with darker mysteries—of a man's relationship with his son, of his duty to and faith in his God—than she has yet power to illuminate. For much of the book, Abraham strides forward with Old Testament credibility. But toward the novel's end, tragedy bows to contrivance which teeters on the brink of absurdity; the writing turns from archaic simplicity to perfervid pleading. Unfortunately for her purpose, the characters who seem most alive are the women: the silly, gabbling, pitiable gossip, Mrs. Ploper, and the heretofore Sarah, who had wept so much that "the ocean had drained away, and she cried now with only the pebbles on the beach."

In Dubious Battle

GALLIPOLI (384 pp.)—Alan Moorehead—Harper (\$4.50).

The British feel an emotional attachment to gallant defeats and desperate defenses that no mere victory can rival. Thus the Gallipoli campaign of World War I has always ranked high in British hearts, along with the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the evacuation of Dunkirk and the siege of Tobruk.

How Gallipoli became a British synonym for "gallantry and folly" is the burden of the latest book by Alan Moorehead, Australian World War II war correspondent (North Africa, Europe). His account of this last great battle for Constantinople, when Western man last fought for "glory" and "immortality," gleams like a ribbon on khaki.

In Whitehall in 1915, First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill and War Secretary Lord Kitchener concluded it would be a good idea to send the fleet to force the Dardanelles. It would cheer the Russians; it would get Russian grain ships through to Britain; and it would break the bloody stalemate of trench warfare on the Western front. Only Admiral Sir John Fisher had forebodings. "Damn the Dardanelles," he said. "They will be our grave."

Fisher was near right. The Allies sent half a million men to Gallipoli and half of them suffered wounds or death. The Turks' losses were equally heavy. But the glory seemed close and real as the Allies girded for battle in the arena of the ancients. The operations commander, Sir Ian Hamilton, one of the long tradition of British poet-generals, spoke to his men of Hector and Achilles: his chief of staff shaved each day before battle with Kipling's *Illyria* propped up beside his mirror. Poet-Sir-dier Rupert Brooke (who was felled by sunstroke and died before he got to the scene of battle) dreamed crusaders' dreams of Christian soldiers in the mosque of

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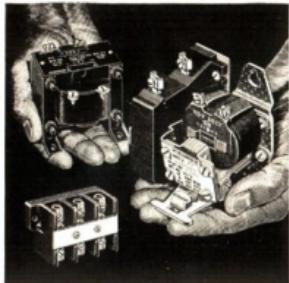


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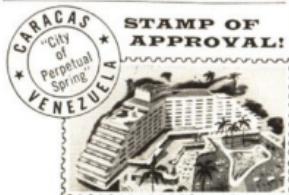


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BRITISH ASSAULT AT GALLIPOLI

Victory cannot rival defeat and desperation.

Illustrated London News

St. Sophia. "Everyone's blood was up," said Churchill.

But the folly began early. Britain's obsolete battleships steamed into the Narrows between Europe and Asia and tried to force their way through, turned tail just when Turkish batteries were down to nearly their last round. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, steaming up the Dardanelles ten years later, was amazed. "My God," he exclaimed, "we simply couldn't have failed."

Bloody Sea. But fail they did, and the decision was made to open the passage by capturing the shore. On the morning of April 25, 1915, 60,000 Allied troops headed toward the Dardanelles peninsula in the first great amphibious land assault of modern times. In an age when armored landing craft were practically unknown, British, French and Anzacs went ashore in a flotilla of paddle steamers, trawlers, yachts and river tugs. Scarcely a naval gun boomed to soften up the Turkish beaches before them: the warships at Gallipoli were too busy transporting the troops. The result was carnage. At Cape Helles the Turks began "ring from a few yards away into the packed mass of screaming, struggling men in the boats." The men "died in the boats just as they stood, crowded shoulder to shoulder, without even the grace of an instant of time to raise their rifles. When all were dead or wounded—the midshipmen and sailors as well as the soldiers—the boats drifted helplessly away." Air Commodore Samson came flying over at this moment, "and looking down saw that the calm blue sea was 'absolutely red with blood' for a distance of 50 yards from the shore."

To the north the Anzac Corps of Australians and New Zealanders carried out a night landing just about six miles across the mountains from the big Narrows forts. In the darkness tidal currents swept their boats a mile beyond their target beaches. But the Anzacs indomitably clawed up the cliffs, and "raising their absurd cry of

'Imshi yallah' [a phrase picked up in Cairo meaning 'Go away'], the Dominion soldiers fixed their bayonets and charged. Within a few minutes the enemy before them had dropped their rifles and fled."

By 7 a.m. the first Anzac scouts scouted Gallipoli's third ridge and looked down on the calm waters of the Narrows, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. Mustapha Kemal Ataturk was then an obscure colonel commanding a reserve division at Boghali near the Narrows. Grasping instantly that the heights were the key to the Allied assault, Kemal threw his whole division into the attack, drove the Anzacs from the ridges and pinned them to the cliffs. That night the Anzac toehold seemed so precarious that the corps commander asked permission to pull out. In the best British tradition Sir Ian fire off a midnight reply: "You have got through the difficult business, now you have only to dig, dig, dig until you are safe." Before dawn the assault troops turned the seaward slopes into a maze of huddled holes and ditches. Ever since, the Australians have proudly borne the name of Diggers.

The Trojan Truce. But Kemal's tireless Turks had stopped the Allied expedition at the beachheads. In London Churchill was tumbled out of the Admiralty. At Gallipoli the battle bogged down in stalemate. One million men, Allied and Turk, were pinned down in a rocky battleground no more than 25 miles long by 13 miles wide; in places the trenches were only ten yards apart. Across the narrow no man's land, men exchanged gifts of food and cigarettes as well as shots.

Hamilton tried one more amphibious landing at Suvla Bay, once again was smashed off the peaks and back into a shallow beachhead by Mustapha Kemal. Hamilton was relieved of command. Of his successor, General Sir Charles Monro, Churchill wrote witheringly: "He came, he saw, he capitulated." But winter was setting on, and with Bulgaria gone over to the Central Powers, the Dardanelles

PEOPLE OF SOUND JUDGMENT



Mademoiselle Carven, Founder,
Manager and Chief Designer
of Carven Couture.

... the deftness of a born artist ...

Petite, five foot one Carven may be physically small but her determination has brought her name to rank with the great of Parisian Haute Couture. When only fifteen, she decided to make dresses herself. At seventeen she was studying at the Beaux Arts, and at twenty-five, she made her debut. Creator of a sparkling, youthful style, she has fought successfully to combine soberness of line with the right amount of dash, handling form and color with the deftness of a born artist. Carven has her "lucky colors" - green and white - the distinguishing mark of Carven perfumes. The first of these - "Ma Griffe" - a revolution in blending, has become a symbol of freshness and youth.

Today, it is one of the best-known French perfumes. Modern as she is, Carven loves old things and places. She lives in a 12th century Abbey near Paris, but spends her holidays near Cannes in a house of her own design. She is a fanatic about underwater fishing. She is so fond of travel, that she cannot stay more than three months in one place. Her collections have been shown all over the world:

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could at last be munitioned directly from Germany's arms factories. The Allied position became hopeless. Evacuation, once ordered, threatened to be more harrowing than landing. But this is an art at which the British are masters.

Skeleton battalions of men fired rifles from empty trenches while their comrades, on padded feet, filed by night to the beaches. One dawn, just 259 days after the landing, the Turks found they had no enemy, and half-incredulous went to the beaches to gorge themselves on plum and apple jam left behind by the British. But not before General Sir Frederick S. Maude remembered he had forgotten his personal valise, and trudged back for his belongings. The British were about to blow up their ammunition dumps, and legend has it that when the belated general finally made his beach, the embarkation officer had the spirit to sing:

*Come into the lighter, Maude,
For the fuse has long been lit.
Hop into the lighter, Maude,
And never mind your kit.*

As Author Moorehead tells it, the Dardanelles campaign sweeps through its fated course, a somber pageant of military error, a stunning tragedy of human valor. Here were great figures, great schemes. The book is the best account ever written of the action that started on March 18, 1915, even including Winston Churchill's own ringing apology in *The World Crisis*. Through all Moorehead's painstaking documentation comes the authentic voice of men in battle, so that after 41 years the reader's heart still catches and he becomes a hopeless partisan in an engagement of which he already knows the outcome.

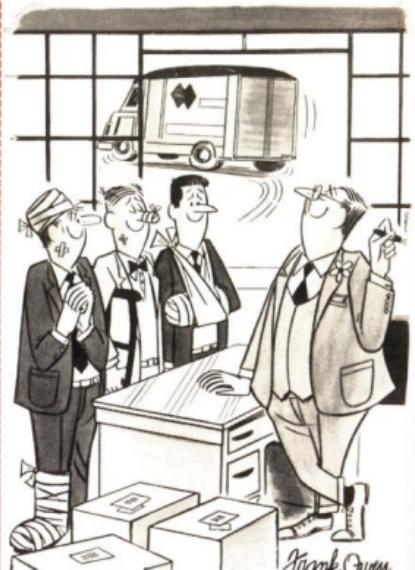
Mixed Fiction

THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT, by Louis Auchincloss (285 pp.; Houghton Mifflin; \$3.75), is another saga of the pervasive man in a grey flannel suit (legal division), specifically a young attorney in one of Manhattan's sprawling and powerful law factories. As outlined by Novelist-Lawyer Louis Auchincloss, Timothy Colt's problem is how to conform to a pattern whose place in the moral spectrum lies comfortably between the shining white of pure integrity and the smudgy black of downright dishonesty. At the start, as an eager apprentice in the prosperous firm of Sheffield, Knox, Stevens & Dale, young Timmy, top student and *Law Review* editor, fairly radiates integrity. He worships Partner Henry Knox, the kindly, austere senior who regards his firm as "a group of gentlemen loosely associated by a common enthusiasm for the practice of law," and has nothing but lofty contempt for Partner Sheridan Dale, the go-getting parvenu who thinks of his job as "big business."

Sulking like an adolescent when revered Partner Knox assigns him to do some of Partner Dale's dirty work, Timmy concludes that Knox's talk of high purpose is all empty words, bitterly begins cutting moral corners himself. He ends with his career in ruins, his marriage in pieces, and



When shipping was slow how the boss used to roar
He'd shatter the windows and splinter the door



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his own integrity damaged past repair. But through it all, Counselor Auchincloss does not adduce any convincing evidence to counter the verdict of a willowy interior decorator: "Let's face it, dear. You and I both adore Timmy." he tells Timmy's mistress, "but we can still admit he's a dull boy."

THUNDER IN THE ROOM, by Harris Downey (205 pp.; Macmillan; \$3), is a first novel which attempts a Joycean account of a day in the life of some citizens of a Southern capital, but often it seems more like a long afternoon spent in a botanical garden. From the very first page, when beautiful Stella Madden catches the delicate odor of spring, the prose thrusts up stalks of dracaena, carnations, gerberas, tulips, coleus, yucon, oleander, jasmine, gladioli, magnolia and azalea. Even the characters come equipped with floral borders: Yancey, a condemned murderer, "clutches his hyacinth-red hair"; beautiful Stella thinks of herself as an orchid, is suspended on "liana of ecstasy."

The reader who hacks his way through this exotic vegetation discovers that Yancey is awaiting execution at the state penitentiary. This event clouds the day of Stella Madden, the governor's wife, and brings emotional upset to Lucy Warren, who once taught Yancey in school. By evening, Yancey is dead, Stella relieved, Lucy resigned. Along the way Author Downey explores the moods, memories and relationships of the two women. Scene after scene is interestingly done, but as a whole, the book is too much like the red japonicas Stella dotes over: dazzling but insubstantial.

COUNT LUNA, by Alexander Lernet-Holenia (252 pp.; Criterion; \$4), cross-pollinates Poe and Kafka to tell two Gothic tales of the occult. The title tale, *Count Luna*, is set in present-day Vienna. Alexander Jessiersky, frayed scion of a shoddy aristocratic line, fears that a peniless Count Luna whom he has unintentionally wronged will return from a concentration camp grave to exact revenge. One night he hears footsteps on the floor above his palace study, storms out and plunges a pair of scissors repeatedly into the fleeing, shadowy figure of the intruder—only to discover that he has murdered his wife's cousin and illicit lover. Still gunning for the elusive Count Luna, Jessiersky next kills a huntsman poaching near his country shooting box. When the police close in, Jessiersky flees the country for Rome, and under the impression that he must avoid moonlight if he is to outwit his phantom enemy, dies in the labyrinth of the Catacombs with an early cartographer's unreliable map in his hands.

Thus Austrian Author Lernet-Holenia, 59, himself patrician-born and a former officer of the Imperial Austrian Army, elliptically describes how a ruling class shorn of its power can be startled by phantoms and into fantasies. Yet, in sum, his talent is special, minor, and eccentric—fit literary fare perhaps only for devotees of what might be called séance fiction.

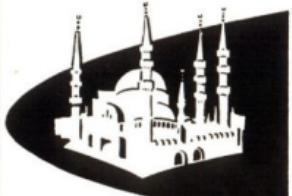
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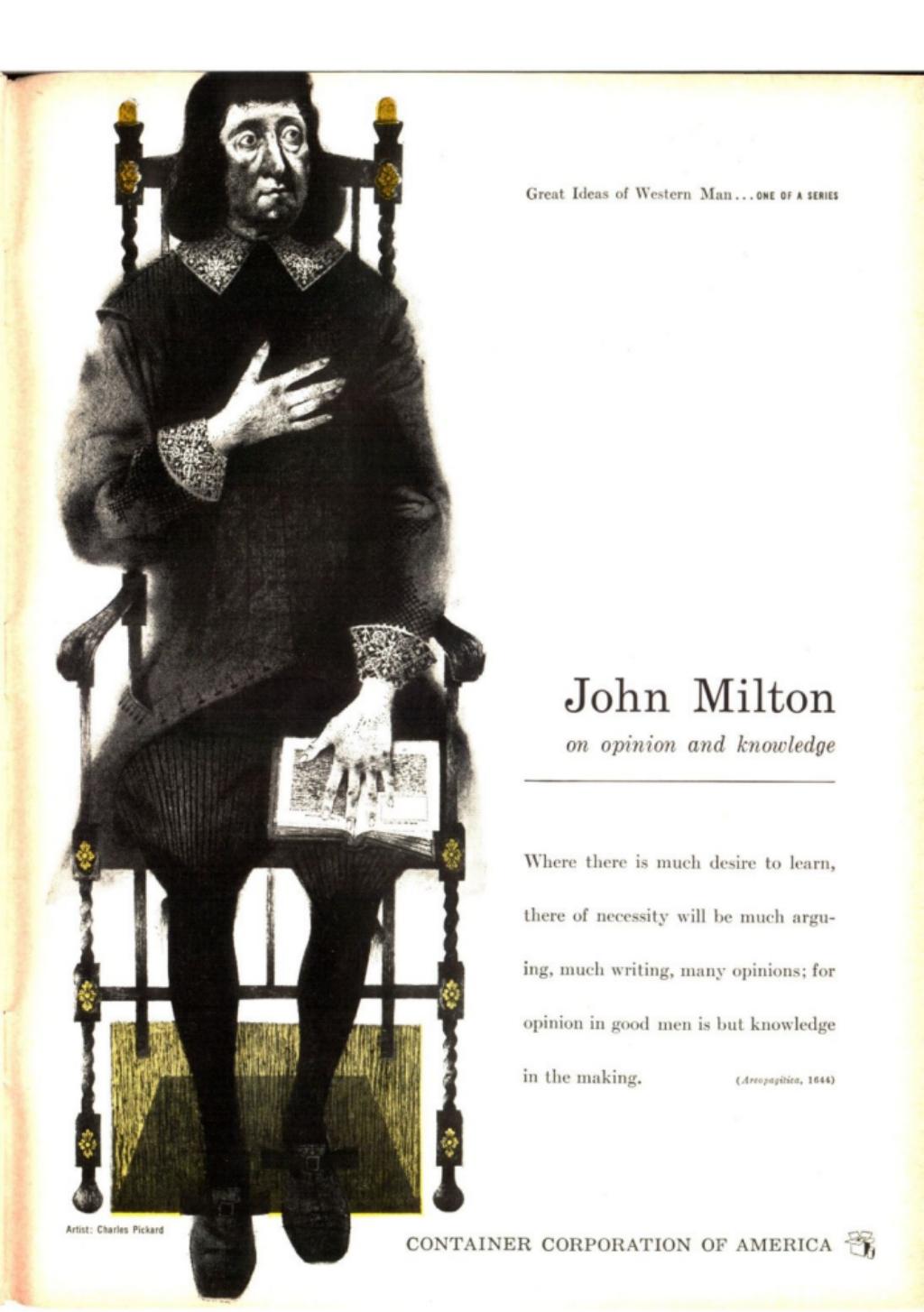


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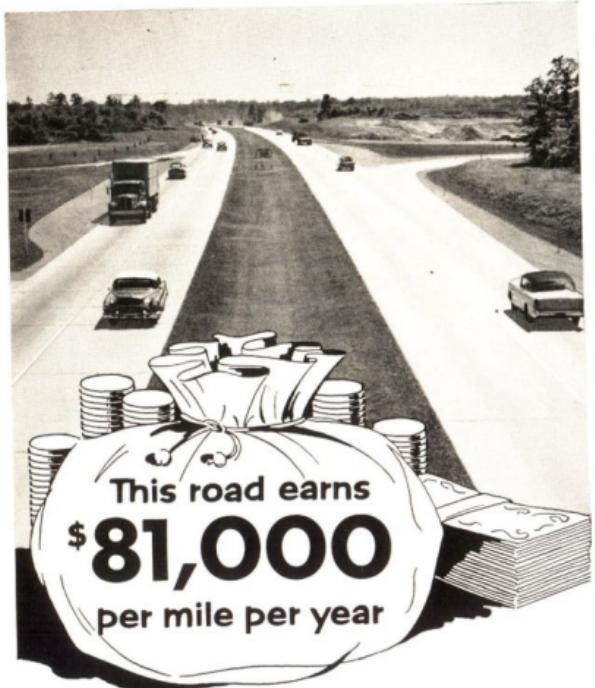
on opinion and knowledge

Where there is much desire to learn,
there of necessity will be much argu-
ing, much writing, many opinions; for
opinion in good men is but knowledge
in the making.

(Areopagitica, 1644)



MISCELLANY



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The Pinch. In Charleston, W. Va., hiding under a hotel bed to trap two men and a woman on liquor and prostitution charges, Vice Detective George Robertson got wedged under the springs, held out his badge to make the arrest, got unwedged when the bed was lifted off him.

Bugged. In Phoenix, Ariz., Tedd Mott was rushed to a hospital for emergency treatment after he got drowsy, yawned, swallowed a black widow spider.

Hangover. In Fresno, Calif., the Federal Government filed suit to collect a \$300 fine levied against William Haskett in 1925 for violating the National Prohibition (Volstead) Act.

Liberal Arts. In Tucson, Ariz., after he announced the establishment of a driver training course, Superintendent Steve Vukcevich of the Arizona State Industrial School, a reformatory, said he thought inmates should learn how to drive because: "Some of the boys are going to steal automobiles and go joy riding when they are out, no matter what we do."

To Catch a Thief. In Lishon, Mario Fernandes Neves tried to steal a cop's motorcycle in front of the city jail, was arrested after prisoners spotted him from a cell window, called police.

Bribe & Groom. In Detroit, Mrs. Theres W. Gregg, 64, asked a court to annul her marriage to Harold Gregg, 61, whom she left four days after the ceremony, claimed Gregg proposed matrimony to her because "his father offered him a new car and some money if he would get married."

The Captain's Paradise. In Durham, N.C., Bus Driver Earl Williford, who operates between Durham and Dunn, N.C. (56 miles), pleaded guilty to keeping wives at both ends of the line.

Best Defense. In Salt Lake City, police confiscated the slingshot of a street sweeper after passers-by reported he was taking potshots at pigeons.

Endorsement. In El Paso, asked why he always drew his forged checks on the Continental National Bank of Fort Worth, James Delbert Smith, described by the FBI as "one of the nation's top" forgers, explained: "They are the best-looking checks I have ever seen."

Experience Unnecessary. In San Antonio, the daily *Light* printed a help wanted ad:

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